

Nov. 1930



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Power and Telephone Service; USL Trainlighting and Signal Batteries; USL Radio and Industrial Condensers



## Next Week

EVER since "All Quiet on the Western Front" appeared at the top of best-seller lists everywhere, the world has been wondering about Erich Maria Remarque's next novel. Would it fulfill the promise of the first book or would it reveal the author as a one-hit man who had told the single story each of us is said to have in his system?

Well, that part of the world which reads Collier's—and it's no insignificant fragment, either—will answer the question very speedily, for Herr Remarque's new novel begins in the December 13th issue. It's a sequel to "All Quiet," written by the same Remarque who reached the heart of the world with Paul and Tjaden and Kat and Müller.

It's a simple, honest, frank story of young men trying to find their places in a demoralized world. It will be read and talked about by millions.

We tell you about it now, blandly ignoring the heading of this column, so that you may have lamps repaired, locate your extra pair of glasses, buy some new toys to keep the children quiet and otherwise prepare for a spell of reading.

NOW, looking at next week, which we should have done some two hundred words ago, we find what is, even for us, an excellent assortment of short stories.

Frank Condon, the globe trotter, takes you to the Capital Club in Guatemala City, where, in "Blatherskite," you meet, among others, Mr. Leonard Higginbotham, who is a windbag and the club pest. When Mr. Higginbotham finally gets his you will want to clap Mr. Condon on the shoulder. But you will not be able to find Mr. Condon because he will be in another county trying to lift a little white ball out of a sand trap.

GEORGE WESTON, in "Girl Missing," tells a harrowing but satisfying tale of love and adventure disclosing the happenings that led to a honeymoon trip to Europe for Detective Eddie Bannigan and a young woman with dark eyes. Eddie is staying long enough to study art, too.

JAMES HOPPER'S "Sweet, Wild Romance" is the story of Runty, a Yellowstone Park bear who tires of the artificial life of the park and goes back to nature. Amusing and, though we hate to say it, instructive enough to add three or four bear yarns to your after-dinner repertoire.



MENTIONING last a story which we hold in higher esteem than this would indicate. It is "City Simple," by Hugh MacNair Kahler, in which you will meet again the refreshing Lebbeter twins, Clem and Bert, whose air of rustic stupidity is somewhat deceptive. Mr. Clinton W. Gilbert talks about the coming Wickersham report. Grantland Rice, Knute K. Rockne, Zane Grey, P. G. Wodehouse and others satisfy. Reach for a copy.

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## THIS WEEK

November 29, 1930

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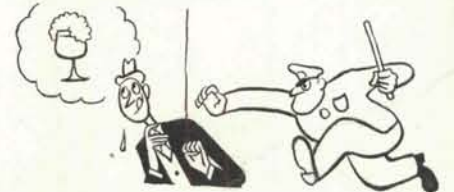
Page 66—Editorial

EVERYBODY'S JOB

The press weekly were those words with Pilot Balchen had hood sweetheart. There was nothing with confusion. But Mr. Balchen either had us or had regarded the as none of our business. It serves us right. We at such uncertain conclu

WE PUBLISH what we believe to be the truth. So, we feel sure, do Blackwell, editor of the Olathe Criterion. But Mr. Blackwell convince us that he believes as that Collier's is "one of the worst publications against the Constitution laws of the country." And of course doesn't. He simply doesn't like writers on prohibition enforcement cover. We wouldn't be so positive this if we hadn't met Mr. Blackwell discovered thereby that he is a pleasant gentleman and a clever journalist. Tremendously zealous, too. But we wouldn't give a whistle in the wind for an editor who wasn't.

WHICH makes us wonder what Mr. Blackwell will think of a suggestion we received from Mr. William A. Van Benschoten of West Park, New York. Mr. Van Benschoten advocates a Twentieth Amendment to read: "After one year from the ratification of this article, the desire for intoxicating liquors is hereby prohibited."



"DURING this political campaign," writes Mrs. Margaret Kelly Beamish from Buffalo, New York, "our local and state aspirants to office deplored our lack of enthusiastic interest in politics. They don't quite dare say that the greatest lack is among women, but that's what they mean. "But they were wrong as usual. We women are intensely interested in politics. The reason we didn't attend the meetings of our own candidates and get delirious over their milkweeds of oratory was because we were reading the intelligent logic of a man in New Jersey—Mr. Dwight W. Morrow—and regretting we didn't live in that state, where we would have that rare opportunity of voting for unmuddled brains."

AND that we may not be accused of political bigotry we gladly publish Mrs. E. H. Morgenstern's letter. She writes briefly from St. Louis and nominates, without the usual heartbreaking preamble, Mr. Newton Diehl Baker of Cleveland, Democrat, for President.

Any other nominations?

# The Giant and the Pygmy



© 1930 M. L. I. CO.

**E**ITHER from your own personal experience or from observation you know how miserable one can feel when suffering from a cold.

Of course you know some of the causes — chilling drafts, wet feet, over-fatigue, balky digestion, or an invading germ. You know it is harder to fight a cold when you are run-down. Keep yourself fit.

For the sake of your own personal comfort you want to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time. For your own personal safety and that of your friends you *ought* to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time.

There are many different kinds of colds—hard to distinguish one from the other. All of them are threats and one leads to another.

The original cold, if not promptly cured, breaks down resistance and is sometimes followed by a second cold more stubborn and oftentimes more treacherous than the first. The mucous membrane of the nose and throat is so weakened

by Cold No. 1 that the way is opened for dangerous germs to enter.

Cold No. 1 is the Pygmy that crawls through the keyhole and unlocks the door for Cold No. 2, the Giant. In fact, to carry the picture further, the Pygmy Cold, which may be nothing worse than snuffles, a slight cough, a bit of an ache or a pain, may be followed by any one of several Giant Colds—influenza, pneumonia or tuberculosis.

Take no chances the next time that symptoms of catching a cold are shown by you or someone in your family. Consult your doctor and dispose of the Pygmy quickly, before he can open the door for the Giant. At such a time a skilful doctor is your best ally and you will be wise in following faithfully his orders.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail free, its booklet, "Just a Cold? Or"—to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department 1230-C.



## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

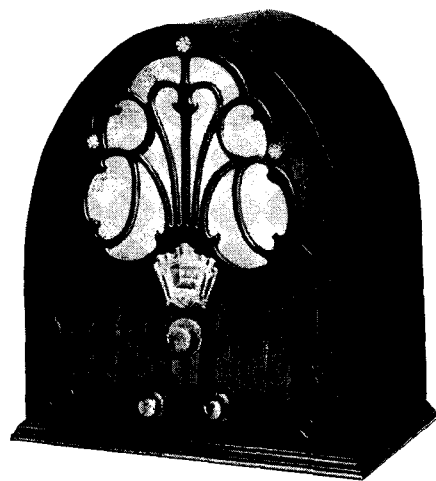
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

# The surprise radio of the year!

## PHILCO BABY GRAND \$49<sup>50</sup><sub>less tubes</sub>

... a Bigger Performing radio than  
its thousands of new owners expected

7 tubes (3 Screen Grid) Genuine  
Electro-Dynamic Speaker, built-in  
Walnut Cabinet, 16 ins. wide;  
17½ ins. high; (Sold with 7 Philco  
Balanced Tubes)



PHILCO Baby Grand and Baby Grand Console are *bigger performing* radios than many sets selling at two and three times the money.

What do we mean by "big performance?" Simply this: Philco Baby Grands have the gorgeous, life-like *tone* characteristic of the whole Philco family. They have Philco Balanced Units, eliminating radio distortion.



PHILCO  
BABY GRAND CONSOLE  
Same wonderful chassis. 7 tube, screen grid. Beautiful cabinet of American Black Walnut and Bird's-Eye Maple, African Zebra Wood trim; 33¾ ins. high; 19 ins. wide; 10¾ ins. deep... \$69.50  
less tubes  
Sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes

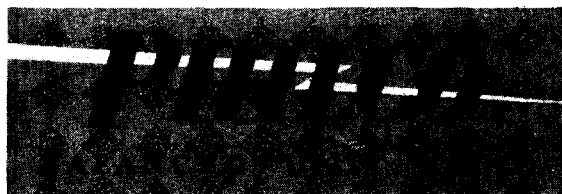
Baby Grands are *highly selective*. Acutely sensitive. Almost magically they pick out the stations you want, even at considerable distance. And there is no cross-talk.

They are, in fact, the *first*, full-fledged, big-toned, big-performing 7-tube, push-pull electro-dynamic speaker, Screen Grid radios ever

produced in compact form—and at such prices!

When these Baby Grands were announced we promised quality. The surprise of it is that the sets turned out to be *even better than its new owners dared to hope*. Naturally, they jumped into enormous popularity. Literally tens of thousands are being sold every week. For your first set, or as an extra set in the home, you can't do better than have a Philco Baby Grand.

Your nearest Philco dealer also offers a complete line of Philco Radios in beautiful Consoles, Lowboys and Highboys from \$95 to \$145; Radio-Phonograph at \$198 and Concert Grand Radio-Phonograph, \$350. All prices less tubes; slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio now is sold by all Philco Dealers.



Radio's Great Musical Event — Christmas Day  
**LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI and  
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**  
in a wonderful Philco Symphonic Concert

Stokowski, genius of the baton, astonished the radio world with his new broadcasting method in his Philco concerts this fall. It is safe to say that *millions* listened to the great music of the masters projected with a clarity and beauty and balance that marked new high peaks in radio entertainment. In his own words, "This progressive step (in broadcasting technic) is the first of several necessary to make the broadcasting of an orchestra... not only equal, but musically more eloquent than the same music in the concert hall."

**Tune In:** Christmas Day, 4 to 5 p. m. Eastern Standard Time. Watch Radio Page of Your Newspaper for Your Local Time and Station, NBC Network.

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Makers of the famous Philco Radio, Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.

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TWO GREAT LITTLE STARS

MITZI GREEN, FEATURED IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE "TOM SAWYER," AND PHILCO BABY GRAND... When Mitzi Green, child wonder of the screen, goes on the air, a radio set whose units are but partially balanced can only bring you the distorted tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear, undistorted tone pictured at the right

# This Football

*You don't have to know anything about football to thrill to this one—the story of a great star whose mother didn't understand the game*

**By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan**



"This has gone far enough," she blurted. "They're calling Len yellow. Are you going to stand for that?"

MAMMA QUATTROCHI sat at the head of the table trying once more to understand this strange talk. Always it was the same when the bambino came home to eat a meal. Carlos would say: "Well, are you going to beat Purdue this year, Lennie?" and Joseph would say: "You certainly ran Wisconsin off their feet, kid;" and John would say: "Tell me, what's the diff between a spinner and a reverse?" and Mary would say: "You're going to get me good seats for next Saturday, aren't you, Lennie? Last time Mamma and I had to sit way down on the thirty-yard line."

The five of them were chattering now about the game with Notre Dame next week. Mamma Quattrochi, painfully tense in the manner of one to whom English words will always be a little bewildering, gathered the gist of the talk. Carlos, Joseph, John and Mary

demanding to know if Leonardo thought he could smash through Notre Dame's line. And Leonardo, with a shrug of his brawny shoulders, explained: "We're going around the ends this year. Army tried power plays against 'em and didn't get anywhere."

Their mother sighed, noting that Leonardo hadn't eaten much of the ravioli she had prepared for him with her

own hands. She knew that if she said: "Leonardo, you have not eat much. What ees matter?" he would reply: "It's swell grub, Mom, but I'm in training, you know. That ravioli is tough on a fellow's wind." Mamma Quattrochi's bright black eyes had a wistful shadowing as she recalled how it used to be with her bambino. What an eater he was before he went to the university

and started playing this game of the football. Mine-strome . . . sacramento! . . . the dear little boy could eat quarts of them. And when it came to noodles with cheese or spaghetti and mushrooms . . . Santa Maria! Mamma Quattrochi had often whispered small prayers to Our Lady petitioning that her Leonardo be spared a stomach-ache.

Her Leonardo! So many mystifying things had happened to him these last few years. He no longer lived at home with his mamma but at a place called "the house," a very grand mansion which stood in a row of similar houses near the university. Mary had driven Mamma Quattrochi past the house and pointed out Leonardo's room. Leonardo had joined a secret society which was not like the Santa Fara Club or Victor Emmanuel Society but had something Greek about it. Yes, Greek. Could Mamma Quattrochi be blamed for shaking her head dubiously? And then there was this football . . . she would have to speak to Leonardo about it . . . she was worried . . . she had been worried for a long time. . . . Leonardo had not been telling her the truth. . . .

She made an effort to concentrate on the talk again. "Oh, Lennie, I nearly passed out! Only two minutes left to play and you and all the boys looked so tired. And then you intercepted that pass and broke loose . . . phew! . . . What a thrill!" . . . "Yeah, I got a kick out of that myself." "How did you feel, Lennie?" . . . "Aw, I didn't have time to think how I felt. I was watching that safety man." A reminiscent chuckle. "Golly, he was surprised. He'd got all set to spill me and then Chris hit him from the side like a ton of brick."

Mary Quattrochi glanced at her mother.

"Hey," she said, "let's pipe down and give Mamma a chance to talk to Lennie."

"Sure," said Joseph.

"That's right," Leonardo agreed, hastily. "I'm sorry, Mom. You must get tired of hearing us fan football every time I come home."

Mamma Quattrochi shook her head. "It ees good to hear you talk, my son," she said in her slow, laborious English. "Thees football—I am onderstanding heem better." With pride. "I have learn how to count lines . . . five yards, ten yards, feefteen yards . . . ees it not so, Mary?"

"And how!" Mary agreed. "You're going to be a football fan yet." She turned to Lennie. "She kept score at the Illinois game and could tell me at any time just how far you would have to run to make a touchdown."

Leonardo grinned, his teeth showing whitely. He was relieved and delighted.

"That's the stuff, Mom! I knew you'd come around just as soon as you found out football wasn't going to kill me or anything like that."

**H**IS mother gave him an enigmatic smile. It was well to speak kindly of this football so the others would not know she planned a serious talk with Leonardo about it. Besides, her Leonardo was so proud. He would not want his brothers and sister to know his mamma scolded him. How different he was from the others, this bambino. She never had to scold Carlos. He was meek and gentle as befitted a young priest of Holy Church. Joseph was a lawyer with a magnificent office downtown, a wife and two little ones of his own. A good, steady boy, although inclined to extravagance. And John . . . that John. The veritable image of his father. What a head for business! The fruit store had gained three branches since John took hold. Of course, Mamma Quattrochi still had to do the buying and be after John with warnings such as: "When one store is two thirds paid for we buy another. Not before." But John invariably answered: "All right, Mamma." Thanks to Our Gracious Lady, they were three fine boys, yet Mamma Quattrochi had spent long minutes in prayer when she knew a fourth was coming. And the burden of her plea had been this: "Oh, let me have just one with the gift! Just one with the gift!"

Her Leonardo was different. Carlos, John and Joseph were short and squat with fat, round, pleasant faces. But the bambino! How tall and straight he stood—how his brown eyes could flash—how he tossed his head with all the black curls bouncing. Was that not the gift, shining there in his face now as he got up from the table and walked around to her chair?

But this football . . .

"Caro mio," she said, placing a toiled hand on his coat sleeve.

"You're a great old mom," he said, gruffly, and kissed her forehead. "How's it been going?"

"Oh, it ees fine," she answered, feigning cheerfulness. "You weel stay the whole evening, yes?"

He looked uncomfortable.

"Awfully sorry. I'd like to but I've got to get back to the house about eighty. The gang is throwing a party and I'm dated up."

Mary was quick enough to catch the little frown of disappointment on her mother's face.

"I should think you could spare Mamma an evening once in a while, Lennie," she remarked.

Mamma Quattrochi felt her old resentment at Mary's outspoken criticism of the men folks. This America! Where girls thought nothing of openly reprov-ing fathers and brothers.

"Leonardo knows what is necessary for him to do, my daughter," she said sharply in Italian. She turned back to Leonardo, smiling. "At least you will have time to see a little surprise I have for you?"

"Surprise? You bet I will, Mom. Lead me to it!"



Illustrated by  
John H.  
Crossman

Mamma Quattrochi got up from her chair, wincing.

"Come. I have eet in the bedroom." Mary grinned.

"Do we come too, Mamma?"

"No. You stay here. Leonardo weel show eet later."

"Pretty soft for you, Lennie," said brother Joseph, without envy. Brothers John and Carlos smiled fondly at Leonardo. They were very proud of him. Was he not the great Leonardo Quattrochi, high-scoring halfback of the Big Ten Conference? Did not the newspapers salute him almost daily as "the Dazzling Duce from Little Italy" and "the Big Stiletto, whose slashing thrusts punctured the enemy's line?"

"Come, my son," said Mamma Quattrochi.

She led the way along the dark, narrow hallway of the flat, waddling on weary peasant feet.

In the bedroom, with its fat four-poster, its quaint prayer desk and candle-lighted crucifix, Mamma Quattrochi crossed herself, dutifully, and was moved to restore the old camaraderie between herself and Leonardo.

**I** GIVE you three guesses, mio bambino.

"Is it a big surprise or a little surprise, Mom?"

"Beeg."

The boy chuckled.

"A new suit?"

"No. Peeg. You have two new suits."

"Is it a watch?"

"No. That ees for when you fineesh school."

"Not clothes and not jewelry . . . h'm . . . I know! It's that pigskin traveling bag I wanted!"

Mamma Quattrochi shook her head. Fumbling for the enormous bunch of keys which hung in the old leather bag at her waist she moved over to the hand-carved walnut wardrobe, opened an intricate series of doors at the left and drew out a large flat parcel.

"So!" she exclaimed, handing it to him. "You are one punk guesser, my son!"

"Gee, you've got me stumped." He tore off the wrappings. She studied his face anxiously.

Leonardo opened the beautifully tooled leather case.

"Oh . . . swell . . ." he said, with a forced enthusiasm that brought terror to Mamma Quattrochi's eyes. "Say . . . these are nifty, Mom. Thanks a lot."

It was a set of silver-mounted drafting instruments.

"What ees matter?" she faltered.

"They are not the right kind, no?"

"Of course they are, Mom. They're swell. Only—"

He gulped and looked miserably at the case.

Her Leonardo grabbed her. "Come on, Mom. Forget it!" His face was a red agony. "He is bad man," Mamma sobbed

"Leonardo! Something ees wrong. Would you lie to your mamma? Tell me!"

She swung him about so he could see the crucifix.

Leonardo lifted his gaze.

**W**ELL, Mom . . . uh . . . I'm sorry I didn't tell you before. I've been meaning to. Just never got around to it. But—the fact is I won't be able to use these. I . . . uh . . . I dropped architecture, Mom." Then, seeing her stricken stare, he hastened on: "I had to do it. It was either drop architecture or give up a lot more important things. I'd never be a good architect anyway. Now, Mom, don't get all upset. I know you wanted me to be an architect, but—"

"When was thees? When did you queet?"

"Well . . . quite a while ago. But, golly, don't act as if I quit school. I'm still studying. I'm studying business and finance."

She broke into a torrent of Italian: "Business? You, my Leonardo? No, no, no. John is the business man. You are not to be like John. You have the



gift. Business is very well, but not when one has the gift. Look . . . here . . . let me show you. . . . With frantic hands she rummaged in the depths of the wardrobe and drew out line drawings of a church, a school, a skyscraper. "You have the gift. See? Have you forgotten these beautiful drawings you made? With my own hands I carried them to Father Rogardi and with my own ears I heard him say: 'Your Leonardo will be a fine architect some day.' What has come over you, my son? Why have you stopped making certain of the gift? Answer me!"

The boy hung his head. Then he proceeded to fight off his feeling of shame by saying: "You've just got me wrong, Mom. That's all. First you bought me

paints and wanted me to be an artist; then you made me take music lessons; then you bought me clay and tried to make a sculptor out of me. Then—"

"I WAS finding the gift," she broke in, desperately. "Not an artist, no—not a musician, no—but an architect. That is it! You know it is so. Did not Father Rogardi take your beautiful church to the Monsignor and did not the Monsignor himself say you had the gift? You know in your heart it is so. Why have you stopped studying?"

Defensively: "That's a tough course, Mom. You've got to grind all the time. You can't do anything else. I guess you think I ought to have dropped all the other things that are

really worth while in school and—"

"Ah! It is this football, is it not? It is this football that has turned you from making certain of the gift."

Mamma Quattrochi watched her son squirm and knew she had hit upon the truth.

"Football has done a lot more for me than holding my nose over a drawing-board until I got round-shouldered," the boy said with sulky stubbornness. "You don't know what it's done for me. Why, heck, Mom . . . I'm pretty darned famous. That may sound like bragging but it's the truth. I could work a whole lifetime as an architect and not be as famous as I am right now. And I've made three times as many friends at school as I would if I'd gone in for the greasy grind racket—"

"Football! Friends! What do they matter compared to this gift?"

"Aw, now, Mom. You don't know whether I've got a gift or not. You're partial. That's all. But don't you ever think the friends I've made playing football aren't going to matter. Listen, Mom . . . I've got three good offers to go into business right now."

"Business! I will not have it. No, no, no. It is this football that has turned you from the right path, my son. I want you to promise me to give it up."

Leonardo shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I can't do that."

Mamma Quattrochi knew her Leonardo too well to storm or wheedle.

That would only make him more stubborn. Also she felt that Leonardo wasn't responsible for what had happened. It was this football. This monster of a football. It had bewitched Leonardo and driven him a little mad. Mamma Quattrochi had seen it turn sixty thousand Americans into stark, raving lunatics. Small wonder that her poor dear bambino should be touched in the head.

She spoke English this time to show Leonardo that she was calm. And, ignoring

his refusal, she gently turned talk to another matter that had been worrying her:

"Is eet also thees football that has made you forget the leetle Tessa Sansone, my son?"

Leonardo flushed.

"I haven't forgot her. We had a date a week or so ago."

"So? But Tessa used to see you much more times."

"I've been awfully busy at school, Mom."

Mamma Quattrochi sighed.

"Thees girls at school—are they, too, in the spell of thees football? They make much over my Leonardo, yes?"

"Nothing like that, Mom," said Leonardo. "I like Tessa more than any of them."

It was a tender point with him. He always had a chip on his shoulder against any suggestion that his own people in Little Italy were not just as good as his friends at school.

"Tessa likes you. Much, oh, very much. Tessa ees fine leetle girl."

He saw he was being edged into a tight spot and made his escape, saying: "Sure. You bet. Sweet kid. I'm sorry, but I'll have to be shoving off. Got that date at the house." He eyed the drafting instruments miserably. Said: "You can take 'em back and exchange 'em, can't you, Mom?"

MAMMA QUATTROCHI'S smile had a Mona Lisa quality.

"Sure, sure. I feex heem. Don' you worry."

But when Leonardo had kissed her and departed, she put the case of instruments back in the wardrobe cubby-hole along with the drawings of the church and the school and the skyscraper, nodding her head determinedly. She would save her Leonardo from this football. And with these very instruments would Leonardo draw beautiful grand buildings some fine day.

Tessa Sansone called at the Quattrochi flat not long after Leonardo had gone.

She and Mamma Quattrochi talked in the living-room:

"You should have come queeker. Leonardo was here."

"Oh! He was?" Tessa tried not to sound too disappointed. "I'm sorry I missed him."

"Yes. Thees football keep heem in such a rush all the time."

"I'm awfully glad he's so famous. Aren't you terribly proud of him, Mamma Quattrochi?"

"You see thees football?"

"Why, of course. I go to see Leonardo play every home game. I saw you and Mary last Saturday. I waved but I couldn't catch your eye."

"So?" Then, a sigh. "I do not understan' eet very much. Mary . . . Joseph . . . Carlos . . . they laugh at me. I feel ashamed to ask questions. Tell me, my child, who ees the boss of thees football?"

Tessa explained with alacrity. She wanted Mamma Quattrochi to think her a bright girl, even if she hadn't gone to college. Tessa had taken a business course and was now private secretary to a vice president of the Italian-American Bank.

MAMMA QUATTROCHI listened attentively and approvingly. She liked Tessa very much. Tessa had alert, smiling brown eyes and a trim, energetic figure. She was intelligent and ambitious. Just the sort of wife for Leonardo.

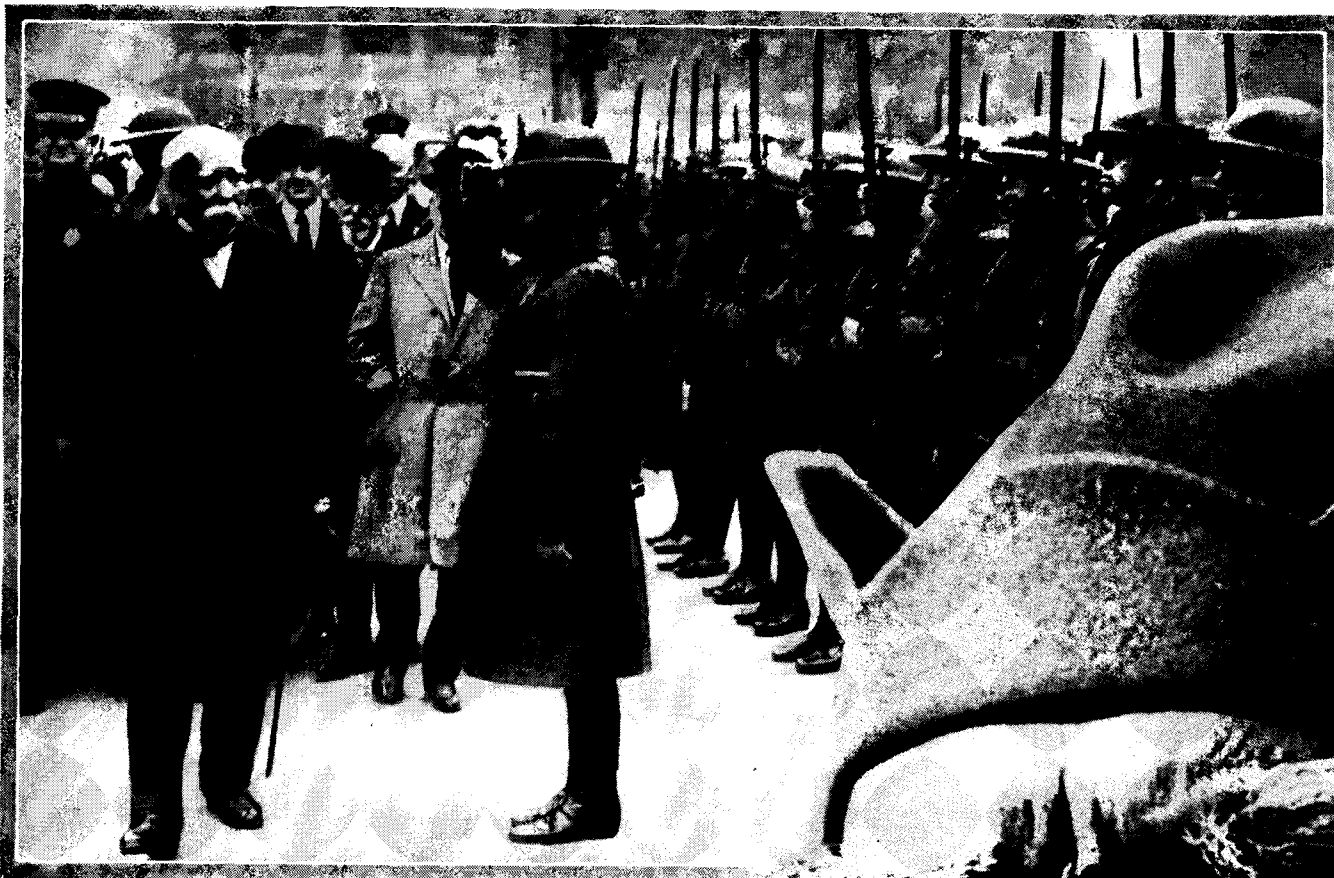
"I understan' now," she said, when Tessa finished. "It ees this coach, Meester Cardigan, who ees boss of the football." She smiled mysteriously. She felt very confident. She would go to this boss of the football and explain why it was best that her bambino engage in it no more. She would ask Mr. Cardigan politely not to let Leonardo play on the team. She would suggest to Mr. Cardigan that he make some excuse to Leonardo—perhaps that his place had been taken by another boy—so Leonardo would not know that she had any hand in it.

The next afternoon a trainer entered Head Coach Cardigan's office in Memorial Gymnasium with this announcement:

"Lady to see you, Chief. She says she's Len Quattrochi's mother."

Head Coach Cardigan frowned. He was in a bad humor, having just come from a faculty meeting, where he had made an unsuccessful attempt to have a

(Continued on page 52)



© Keystone View

Clemenceau inspecting the guard of honor in New York on the occasion of his last visit to this country

# Tiger of France

*Teacher, duelist, writer, politician, Georges Clemenceau was a fighter first and last. He was the incarnate spirit of France. Here Mr. Churchill gives you the essence of the man who was summoned to be virtual dictator of his country in its hour of despair*

**By Winston Churchill**

**M**ANY futile lamentations have been printed about the quarrel between Clemenceau and Foch. The reading world has been invited to deplore the mutual reproaches of those twin saviors of France in her extremity. Both disputants were old men, covered with glory and nearing the grave. They belong to history; and a deathless page of history belongs to them. Why should they tear that page?

Even if Clemenceau had treated Foch roughly and had brushed him from the political arena as soon as the victory was won, or if Foch had sent earlier a plaster bust of himself to Clemenceau, hoping to procure patronage, surely, it is urged, these tales might well have been left untold. Everything should be presented decorously to future generations. Litter should not be allowed to gather around the monument upon which only the good and great things that men have done will be inscribed.

I cannot agree. The Muse of History must not be fastidious. She must see everything, touch everything, and, if possible, smell everything. She need not be afraid that these intimate details will rob her of romance and hero-worship. Recorded trifles and tittle-tattle may—and, indeed, ought to—wipe out small people. They can have no permanent effect upon those who have held with honor the foremost stations in the greatest storms. A generation or two—a century, certainly—will present these two men in their true proportions. The judgment of our de-

scendants will be unruffled by their final disputations. We are the richer, rather, that Foch flings the javelin at Clemenceau from beyond the tomb and that Clemenceau, at the moment of descending into it, hurls back the weapon with his last spasm.

We are certainly the richer by the possession of Clemenceau's remarkable book, *Grandeur and Misery of Victory*. Quick and superficial writers have been prone to treat this work as the morose incoherencies of an aged mind. They have hastened to apologize for it. Common sense and fairness, we are told, forbid us to attach importance to the fierce mumblings of a moribund octogenarian.

I, on the contrary, regard this book as a magnificent contribution to the history of the Age and of the Crash. On every page it contains sentences and phrases which illuminate and make plain to future times not only the character of Clemenceau, but the story of the war and its causes. We cannot yet judge whether Foch was one of the world's great generals. But it is already certain that Clemenceau was one of the world's great men. And here we have his image hewn by himself—a rugged masterpiece, unfinished and in parts distorted, but for all time a revelation.

The truth is that Clemenceau embodied and expressed France. As much as any single human being, miraculously magnified, can ever be a nation he was

France. Fancy paints nations in symbolic animals—the British Lion, the American Eagle, the Russian double-headed Eagle, the Gallic Cock. But the Old Tiger, with his quaint, stylish cap, his white mustache and burning eye, would make a truer orisflamme for France than any barnyard fowl.

## France's Dominant Spirit

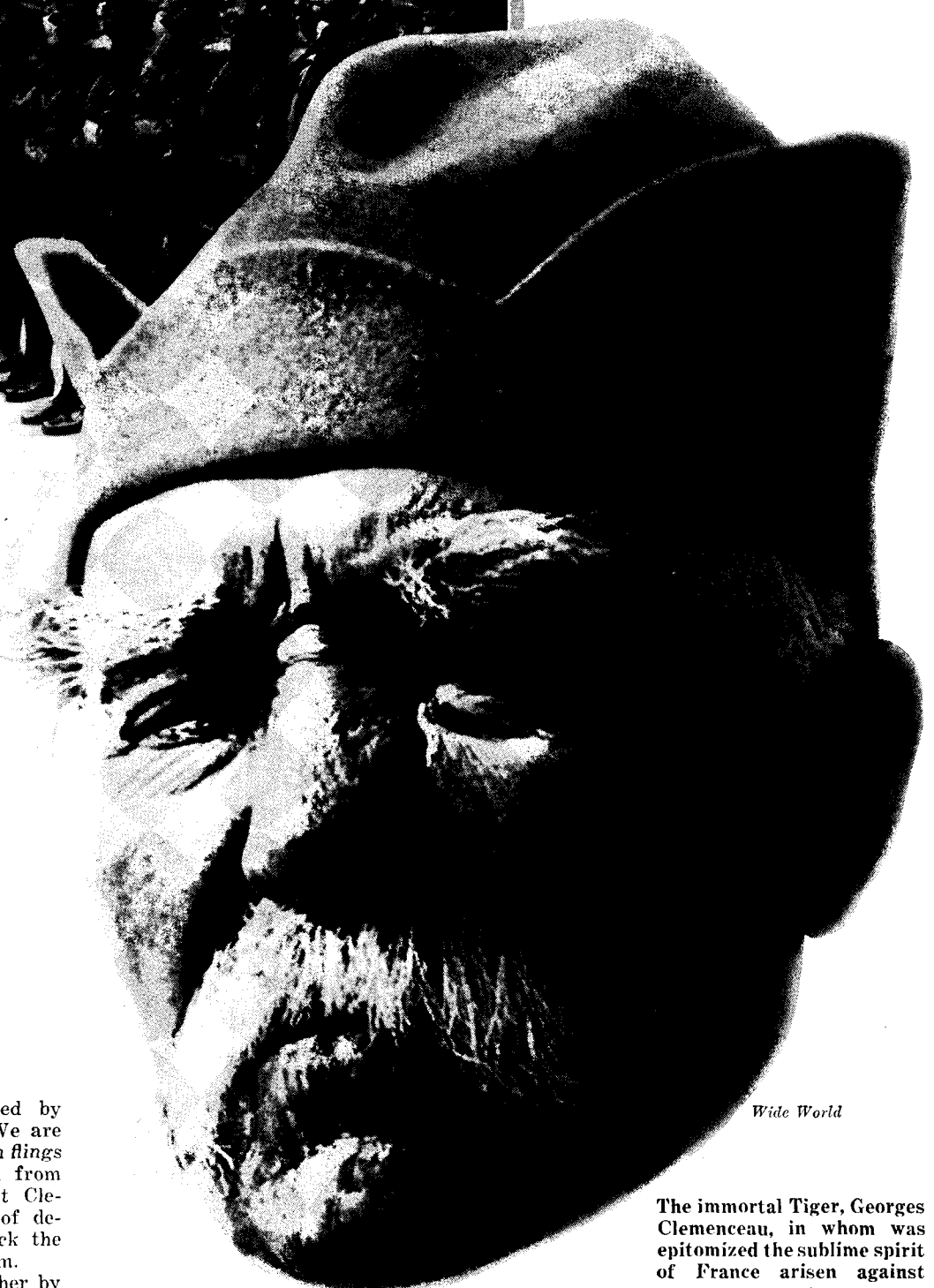
He was an apparition of the French Revolution at its sublime moment, before it was overtaken by the squalid butcheries of the Terrorists. He represented the French people risen against tyrants—tyrants of the mind, tyrants of the soul, tyrants of the body; foreign tyrants, domestic tyrants, swindlers, humbugs, grafters, traitors, invaders, defeatists—all lay within the bound of the Tiger; and against them the Tiger waged inexorable war. Anti-clerical, anti-monarchist, anti-communist, anti-German—in all this he represented the dominant spirit of France.

There was another mood and another France. It was the France of Foch—

ancient, aristocratic; the France whose grace and culture, whose etiquette and ceremonial has bestowed its gifts around the world. There was the France of chivalry, the France of Versailles and, above all, the France of Joan of Arc. It was this secondary and submerged national personality that Foch recalled. In the combination of these two men during the last year of the war the French people found in their service all the glories and the vital essences of Gaul. These two men embodied respectively their ancient and their modern history. Between the twain there flowed the blood-river of the Revolution. Between them towered the barriers which Christianity raises against agnosticism. But when they gazed upon the inscription on the golden statue of Joan of Arc, "*La pitié qu'elle avait pour le royaume de la France*," and saw gleaming the Maid's uplifted sword, their two hearts beat as one.

The French have a dual nature in a degree not possessed by any other great people. There is nothing like this

(Continued on page 62)



Wide World

The immortal Tiger, Georges Clemenceau, in whom was epitomized the sublime spirit of France arisen against tyrants

# "Tinker to Evers to Chance"

*This famous trio worked the double-play racket for ten years in the good old baseball days when a Cub player had to be a scrapper to qualify for his job. Here are a few reminiscences of the team lightweight, Johnny Evers*

**By Grantland Rice**

**T**HE first Cub double-play combination was "Tinker to Lowe to Chance." Then the Human Splinter from Troy blew in. He was only nineteen years old and at the time, around 1902, he weighed but 105 pounds. His other name was Johnny Evers.

Evers was sent in one day back in 1902 to hit for Bobby Lowe and he got a double. He substituted for Lowe at second base the next day, and the box score in the newspapers the following morning carried this immortal line: "Double plays—Tinker to Evers to Chance."

Seven or eight years after this, when the Cubs were slaughtering the Giants, Franklin P. Adams gave their fame an enduring mold with this classic:

*These are the saddest of possible words,*

*Tinker to Evers to Chance;  
Trio of bearcats and fleetier than birds,*

*Tinker and Evers and Chance;  
Ruthlessly pricking our gonfalon bubble,*

*Making a Giant hit into a double,  
Words that are heavy with nothing but trouble,*

*Tinker to Evers to Chance.*

After he had broken in and gotten his chance, Johnny stayed in. Tinker, however, in one of their first double plays around second, whipped a short peg to Evers with so much speed that the ball went on through to center field. A few plays later the nineteen-year-old fly-

weight pegged one so hard at Tinker on another chance that the ball cracked one of Joe's fingers. It was war with his own second baseman from that first day. After that it was war with every member of every rival club and even the umpire.

In 1906 the great combination came to their first fame. Their skill, grace, smartness and gameness made every double play look like a masterpiece of flowing motion.

"If Frank Chance had not been a great manager," Johnny Evers said recently, "he would have been ranked as one of the greatest first basemen that ever played—possibly the greatest."

## How to Lose a Pennant

"Did you ever know," Johnny asked me, "that Tinker and I didn't speak to each other for two years, through the seasons of 1907 and 1908? But in 1909 Joe and I made up, shook hands and called off the war. And that year Pittsburgh beat us out. At the end of the season Frank Chance called us both together."

"You fellows," he said, "didn't speak in 1907 and 1908 and we won. You made up this year and we lost out. If I catch you speaking to each other next season I'll break your backs."

"Joe and I had another row in 1910, didn't speak and again we won the pennant. Yet they are always talking about lack of harmony on a ball club. It's lack of fighting that loses games, not lack of harmony. A ball game with Frank Chance was war, not a pink tea."

"I still remember the famous play-off after the Merkle decision. We expected to be mobbed in New York. Before the game Joe McGinity tried to pick a fight with Frank Chance. But Chance could not be tricked; he knew the scheme was to have both players arrested and car-

ried off the field. And Matty was pitching, not McGinity. I was taking batting practice when John McGraw, another of the old guard of baseball fighters, rang the bell on us and ordered me away from the plate, after first declaring what he thought of me. I told the pitcher to throw another ball up. He did and I swung at McGraw, not at the ball. That was baseball twenty years ago."

"How was it, Johnny," I asked him, "that, weighing only 115 pounds around that time, you were in so many fights?"

"That's easy," Evers said. "If you'll remember all my fights were with fellows who weighed from 180 to 200 pounds. Someone always held them. No one ever thought of holding me."

"How was it that Joe Tinker could always hit Matty so hard?" I asked.

"Joe somehow got the idea in his head that he could hit Matty at any time," Evers answered. "I don't know why he got it but he sud-

denly began hitting Matty and I suppose after that it was just a matter of confidence. Matty gave us all plenty of trouble—all but Tinker."

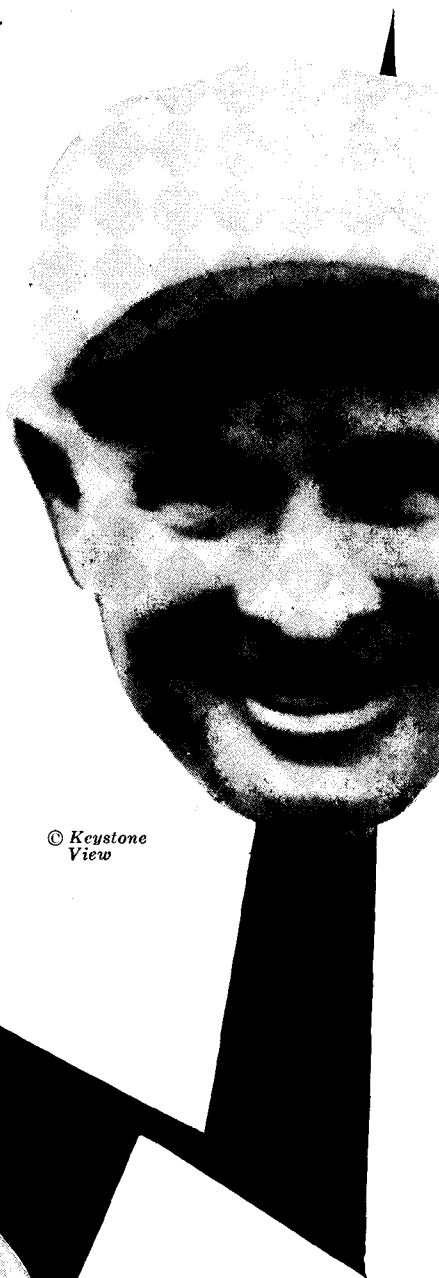
Tinker to Evers to Chance held their sway for about ten years, but after the Cubs' crushing defeat by the Athletics in 1910 the fans' interest turned to another combination known as "Barry to Collins to McInnis."

"Frank Chance was a great builder of fighting spirit," Evers added later.

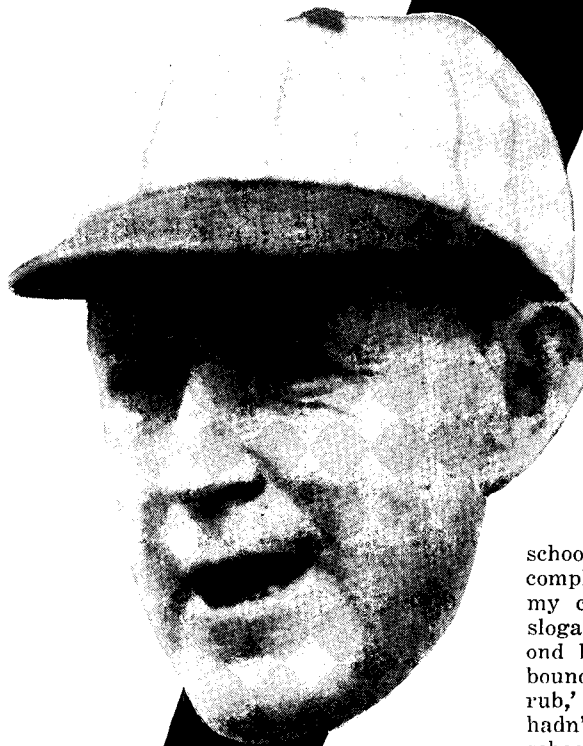
"We were taught in that school to suffer in silence—no alibis, no complaints, no squawking. Later on in my career, when 'don't rub' was the slogan of the team, I once slid into second base and broke a leg. The ball bounded several yards away. 'Don't rub,' was the call from the bench. If I hadn't been brought up in the Chance school I would have stayed there at second nursing a broken leg. As it was I got up and ran to third. That was Frank Chance's idea of what baseball should be."

Tinker to Evers to Chance—it still remains one of baseball's immortal lines. Chance is dead. Tinker has been in business in Florida. Johnny Evers has a store in his old home town of Troy. He has a son at Georgetown who is a fine ball player and a law student.

It has been twenty-eight years since Johnny Evers, nineteen years old, weighing 105 pounds, made his first big-league base hit. But the enduring flame still burns as brightly as ever in his heart. No man in competitive sport has ever faced continued pressure with a greater amount of fighting spirit.



© Keystone View



The famed old Cubs' double-play combination whose speed, skill and grace have never been equaled. Left to right: Tinker, Evers and Chance

# Midnight at Tony's

*"We start for the South Pole at dawn," said the gentleman at Table Number Two. "And I," said the gentleman at Table Number Three, "take care of the dogs." And so it began*

**By Richard Connell**



Illustrated by  
James Montgomery  
Flagg

The bride's gift to the bridegroom was a jelly omelette which she dropped into his hat just as they were starting out

I HAVE the honor to be Sir Supreme Knight-Commander of the Loyal Order of Potent Knights of the White Ribbon, Daniel Boone Chapter, No. 73, Flatbush; but there is no money in that, of course, as it states in our ritual that "a true Knight reckons not of worldly emoluments and pelf." So, as I have a wife and little ones (two) and self to provide for, I work as a waiter in a very high-class establishment in Manhattan called Tony's. The cards which we give our patrons bear the proper name, which is The Mid-City Motorists' and Poloists' Association, Inc., but they are null and void unless the proprietor, Mr. Antonio Pestalozzi, has written "O. K. Tony" on them. It is a very high-class establishment.

One of our steadiest patrons is a gentleman by the name of Mr. Westmore Clifton, who is a well-to-do author,

but has always behaved himself—in our place, anyhow. Mr. Clifton comes in here often for food and refreshments.

I do not know much about the writing business, myself, as I, personally, have been a waiter for going on twenty-one years myself; but this Mr. Clifton tells me it is not as soft as it looks on account you have to be always looking for what he calls "fresh material," which, he claims, is scarce these days.

I told him that this did not surprise me because a waiter gets thrown with all sorts of people, and has to study human nature whether he wants to or not; and finally he comes to the conclusion that, by and large, people are all alike, though in different ways, maybe. I mean everybody is like everybody else, underneath.

Years ago I gave up listening to people talk at my tables, as it was beginning to give me the pip. When you boil

down all the words they say, it usually comes to this: "I win plenty on Siberian Pig-Iron, common, today," or "I lose plenty," and "I guess I'm the most misunderstood man (or woman) in the world." That's what it all boils down to. It gave me the pip.

ONCE this Mr. Clifton asked me to write down for him some of the conversations I heard at my tables, and I did so, although I warned him it would be the same old stuff, and so it was; but he gave me a fifty-dollar bill, and it was early in the day, too, and he had not, as yet, had any refreshments. I guess it is a case of "easy come—easy go" with authors.

So, when he asked me to do it again last Wednesday—yes, it was Wednesday because our mixed grill was on that day—I could hardly refuse, as he is a good customer and liberal with tips,

and as I need a new sword for use in degree work. But I warned him. I said:

"Mr. Clifton, it will not help your stories any to put into them the things people really say and do, as what would be the use of reading about things you hear and see every day?"

But he insisted, so last night from midnight on I did some listening. Some of our patrons—they are all very high-toned as Mr. Pestalozzi will not admit riffraff—stop in here after the theater for refreshments and often get to talking in a very frank way. Being a waiter, I've got an A-1 memory, and as I once served as Sir Able Knight-Recording Secretary I know how to make notes, and I think I can give a pretty accurate idea of what I heard.

JUST before midnight a short gentleman came in. He was short, but very well dressed. I must say I would not have picked out his suit to wear myself, as my taste is quiet and his suit was black with white stripes in it about as broad as your pinky; and his yellow shirt was something you had to notice. He did not have all his original hair and he had a sort of sad, puzzled look on his face, which was white and kind of puffy, but not shy.

He sat down at Table Number Two and ordered refreshments in a gloomy tone, and I judged that he had stopped elsewhere for refreshments. A waiter gets to be an expert in such matters, willy-nilly.

This gentleman very politely asked me to sit down and have some refreshments with him, but I had to refuse (a) because it is against the rules (b) because us Knights are rigidly against that sort of thing and (c) because I had my other tables to wait on. He took a handsome gold watch from his vest pocket and offered to give it to me because I reminded him of his mother, but I declined; and then he offered to take me on a trip to the South Pole with him, him paying all expenses and even taking care of the dogs which pulled the sleds; but I told him I could not get away as in three weeks I was due to go to the Grand Secret Conclave at Asbury Park as Sir Trusted Knight-Delegate, but I thanked him just the same.

He took an orange silk handkerchief out of his sleeve and cried a little and I was sorry I could not oblige him, as we do everything we can to please our patrons, but you've got to draw the line somewhere. He said, "No matter. I have steeled my soul against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

I had to leave him then to attend to another gentleman who had entered and taken a seat at Table Number Three. This second gentleman was a well-fed and very merry gentleman. I brought him refreshments and he asked me what my name was and I told him "William Boles," which is my name, and

he began to sing a little song which went

*"O! William, darling Bolesy,  
Why don't you come to me?  
And jump in the arms of your own  
true love  
While the wind blows chilly and cold?"*

He asked me if I liked to waltz and I said no. Then he ordered some more refreshments and when I brought them he sang some more of the same song, which went:

*"You tell me that you love me;  
But if you are not true,  
Sometimes I have a notion  
To jump in the river and drown my-  
self."*

The sad gentleman at the next table looked at him a minute and then said, but in a nice, courteous way, "I beg your pardon, stranger, but how would you like to go to the South Pole?"

"I should love to," said the merry gentleman, at once. "We could start tonight. I dote on pemmican."

"Never drank any," said the sad gentleman, "but I'm game to try. It's settled, then. We start for the South Pole at dawn. I'll take care of the dogs, of course."

"You will not," said the merry gentleman, looking a little bit hurt. "I will not hear of such a thing. Am I a cripple? I insist on taking care of the dogs. Even if I did make twenty-two thousand dollars in the Street to-

day, I hope I am still a gentleman." "I'm a gentleman, too," said the sad gentleman, firmly. "I will look after the dogs."

"I can see you are a gentleman," said the merry gentleman. "It sticks out all over you. But so am I, and I will look after the dogs. Yes, I will, Raoul."

"My name is not Raoul," said the sad gentleman.

"You will always be Raoul to me," declared the merry gentleman. "Staunch old Raoul, my college pal."

"Of course, if you insist," said the sad gentleman.

"Come, Raoul," said the merry gentleman, "draw up a chair and we'll sing 'Bright college years, with pleasure rife.'"

THEY sang it, the merry gentleman singing bass and the sad gentleman singing tenor, although the latter did not know the words. They ordered more refreshments. The sad gentleman gazed very earnestly at the other one and said: "Do you know what the trouble with me is?"

The merry gentleman studied him.

"Fallen arches, Raoul?" said the merry gentleman.

"No."

"Frostbite?"

"No."

"Give up."

The sad gentleman leaned across the table and tapped the other one on his stiff evening shirt.

"Nobody understands me," said the sad gentleman.

"Is that a fact?" said the merry gentleman. "Well, I'll be doggone! That's my trouble, too. Bottoms up!"

"Mind if I tell you a secret?" asked the sad gentleman.

"Mind?" said the merry gentleman. "My dear Raoul, I insist on it. Tell me everything—everything."

"I am the victim of ingratitude," said the sad gentleman. "Remember what the poet says?"

"No."

"He says, 'Man's ingratitude to man makes us sisters under the skin,'" said the sad gentleman.

"We will take twenty-two dogs to the Pole with us," said the merry gentleman, "and I'll take care of all of them, every last dog."

"Ever hear of me?" asked the sad gentleman.

"Yes," said the merry gentleman. "Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter," said the sad gentleman.

"Maybe twenty-two dogs will not be enough," said the merry gentleman. "It would be most humiliating to get way down there on the ice floes and run out of dogs."

"You can ask anybody who I am," the sad gentleman said. "Anybody. I'm good. I'm red hot, sizzling. Ask anybody."

"Indeed I shall," said the other.

"Ask anybody about my record," said the sad gentleman. "Ask a white-wing or a soda-jerker or a mere child. They'll tell you who made the Stellar-Titan Pictures what they are today."

"Oh," said the merry gentleman, "did you have anything to do with the Stellar-Titan Pictures?"

"He asks me did I have anything to do with them?" exclaimed the sad gentleman. "Mc, he asks that! Talk about the fruits of fame! Lemons. Quinces. Crabapples. Stranger, and yet, friend, I had everything to do with the Stellar-Titan Pictures. I put them on the map. I made them a household word. And what was my reward?"

"I think we'd better take at least sixty-six dogs," said the merry gentleman, thoughtfully. "Though, of course, there will be pups. I'll look after them all, of course. But, if memory serves me right, you were telling me something about something."

I AM the toy of fate—said the sad gentleman—though by profession I am a publicity engineer. I was the first publicity engineer. I am still the greatest. Ask anybody. This is the age of publicity. It is more important to use the headlines than to use your head. Let a half-baked yap hang by his whiskers for a week from Brooklyn Bridge and he will gain more fame and coin than the author of a dozen novels or some quiet chap who invents a cure for hay-fever—provided, of course, the yap has me to get his pictures into the rotos. Today people are mad to see somebody who is talked about, whether it's because he flew to the moon in a toy balloon, or murdered six senators with a tack-hammer. It isn't what you do, but the front-page space you get, that counts.

I started out as press agent for a dinky circus—unknown then, now celebrated in the New World and the Old—the Al J. Wanger Greater and Greater Shows. Well, when I went with them they had only one elephant. When I quit they had sixteen. Is that making good, or isn't it?

It was me who first hit on the idea of leaving an elephant in the public library. Others have done that since, but though millions may cross the Atlantic there will only be one Columbus.

Who, I ask you, was the first person to think of taking a hippopotamus up in a blimp and have her come down in a parachute? It did ruin her, maybe, but it made the front page of every sheet in the country.

From whose brain sprang the idea of Siamese triplets? Not twins, mind you.

(Continued on page 48)



"Oh, yes," said the merry gentleman. "I know her." The sad gentleman got up very suddenly

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

# Proxy's Army

*When you buy stocks in General Motors or U. S. Steel or any other corporation you become a partner in it. Do you know as much as you should about your corporation's business?—its officers, plans, prospects? Well, maybe—but you can't prove it to Mr. Flynn! He's been investigating you, and has found surprising proof that the average common stockholder is a careless, ignorant fellow who stands outside and chants, "We want dividends!" as college boys yell for touchdowns*

**By John T. Flynn**

**W**HAT are we going to do about this fellow we call the stockholder? Who is he, in the first place? And what is he? We have had two pictures of him.

One is that of the little fat man with the high hat and side whiskers, with dollar marks on his waistcoat and a batch of securities sticking out from his coat tails. He is the bloated millionaire stockholder who is supposed to own us body and soul.

The other picture is that of the horny-handed son of toil, with a pick in one hand and a share of common stock in the other. He is one of the toiling masses who are now supposed to own our industries and make us into the first great industrial democracy.

The fact is that neither of these pictures is quite true to life. Our millionaires do not own our corporations. The Treasury Department finds that they own less than seven per cent of the common stocks. And neither do our hardy pick-swinging and truck-driving proletarians own them. The Common Stocks of the Common People—that's a nice picture, but it's mostly talkie. In 1928 the Treasury found that about \$4,300,000,000 was paid out by corporations in dividends to individuals.

Of this sum the millionaires collected about \$393,000,000.

The proletarians collected about \$145,000,000.

## Who Owns Our Corporations?

The great bulk of the dividends—some \$3,762,000,000—was collected by persons in between these two classes.

For some years it has been popular to talk about the millions of people who own the shares of our industrial and financial and utility corporations. Some optimists have given us a vast array of 20,000,000 Americans owning the shares of the great business machine which serves us.

The chief trouble with this picture is that it is not true. Raking through tax returns in 1928 the Treasury found some 3,300,000 stockholders in corporations which paid dividends. And the great bulk of their stock was owned then by 516,000 persons—those 516,000 persons collected \$3,762,000,000 in dividends and they were all people with incomes in excess of \$5,000 a year.

An additional \$393,000,000 was collected by the millionaires. And \$145,000,000 more was collected by 2,300,000 persons with incomes too small to report. There was another \$2,000,000,000 collected by corporations which own stock in other corporations—investment trusts, holding companies, finance companies, insurance companies, etc.

It would seem then that the stocks of our industrial and utility corporations are owned about as follows:

|                                            |        |
|--------------------------------------------|--------|
| By corporations.....                       | 31.75% |
| By people with incomes over \$5,000 .....  | 65.95% |
| By people with incomes under \$5,000 ..... | 2.30%  |

These figures have been kindly supplied to me by that indefatigable student of our incomes, Mr. Joseph McCoy, the actuary of the Treasury Department. The mistake of those who account for those mythical fifteen or twenty million stockholders arises from the fact that they do not take into account the duplication of shareholders in various companies. One may own stock in a dozen corporations. There are some who own stock in 500.

Now by all this I do not mean that the number of shareholders has not been

growing. It has. And it has, perhaps, grown a little more since our famous stock market collapse than it did in the preceding year. Last fall, when the so-called Wise Guys of Wall Street were scurrying in panic from the market, hastily flinging overboard the stocks they had bought at top prices, the so-called sucker public was apparently following close behind, picking up the pretty bargains they were unloading as they fled.

## A Growing Family

For three weeks after the market crash the Radio Corporation was kept busy registering new stockholders at the rate of 900 a day. The General Motors Corporation was registering them at the rate of 1,500 a day. And most of the large, well-known corporations were having similar experiences. Apparently one result of the stock

market crash and the much-advertised business depression has been to increase the number of stockholders in most of our better corporations.

American Telephone and Telegraph Company before the market crash had 455,000 stockholders. By December 31st it had added 14,000 more. Since then it has accumulated another 58,000. It now has the unprecedented number of 527,000 stockholders.

The United States Steel Corporation had 110,166 stockholders three weeks before the market decline. Two months later it had 117,956. One year later it had 135,506.

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey had 78,789 five weeks before the market collapse. Five weeks after it had 92,756, or 14,000 more. Six months later it had 101,439.

The records of other corporations show that as the speculators were hurriedly moving out, the investors were



The shareholder's interest in any business rarely extends beyond its ability to pay satisfactory dividends

moving in. In six weeks the Simmons Company stockholders increased seventy per cent. Woolworth stockholders almost doubled. Studebaker stockholders increased from 16,753 to 23,000; National City Bank stockholders from 50,363 to 62,000; Commonwealth and Southern stockholders from 37,000 to 74,000. The day of the panic the Packard Motor Company had 25,971 shareholders. Six weeks later it had 54,990. And while the price of Cities Service stock was dropping from sixty-eight to twenty some 93,000 additional persons bought the stock. After two months of market decline the Pennsylvania Railroad found it had 45,000 new shareholders.

Of course, stock market depressions are always accompanied by increases in the number of stockholders in the leading corporations. And then as the depression passes the number of stockholders dwindles as the sapient buyers unload their holdings at higher levels.

However, the increases in the number of stockholders have not declined during this year in spite of several periods in which stocks went up. General Motors had a heavy increase in stockholders during the last two months of 1929. As this year started and stocks recovered a little the number of stockholders increased to 218,392. It grew by 3,000 more in the second quarter. By the end of September it had risen to 299,531. The same thing is true of U. S. Steel.

Now it must not be supposed that each of these new stockholders in U. S. Steel or General Motors is a brand-new stockholder in the corporate world. Doubtless some of them are newcomers. There is no way of ascertaining the fact definitely. But they are made up probably of intelligent investors who already owned other shares and who availed themselves of the lower prices and bought at an advantage.

There is a certain democratic tendency in the composition of our stockholders, but we are yet some distance from that much-advertised comprehensive industrial democracy which includes almost the whole population.

And now what part does this stockholder play in the business? Who is looking after his rights? What economic value has he? What is his function? Is he getting all that is coming to him? Or is he getting more?

And just what are we to do about him?

Looked at as a factor in corporate affairs, the stockholder may be considered as almost totally devoid of life. Mr. John H. Sears, attorney for the Corporation Trust Company, an authority on the subject and a lawyer with a wide experience in corporate affairs, thus describes him:

"As a citizen and political voter the stockholder doesn't hesitate at any hour or in any place to voice his sentiments of approval and disapproval. As a stockholder he usually keeps his mouth shut. As an employer or employee he makes known his discontent. As a householder and taxpayer he demands his money's worth. But as a stockholder your average person today is the most docile, the most shrinking, the most supine of mortals."

Does the stockholder take any interest whatever in the corporation in which his money is invested? I asked a group of twenty persons who are stockholders three very simple questions to test their information about their own investment.

#### A Catechism for Investors

Here are the questions:

Who is the president of the corporation?

What did it earn per share last year?

How many issues of stock or bonds are ahead of your common stock?

You might suppose any man would be able to answer questions like these about corporations whose shares he had bought. And yet not one of the twenty was able to answer all these three questions about all of his stocks. Some of the answers betrayed that kind of simple ignorance one sees in a freak grammar-school examination paper.

One man who owned U. S. Steel stock said he didn't know who was president

since Judge Gary died and left the office vacant. Of course, Judge Gary was never president. Another said J. P. Morgan was president. Another said James A. Farrell had been made chairman of the board to succeed Judge Gary and no one had been named president to succeed him. One man—believe it or not—did not know that Judge Gary had ever been connected with the company and still another did not know he was dead. And remember all this related to a corporation which goes farther in taking its stockholders into its confidence than any other in existence.

Out of twenty men I found only two who could tell what issues of stock or bonds preceded their common holdings in any corporation and they knew this only as to one or two of their stocks. One man knew it as to one stock in the company in which he held a good position.

Of the twenty—owning among them stock in ninety corporations—not one could answer as to the yearly earnings per share in all their holdings. They all knew the dividends, but did not know the net or gross earnings per share. Not one of them had ever been to a stockholders' meeting, not even in the corporation in which they were employed. And only two or three of them had ever sent in proxies and then only on rare occasions.

But all knew the market price of all their stocks, though the twenty men I refer to were primarily investors and not speculators. But they didn't seem to care anything at all about the corporations in which their life savings were embarked.

Do stockholders ever undertake to thrust advice upon their directors and corporation officials? Do they ever complain about the management of the corporation? Do they ever protest

against its conduct on moral grounds? During the last year I have asked a number of corporation executives about this. One told me he gets an occasional letter from a small stockholder criticizing the business but this is so rare as to call for comment.

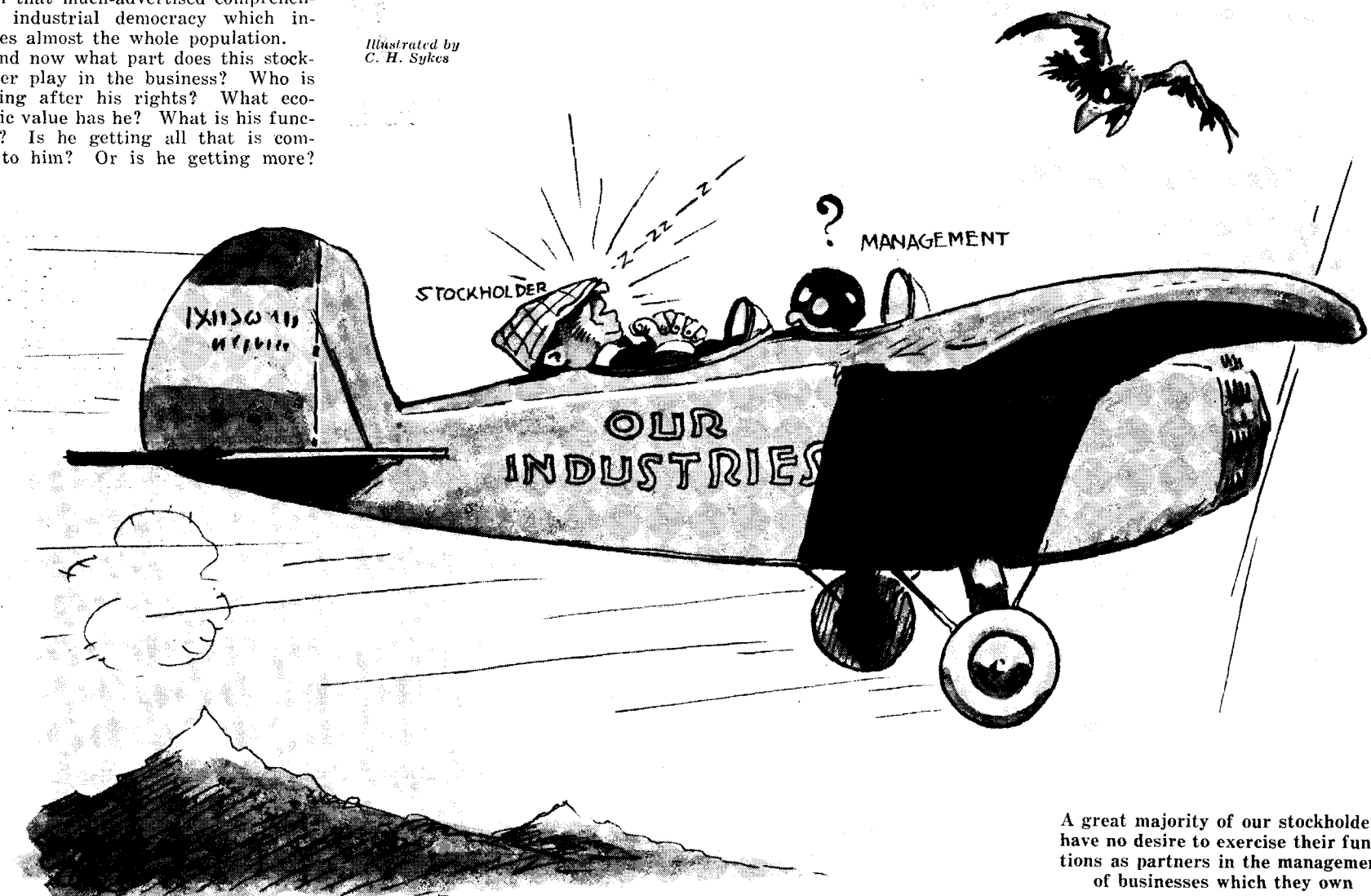
#### The Apathetic Stockholder

One corporation president whose company sends out very full and helpful statements to stockholders with dividend checks told me that he always gets a few letters expressing appreciation of the statements, but that alongside the great number of stockholders the letters are quite few. Complaints against unethical conduct are very rare. Until John D. Rockefeller, Jr., went out after Col. Bob Stewart's scalp because he engaged in a transaction which it was charged gouged his own company, no protests were received from any stockholder of the Indiana company.

However, there is one point on which stockholders occasionally make themselves very voluble. That is the subject of dividends. "We want a dividend! We want a dividend!" That is the cry which goes up to the directors from the stockholders in the bleachers. A director of a large industrial company told me that his concern had received letters for years from stockholders protesting against the conservative dividend policy of the management and urging the distribution of the surplus. This demand became insistent after a while. Whenever a rumored stock dividend or split-up fails to materialize, or when an extra dividend which had been declared with regularity is omitted, there is invariably a number of protests to the managers. However, these are quite small in

(Continued on page 58)

Illustrated by  
C. H. Sykes



A great majority of our stockholders have no desire to exercise their functions as partners in the management of businesses which they own



Illustrated by  
Harry  
Beckhoff

"Well, that's all," Ann said. "Why you took so much trouble to make a fool of me, I don't know. Good-by"

### The Story Thus Far:

**T.** PATERSON FRISBY, American financier residing in London, is owner of the Horned Toad, a copper mine. Having just learned that the adjoining mine—the Dream Come True—is worth millions, he is much surprised when his penniless secretary, young Berry Conway, calmly informs him that he, Berry Conway, is the owner, and, because the property is "obviously worthless," wishes to sell it.

A great chance—for Mr. Frisby! He promptly sends the young man to a "possible purchaser"—one J. B. Hoke (a Frisby hireling), who, much to the disgust of one Captain Kelly who was to have been "in on" the deal and the estimable T. Paterson Frisby, buys the mine for himself.

Decidedly disgruntled, but still seeing golden possibilities, Frisby agrees to a merger of the two mines, and plans to clean up on the stock sale, to come later. . . .

Ann Moon, the charming American heiress and niece of Mr. Frisby, comes to London. Lady Vera Mace, aunt of "the Biscuit" (known to the public as Godfrey, Lord Biskerton), gets the job of chaperoning her. Result: Ann and "the Biscuit" become engaged.

His lordship should be happy. He is not. His creditors are hounding him. How can he escape them—until marriage renders him solvent? Seeking advice, he goes to his dearest friend: none other than Berry Conway. "I'll tell you what you do," says Berry. "Change your name to Smith, leave London, and take a house near mine, at Valley Fields, until the storm's over!"

Godfrey, Lord Biskerton, likes the suggestion, and acts on it. Whereupon, comfortably ensconced in the country, he meets a young neighbor—Miss Kitchie Valentine, American—proposes, and is accepted. . . .

## Big Money

By P.G. Wodehouse

And Kitchie and Ann Moon are friends! . . .

Engaged to two girls! While he is wondering what to do, Berry Conway comes to him and tells him that he, Berry Conway, has met a most beautiful lady in London: to impress her he has told her he belongs to the secret service; they have become engaged; the name of the fair one is—Ann Moon. . . . Is his lordship shocked? He is not! . . . He and Berry discuss their problems: after which they learn something of The Dream Come True deal. Together, they evolve a plan to deal with the crooks. Then—Berry resigns his position—and prepares to go after a fortune!

### XI

**T**O BERRY CONWAY, hurrying across its verdant slopes to where the tea house nestled among shady trees, Hyde Park seemed to be looking its best and brightest. True, the usual regiment of loafers slumbered on the grass and there was scattered in his path the customary assortment of old paper bags; but this afternoon, such is the magic of love, these objects of the wayside struck him as merely picturesque. Dogs, to the

number of twenty-seven, were barking madly in twenty-seven different keys; and their clamor sounded to him like music. If he had had time, he would have pursued and patted each separate dog and gone the rounds giving sixpences to each individual loafer. But time pressed, and he had to forego this piece of self-indulgence.

If anyone had told him that his manner during their recent chat had been of a kind to occasion Mr. Frisby pain, he would have been surprised and wounded. He was bubbling over with universal benevolence, and the five children who stopped him to ask the correct time received, in addition to the information, a sort of bonus in the form of a smile so dazzling that one of them, less hardy than the rest, burst into tears. And when, coming in view of the tea house, he perceived Ann already seated at one of the tables, his exhilaration bordered on delirium. The trees seemed to dance. The sparrows sang with a gayer note. The family at the

next table, including though it did a small boy in spectacles and a velvet suit, looked like a beautiful picture. Many a person calmer than Berry Conway at that moment had been accepted—and with enthusiasm—by the authorities of hospitals as a first-class fever patient.

He leaped the railings and covered the remaining distance in two bounds.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Hullo," said Ann.

"Here I am!" he said.

"Yes," said Ann.

"Am I late?" asked Berry.

"No," said Ann.

A JUST perceptible diminution of ecstasy came to Berry Conway. He felt ever so slightly chilled. Nearly eighteen long hours had passed since he and this girl had last met, and he could not help feeling that something more in the key of drama should have signalized their reunion. Of course, in a public place like Hyde Park girls are handicapped in the way of emotional expression. Had Ann sprung from her seat and kissed him, the small boy at the next table would undoubtedly have caused embarrassment by asking in a loud voice, "Ma-mah, why did she do that?" No, he could quite see why she did not spring and kiss him.

But—and now he saw what the trouble was—there was nothing whatever to prevent her smiling and—what is more—smiling with a shy, loving tenderness. And she had not done so. Her face was grave. If he had been in a slightly less exalted mood, he might have described it as unfriendly. There was not a smile in sight. Her mouth was set, and she was not looking at him. She was concentrating her gaze—letting her gaze run to waste, as it were—on a small, hard-boiled-looking Pekingese dog which had wandered up and was sitting by the table, waiting for food to appear.

Love sharpens the senses. Berry realized now what the matter was.

"I am late," he said, contritely.

"Oh, no," said Ann.

"I'm most frightfully sorry," said Berry. "I had to see someone on my way here."

"Oh?" said Ann.

Even a man with Berry's rosy outlook could not blink the fact that the thermometer was falling. He cursed himself for not having been punctual. This, he told himself, was the way men rubbed the bloom off romance. They arranged to meet girls at five sharp at tea houses, and then they loitered and dallied and didn't arrive till five-one or even five-two. And, meanwhile, the poor girls waited and waited and waited, like Marianas in Moated Granges, longing for their tea. . . .

Now he saw. Now he understood. Tea! Of course. All he had ever heard and read about the peril of keeping women waiting for their tea came back to him. And he was conscious of a great surge of relief. There was nothing personal about her coldness. It did not mean that she had been thinking things over and had decided that he was not the man for her. It simply meant that she wanted a spot of tea and wanted it quick.

He banged forcefully on the table. "Tea," he commanded. "For two. As

quick as you can. And cakes and things."

Ann had stooped, and was tickling the Peke. Berry decided for the moment, till the relief expedition should arrive with restoratives, to keep the conversation impersonal.

"Lovely day," he said.

"Yes," said Ann.

"Nice dog," said Berry.

"Yes," said Ann.

BERRY withdrew into a cautious silence. Talking only made him feel that he had been thrown into the society of a hostile stranger. He marveled at the puissance of this strange drug, tea, the lack of which can turn the sweetest girl into a sort of trapped creature that glares and snaps. Amazing to think that about two half-sips and a swallow would change Ann into the thing of gentleness and warmth that she had been last night.

He sat back in his chair, and tried to relieve the strain by looking at the silver waters of the Serpentine. From its brink a faint quacking could be heard. Ducks. In a very short while he and a restored, kindly Ann would be scattering bits of cake to those ducks. All that was needed now was . . .

"Ah!" said Berry.

A tray-laden waitress was approaching.

"Here comes the tea," he said.

"Oh?" said Ann.

He watched her fill her cup. He watched her drink. Then, reassured, he braced himself to make his apology as an apology should be made.

"I feel simply awful," he said, "about keeping you waiting like that."

"I had only just arrived," said Ann.

"I had to go and see someone. . . ."

"Who?"

"Oh, a man."

Ann detached a piece of cake and dropped it before the Peke. The Peke sniffed at it disparagingly, and resumed its steady gaze. It wanted chicken. It

is the simple creed of the Peke that, where two human beings are gathered together to eat, chicken must enter into the proceedings somewhere.

"I see," said Ann. "A man? Not a gang?"

Berry started. The tea sprang from his cup. The words had been surprising enough, but not so surprising as the look which accompanied them. For, as she spoke, Ann had raised her head and for the first time her eyes met his squarely. And her eyes were like burning stones.

"Er—what?"

"A gang, I said," replied Ann. Her eyes were daggers now. They pierced him through and through. "I thought that, whenever you had a spare five minutes, you spent it rounding up gangs."

In the distance ducks were quacking. At the next table the small boy had swallowed a crumb the wrong way and was being pounded on the back by abusive parents. Sparrows twittered, and somewhere a voice was calling to Ernie to stop teasing Cyril. Berry heard none of these things. He heard only the beating of his heart, and it was like a drum playing the Dead March.

He opened his mouth to speak, but she stopped him.

"No, please don't bother to tell me any more lies," she said.

She leaned forward, and lowered her voice. What she had to say was not for the ears of the family at the next table.

"Shall I tell you," she said, "how I spent the afternoon? When I got home last night, I had a talk with Lord Biskerton's aunt, who is chaperoning me while I am over here. She had seen you and me dining at Mario's, and she

had a lot to say about it. I wanted to discuss things with you, so I went down to Valley Fields in my car, and called at The Nook. You were out, but there was an elderly woman there with whom I had quite a long chat."

It seemed to Berry that he had uttered a sudden, sharp wail. But he had done so only in spirit. He sat there, staring silently before him, his whole soul in torment. She had met the Old Retainer! She had had quite a long chat with the Old Retainer! He shuddered at the thought of what she must have heard.

If ever there was a woman who could be relied on to spill the beans with a firm, unerring hand, that woman was the Old Retainer.

Ann continued speaking in the same low, even voice:

"SHE told me that you were the last person to do anything as nasty and dangerous as that, because you had always been so quiet and steady and respectable. She told me that you were my uncle's secretary and had never done anything adventurous or exciting in your life. She told me that you wore flannel next your skin and bed socks in winter. And," said Ann, "she told me that that scar on your temple was not caused by a bullet, but that you got it when you were six years old by falling against the hat stand in the hall because you forgot to scratch the soles of your new shoes."

She rose abruptly.

"Well, that's all," she said. "Why you took so much trouble to make a fool of me, I don't know. Good-by."

She was walking away—walking out of his life; and still Berry found himself

(Continued on page 32)



He produced the gat, of which they had heard so much, and poised it in an unsteady grasp. "Hands up!" he said



"You mean," Jeff said, enunciating clearly, "that she actually got it over the hill?" "Yessir," the caddy said. "I mean it was pretty"

AT THE tender age of seven, when she should have been telling her dolls fairy stories, Ellin Green's father teed a golf ball up in front of her and said, "Smack it."

Ellin smacked it hard enough to get it off the tee, which was better than her mother's performance at the age of twenty-five.

That started it all. Had it not been for Mr. Green's ill-advised movement on that day, Ellin would, no doubt, have grown up to be a normal woman who loved children and lied to her girl friends. But Mr. Green cooed over her and made large noises with his mouth about what she would do to a golf ball when she was old enough.

Being anxious for her father's approbation, Ellin hied herself to the practice field every day for weeks to smack the little white balls her father set so much store by.

At the age of sixteen she had developed a lot of strength, a few freckles, gobs of chestnut hair and a powerful drive. Her approach was goshawful, but there wasn't anything funny about the distance she could get when she wanted it. She could be seen almost any day at the club, making a monkey out of the professional, who looked pretty much like a monkey anyway.

Her father had given up playing with her because he dubbed around in a hun-

dred and Ellin had enough sense to swell her allowance by betting with him. Her mother had long since given up putting around the fairway.

She arrived at the age of twenty with an insolent nose, the same freckles, a lot of ene-

mies, dozens of trophies and the same rotten form.

Then the pro showed her a picture of Glenna Collett's finish, with the club nicely relaxed pointing skyward and Miss Collett's foot in the proper position. It ruined her day. She went home and tried it.

She used crochet-covered practice balls in her father's study. Unfortunately (for her father's study) she neglected to use a crochet-covered driver.

The first thing she broke was the chandelier. The next was a Copenhagen china wolfhound her father prized highly, and the third was a set of liqueur glasses her mother had imported from Vienna. The latter she broke all at once by sweeping her club back across them, swooping the clubhead slightly, and driving.

BY THIS time she had edged far enough toward the wall in her perturbation to get a healthy swing at an oil painting of herself for which her father had paid two thousand dollars. She punched a hole in her stomach and gave it up. Before she left the room, however, she broke, over her knee, a driver which was one of a set of the prettiest matched woods in Connecticut.

"To hell with form," she said, in effect, and went off to the library to mope with a book. Her one consolation about

the day's wreckage was that she had punched a hole in that portrait.

Her father came home. He surveyed the wreckage and frothed at the mouth over the wolfhound. The chandelier didn't matter much. He'd been meaning to have side lights put in anyway. As for the liqueur glasses, he was glad of it. He had never liked them. He went in search of his darling daughter, carrying the broken driver.

He found his darling daughter curled on the love seat in the library with a book open on her knee, staring dejectedly into space. "Listen, you," he said, "that painting cost two thousand dollars."

"And millions of slaves toiled in the hot sun to bring me a bit of silk," Ellin said. "If you're going to crab, go somewhere else and do it. I've got something on my mind."

"You're going to buy a new driver out of your allowance," he said. "I'm damned if I'll match those other woods for you. What did you do, take an ax to it?"

"No, Father," Ellin said with a George Washington look. "I broke it over my knee, and what's it to you?"

"Nothing," he said. His anger was gone. His darling child had reached a crisis. Had it been a love affair, he could have passed it off as unimportant. Had she been a social failure, inept at piano-playing and speaking French to the head waiter, he would have laughed lightheartedly and gone his way, but this was something of import. Mr. Green was not prepared to sneeze at a golf crisis. He put his hand on her knee. "Tell Daddy," he said.

"I look like a baseball player on the golf links," she said. "I've got a Babe Ruth swat and I want a Walter Hagen swing. I don't know what to do. I

missed the ball completely this morning."

"You didn't miss anything else," he said.

"And," she said, ignoring that, "we're going down to New York next week and I shan't have any place to practice."

"You leave that to me," he said.

New York apartment house roofs are used nowadays for everything from a beach to an informal dance hall. Before the week was out Ellin had a practice outfit rigged up on top of their New York apartment and was hard at it.

SHE had engaged the services of a pro named Jimmie Jones, who was homely and bow-legged and whose front teeth had been knocked out by a golf ball. Jimmie Jones, in all his professional life, had never found so much to correct. Daily he stood over her and tried to convince her that a good snap of the wrist at the beginning of her swing was worth two birds in the bush.

He drew the line of flight with his heel, kicked her heel around in the proper position, showed her the proper waggle (if she must waggle) and then said, "Let 'er go."

Ellin would raise the clubhead slowly, shove her palms out and then lunge. Jimmie Jones would moan, "They're going to raise the devil about this tar you're digging up, miss."

"Tar," Ellin would say, coldly, "is practically nothing in my life. What did I do then?"

With a hollow laugh, Jimmie rejoined, "Everything. Wrong."

Ellin grew thin and lost her appetite. Her friends could come upon her at almost any time of day swaying gently from side to side, swinging her arms and shifting her weight with clocklike precision, murmuring, "Let the club-

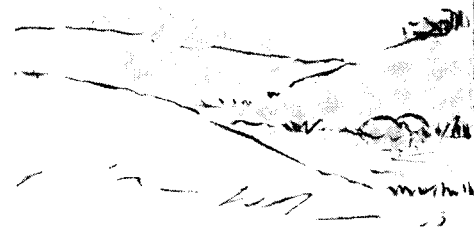
head make its arc. Let the clubhead make its arc."

It was at this point in the proceedings that the hero entered with a hangover. His name was Jeff Taylor and he took an apartment in the adjoining building and placed his lawn chair on the roof of it.

Jimmie Jones had chosen to have a nervous breakdown and had left for a sanatorium the day before. His last jittering instructions to Ellin were, "Keep the clubhead up, don't dance, and for heaven's sake snap your wrists." With this he left her and gibbered night and day for weeks about people who wrapped golf clubs around the backs of their necks.

The first morning that Jeff Taylor caught sight of Ellin his condition was such that the bang of a pin upon the roof would have been sufficient to make him pale. He was engaged in trying to fathom his sudden affection, the night before, for the group of people at the next table. He distinctly remembered paying their check. His eyes wandered morosely. The energy of the girl on the adjoining roof made him faintly ill. What in the world was she dancing on? He squinted his eyes and held them steady.

Ellin wore a bright green sweater and her hair was in her eyes. She was crying and kicking a practice ball viciously. After she kicked it, she followed it and ground her heel on it.



Jeff watched her for a moment and then pulled his chair around in such fashion that he would not be obliged to watch her. He could not escape, however, the regular and nerve-racking thump of her driver on the roof.

He stood it as long as he could and then went downstairs to dig through his books, which were as yet unpacked, bringing to light an ancient book on golf. He went upstairs again and stood close to the edge of the roof. "Hey!" he said.

Ellin went on swinging doggedly, without looking up. When she hit the ball, which was rare, she topped it. She was hot and tired, and the iron was entering her soul.

Jeff held the book up and waved it back and forth. "Hey, you," he called. Ellin looked up and surveyed him coldly.

"WERE you heying at me?" she inquired.

"I was," he said. "I've got something for you. Catch!" He threw the book and Ellin caught it on the back of her neck. She was speechless with fury even before she looked at it. Jeff turned his back and made his way toward the lawn chair. Ellin picked the book up and looked at the title. It was: *Elementary Golf for the Beginner*.

Just before Jeff reached the chair, something clipped him neatly behind the ear and sailed blithely on over the edge of the roof. He followed it to the edge and peeked over. *Elementary Golf for the Beginner* was sprawled, face down, in the gutter below. He turned around.

"Do you think," he said, "that that is any way to treat a poor defenseless book that never did anything to you?"

"My golf game," Ellin said coldly, "is my business."

"You missed your calling," Jeff said, "and you're going to go bankrupt any minute now. If you picked your golf balls up and threw them, you might get distance. The way you threw that book proves it."

"If," said Ellin, "I pick something up right now and throw it, I will get more than distance. I will get you smack in the eye."

"You think so," said Mr. Taylor.

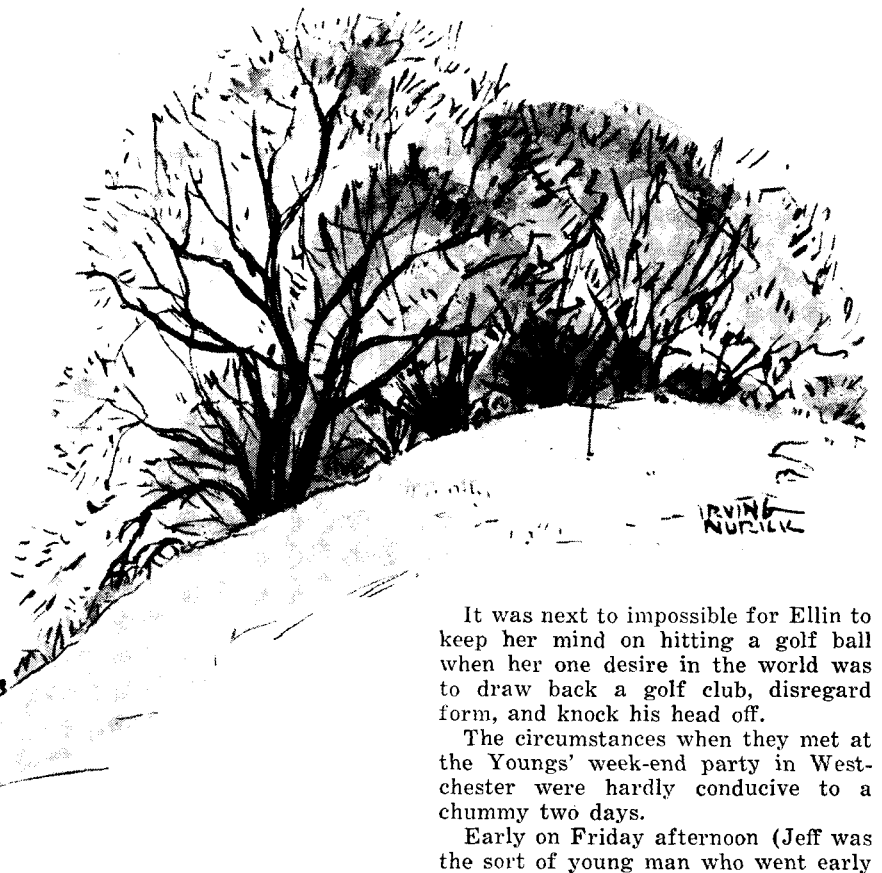
"I know so," said Ellin, and looked around for something to get him in the eye with, but just at that moment her Aunt Emily, who was a lady, came up on the roof.

A feud started. He had a battered old phonograph and one record he seemed to cherish. He even brought it up on the roof mornings and grinned fiendishly while it ground out, "Horses, horses, horses..." Ellin shrieked at him one day when her endurance had reached its limits, and he produced an ear trumpet, which was undeniable evidence that he had planned to make her shriek at him.

Illustrated by  
Irving  
Nurick



He turned around and looked at her again. "If I come over for tea," he said. "I shall either kiss you or kill you"



It was next to impossible for Ellin to keep her mind on hitting a golf ball when her one desire in the world was to draw back a golf club, disregard form, and knock his head off.

The circumstances when they met at the Youngs' week-end party in Westchester were hardly conducive to a chummy two days.

Early on Friday afternoon (Jeff was the sort of young man who went early on Friday afternoon) when Sandra Young mentioned that Ellin Green would be down for the week-end Jeff only said, "I never did like the name Ellin," and went on sipping his mint julep all unaware that Nemesis had wheels.

AT SIX-THIRTY Friday evening Ellin rammed up the driveway in her roadster, jammed on the brakes and ascended the porch steps where Jeff, the Youngs and a man named Guggenheim were peacefully ensconced.

"Hello," Sandra said. "Since when have you been wearing the back of your hat in front?"

"Is it?" Ellin said, not greatly perturbed. She took it off and tossed it at an empty chair beside Jeff, who had been holding his breath. Then she held out a demanding hand for his drink and lost her breath, because she had seen that young man before, and it had been on the roof adjoining hers.

Jeff grinned self-consciously. "Hello," said he.

"Tramp," Ellin said, and reached for Mr. Guggenheim's drink instead. Over the rim of the glass she regarded him with loathing.

"You can't call my guests tramps," Sandra said. "Can she, Jim?"

"No, she can't," Jim said sleepily.

Ellin gave them a polite but unimpressed stare.

At dinner they were placed next to each other, which showed that Sandra had either a very bad memory or a sense of humor.

"Have you knocked any home runs yet?" he asked, *sotto voce*.

"I know a nice well I'd like to push you into," she said, "but it's too close to the road. They'd be sure to fish you out too soon."

"And then you'd never learn about golf," he said, "because I'd be mad and I wouldn't give you any pointers."

"Oh, teach me about golf, Mr. Taylor," she snarled sweetly.

"You think I can't, I suppose."

"You think you can, I suppose."

"Well, I couldn't do much with anyone as awful as you are," he said, "but I could at least teach you to hold a club so you could have your picture taken."

"If you only would," Ellin said, and deliberately ground her heel on his patent-leather shoe, removing her feet

(Continued on page 28)



O'Malley

## Green Paint

By  
William Mac Harg

*Meet Detective O'Malley,  
who will show you how a  
big-town sleuth actually  
goes after his man*

THIS one," O'Malley said, "is a case where a guy got stabbed and was found floating in the harbor. They couldn't tell who he was because he didn't have no clothes on. But now they got the clothes, so they put me on the case. I won't find out nothing, but I got to go look at the clothes." "Where'd they find those?" I asked. "They were in the harbor too. They'd had a weight on 'em but a steamer broke 'em loose."

The clothes were at the police station. We looked at them. They were of fine quality and make, but of old style and worn. The tailor's label had been cut out of them. There were small spots of green paint on them. The clothes had been tied into a bundle with a heavy cord and the police had cut the cord so as to preserve the knots. There was no doubt they were the dead man's clothes because they had a picture of him and the holes in the clothes corresponded with the stab wounds. He was a fine-looking man of middle age, and he had been stabbed several times.

"Those are neat knots," I commented. "Whoever tied them knew his ropes."

"You're good!"

We went back into the outer office. "They identified that guy yet?" O'Malley asked the sergeant.

"They have now," the sergeant answered. "I just got it. There was a laundry mark on his shirt and they traced it down. They got who he was and where he lived, and the key in the clothes unlocked his door. Marlind, the name is."

He gave us the address.

"Well," O'Malley said, "I suppose we got to go out there."



Illustrated by  
Frederic  
Dorr  
Steele

O'Malley dug the dirt out of the cracks where the water had been and put it in an envelope. "What's that for?" the big man demanded

We went. It was one of a row of brownstone fronts remodeled into cheap apartments. The basement floors were shops; at the street end was the river. Marlind had had a single room, with easy-chair and reading lamp and books. There were several pictures of two very beautiful women. Nothing had happened in the room, for it was all in perfect order, but there was a cop there waiting to see who came.

We went across the hall and rang a bell.

"You know Mr. Marlind?" O'Malley asked the woman.

"To say howdy-do to. That's all anybody knew him."

"When did you see him last?"

"Four days ago."

"Who used to come to see him?"

"I never knew of anybody coming to see him."

We rang all the bells and asked everybody the same questions and then we went out into the street and asked the storekeepers. Everybody knew Marlind to speak to but nobody knew anything about him; he never had any visitors.

"This guy," O'Malley said, "seems to

have been what they call a recluse. That means a guy that a smash has been handed to, so that he's lost interest and stopped trying. He said good morning to everybody but nothing else, and when he wanted company he sat in a store and talked with the storekeeper; and he spent his evenings home. How you going to figure who'd kill a guy like that? You can't."

THE last place we came to was a Chinese laundry. The floor was freshly painted green. The Chinaman was ironing and I didn't like his looks.

"You're all painted up here," O'Malley said to him. "Who done that?"

"Me."

"When did you do it?"

"One time."

He wouldn't answer anything else. We went out and walked all around to find where the Chinaman bought his paint, but there was no paint store in the neighborhood. At the end of the street, on the river, was a place that sold marine stores and, in back of it, in a big clean room with a concrete floor two men were working on a boat—a big

man and a smaller one; the small man had red hair. On a shelf on the wall were cans of paint.

"You sell the Chinaman some paint?" O'Malley inquired of them.

"Sure," the big man answered. "We were paintin' her hull and the Chinaman came in and wanted some paint of that color and I sold him some." The hull was painted green.

"When was that?"

"Four days ago."

"You know Marlind?"

"Sure," the big man said. "He comes and sits here. Anything happened to him?"

"That makes the case," I said, when we had got outside. "The Chinaman did it."

"You're smart! I got enough now to make out a report."

"What are you going to report?" I asked.

"No clue."

I didn't see him till next day.

"Well," he said, "I got who this Marlind was now, anyway. His business got wiped out and his wife and daughter

(Continued on page 28)

# Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

## The Story Thus Far:

USING the name of "Jim Wall" (obviously assumed), a young man who admits that he is wanted by the authorities in Wyoming gets a job at the Star Ranch, in a wild section of Utah.

Singular conditions exist at the Star. Almost all the employees are gunmen and cattle-rustlers, deliberately hired by the owner—Bernie Herrick, a wealthy Englishman—in the belief that he can thus insure himself against depredations. And that trouble is imminent Wall is well aware.

Hank Hays, gunman and superintendent of the ranch, has informed the young man that he, Hank Hays, and his followers at the ranch are plotting to steal Herrick's cattle, sell them and make their get-away. And war between the forces of one Bill Heeseman—the superintendent's bitter enemy, likewise employed by Herrick—and Hays may break out at any moment.

Wall is young, strong, fearless. He resolves to await developments.

Helen Herrick, Bernie's sister, comes out from England to visit the ranch. She is twenty-two years old, cultured, beautiful. Soon Jim is hopelessly in love with her—and, to his horror, Hays, too, seems deeply interested.

Then comes the great day: Herrick's cattle have been driven off and sold—the time for flight has arrived! Jim does not wish to leave Helen. But, regarding himself as no fit match for her, and feeling sure that to remain would only mean heartache for her, he decides to do so. With Smoky Slocum, Brad Lincoln and other members of the gang, he rides away from the ranch. Hank and Sparrowhawk Latimer, an aide, remain behind, promising to join the party

later on near the head of a wild canyon near by.

And join the party they do with a prisoner. A woman, Helen Herrick, whom they have kidnapped, so (they say) as to hold her for ransom! . . . Realizing the hopelessness of his position, Jim resolves to do nothing, for the time being, other than watch the girl carefully and see that no harm comes to her.

Heeseman's men ride up. Having likewise planned to kidnap the girl, they are much angered at Hays' success. A running battle ensues; following which Hays leads the party through miles of deep canyons and sinister beds of quicksand to "Robbers' Roost," where none can follow quickly. . . . Jim tells the girl of his love, vows to protect her. And Smoky Slocum promises to help him. Together, they will guard her—watch over her day and night.



She got nearly as far as where Jim's things lay in the lee of a low shelf

## VIII

AFTER breakfast Hays led his men, except Latimer, up through the west outlet, from which they climbed to the highest point in the vicinity. It was to the top of a bluff fully five hundred feet above the draw. It afforded a magnificent view of this baffling country. Every point of the green hole was in plain sight. Every approach to it, even that down the dark gully, lay exposed; and a sharp-eyed scout with a field glass could have detected pursuers miles away, and have caught their dust long before they came in sight.

"No use talkin'," was Smoky's comment.

Others were loud in their encomiums.

Brad Lincoln said sarcastically: "So you been savin' this roost for your old age?"

They all laughed. Then Jim put in his quiet opinion: "A band of men could hang out here for twenty years—unless they fought among themselves."

"Ha!" Slocum let out a single sharp exclamation, impossible to designate as containing mirth or censure, yet which was certainly corroborative.

"Wal, I never give it no name," concluded Hays, "an' we'll let the future do thet. I'll gamble every dollar I got thet some outfit will last hyar twenty years. If Heeseman does fer us, then Morley will do fer him. An' so it'll go. None of us will ever live to see cowboy posses ride into these brakes."

They left Jim on the bluff to keep the first watch, and he was well pleased to

be alone. The die was cast now. Hays had made his bed and must lie in it—no doubt to a last long bloody sleep. He had betrayed his loyal allies, not only in the matter of making way with the girl, but in regard to honest division of stolen gains. Jim had Miss Herrick's word as to the amount taken from her.

IT WAS a certainty that Hays had also robbed her brother. But he had not reported the truth as to amount; and this was another singular proof of the disintegration of the chief's character. Only by strict, fair dealings could he ever have gained the confidence and loyalty of that hardened crew.

In all likelihood Sparrowhawk Latimer was aware of this omission on the chief's part, for men of his type were not easily fooled. Probably he had been bribed to keep his mouth shut. Jim resolved to lose no time being kind and solicitous to the wounded man. Whatever there was to learn Jim meant to learn.

While his thoughts ran in this fashion, skipping from one aspect to another, Jim's keen manipulation of the

field glass followed suit. He would study the white-ridged draw by which Hays had entered the hole, and try to follow its devious wanderings till he lost it in the brakes. He would bend his magnified sight upon the dark, seamed gorge heading under the terrace of cottonwoods. And the two other exits to that rendezvous came in for their share of attention. In this way he gradually became acquainted with them. And after each survey he would shift the glass back to the oval bowl where the robbers were at work.

Some were carrying water, brush, stones, while others were digging post-holes. Hays was apparently a mason, for at once he began to lay a square fireplace of flat stones. The stone, sand, water were fetched to him, but he did the building himself. An hour or so after the start the square grate appeared to be completed, and the chimney was going up. Four cottonwoods formed the four corner posts of the shack. Poles of the same wood were laid across for beams. Probably Hays would construct a roof of brush, and give it pitch enough so that it would shed water.

That growing structure became fascinating to Jim Wall. What was going to happen in it? Three times Hays left off work to walk across the green to the tent where Miss Herrick kept herself. No doubt the robber called to her. The third time he peeped in.

"Go in, you—scurvy bloodhound!" ejaculated Jim, fiercely. There was a hot joy at the ring of his words in his ears. He need not even deceive himself. He could roar like a bull if he wished.

But Hays did not attempt to enter the tent. Certain it was, however, that he glanced back to see if any of his men were watching him. They were, though perhaps to his estimate not at all obtrusively.

JIM, however, with the strong field glass, could actually catch the expression on their faces. Smoky spoke to Lincoln, and his suggestive jerk of his head toward Hays and the tent added a volume of meaning. Then Hays retraced his steps back to the job.

Long after noonday, and when Jim had spent at least six hours on watch, Jeff Bridges detached himself from his

"We walked round the house, an' Hank showed me the gurl's winder, which was open. . . ."



Illustrated by  
Harold  
Von Schmidt

comrades and laboriously made his way out the west entrance and up the long, gray-green slope to the red bluff, upon the top of which Jim was stationed.

Jeff was a heavy man, not used to climbing on foot. His red face was wet with sweat. "Jim, we most forgot you," he panted, good-naturedly. "The boss had us—a goin'. He's shore—enthusiastic over makin' a roost of thet hole!"

Jim relinquished the glass and his seat to Bridges. "I don't mind," he said. "Sort of like it up here." He left and made his way leisurely down off the smooth red ledges to the slope, and eventually to the valley floor. Cottontail rabbits scurried out from under his feet, to crouch in the grass or under a bush not far off. Jim drew his gun, and selecting a favorable shot he put out the eye of a rabbit; and presently he repeated the performance. With the rabbits dangling, one from each hand, he turned into the oval, amused to find not a single man in sight. They had heard his shots and had taken to cover.

As he approached, one by one they reappeared out of the earth, it looked to Jim, and when he reached Happy's camp site they were all back.

"Huh! You scared the very hell out of us," declared Hays, forcibly. "How'n hell could we know you was shootin' rabbits?"

"Young rabbit for supper won't go bad," rejoined Jim.

"They shore won't," agreed Smoky. "Lemme see, Jim." He took the rabbits and examined them. "Look ahyar, Brad. He shot the eye out of both of them."

"Durned if he didn't," said Brad, enthusiastically. "How fer away, Jim?"

"I didn't step it off. Reckon one was about twenty paces and the other farther," returned Jim, stretching the truth a little. He knew such men, how their morbid minds centered about certain things.

"Ahuh, you're a poor shot," declared Lincoln.

"Hank, fer Gawd's sake don't let's give Jim Wall a chanct to shoot at us!" ejaculated Smoky, with a loud laugh.

The robber chieftain did not see any levity in the circumstance.

"Hell no. We don't want Jim shootin' at us any more'n he wants us shootin' at him." That was a distinction with a difference. But Smoky was sincere, Lincoln was dubious, and Hays was deceitful.

"Can you hit a bottle in the air, Jim?" queried Smoky.

"Whenever you want to bet I can't, come on."

"Hey, save your ammunition, you cowboys," interrupted Hays, gruffly. "We'll git all the shootin' you want, mebbe. . . . Jim, take a snack of grub, an' then come to work with us."

While they were at it Smoky suggested they erect a sun and rain shelter for the prisoner, and Jim casually seconded the proposition. Hays consented with a bad grace. So before dark they built one for Miss Herrick that would add materially to her comfort.

"Reckon this cottonwood grove is her private grounds, fellers," added Smoky.

In the main they were kindly disposed and amenable. Lincoln's bitterness toward the chief, however, rather augmented, if anything. He said: "I got it figured thet Hank reckoned this grove was his private grounds."

"WAL, he figgered wrong then," snapped Smoky. "It ain't no fault of our'n if this gurl is hyar. But since she is, we'll see she gets treated like a lady."

That was strong speech, yet passed over by Hays. He had resourcefulness, after he had accomplished his design in getting the girl there.

The shelter extended from the edge of the grove, where her tent stood, out far enough to permit of other conveniences. A tiny stream ran out from under the trees. Jim banked it up with clean red rocks, forming a fine little pool of clear cold water. Smoky, who had skill and artistry, deftly fashioned a rude arm-chair, which, when covered with saddle blankets, made an acceptable chair. Hays, not to be wholly outdone, cut

and carried a great armload of ferns. "Come out, miss," he called into the tent. "We're makin' you comfortable. An' heah's some ferns to put under your bed."

Helen emerged quickly enough, her eyes suspiciously red, but that did not mar the flash of them.

"Hays, am I to gather from this kindly service that my enforced stay here with you will be indefinite?" she queried.

"Wal, it looks like thet. But what else can I do?" returned Hays, avoiding her gaze.

"You can send Jim Wall and another of your men back to Star Ranch. I'll write a letter to my brother to pay and ask no questions or make no moves."

"Shore, I reckon Jim would go. It's easy to see thet. But none of my regular men would risk it," returned Hays.

"There's a better way, Hank," spoke up Smoky. "Send Jim an' me back with the girl. If she'll promise it we'll get the money."

"I give my word," swiftly agreed Miss Herrick.

"It ain't to be thought of," returned the robber, dryly.

Jim watched his opportunity to give Helen a warning look when Hays could not see. She had forgotten his cautioning her. And that halted whatever report she had on her lips. Smoky, however, was making good Jim's estimate of him—that he was deep, and would answer unexpectedly to any situation.

"Hell you say, Hank. It is to be thought of," he rejoined coolly. "You nor nobody else can think my thoughts."

"Wal, I mean I'm not thinkin' that way, an' as I'm boss of this outfit what I say goes. Do you savvy?"

"Shore. Thet's short an' sweet."

"Wal, then, let's have no more to say. When it suits me—which is when it's safe to send fer thet ransom money—I'll do it an' not before."

He stalked away toward the cook shelter, evidently to secure a bucket and basin for Miss Herrick. As he walked away Helen appealed to Jim with eyes so eloquent of fear and hope that he almost threw up his hands in despair.

"You—what's your name?" she asked, turning to Smoky.

"Wal, you can call me Smoky,"

drawled that worthy, with an inscrutable smile. But something in her, beauty or purity or spirit, had reached his depths.

"Jim has made you a friend—to help me?"

"I reckon so, but fer Gawd's sake don't talk so loud. Try to savvy this deal, an' what's your part in it," Smoky wheeled to his task as Hays strode back into earshot.

Miss Herrick entered her tent, and after that little more was spoken between the men, and presently, at Hays' suggestion, they quit for the day.

"WHAR you bunkin', Smoky?" inquired Hays.

"Under the cliff with Sparrow. Thet poor devil needs nursin'."

"Sorry about him. But we could have got in a hell of a jam over there. Figger it out, if we'd been a quarter hour later."

"Wal, thet'd been the end of Hank Hays an' outfit," remarked Smoky, caustically.

"An inch is as good as a mile. . . . Jim, whar you sleepin'?"

"There's my bed and pack and saddle," replied Wall, pointing. "I'll leave them there till it rains."

Hays made no comment. They repaired to Happy Jack's shelter and to their evening meal. Later by the light of the campfire Jim saw Helen come out of her tent to walk up and down in the dusk. And she got nearly as far as where Jim's things lay in the lee of a low shelf. He wondered if she was keen enough to calculate that he would be nearest to her, and that he was the lightest of sleepers.

Darkness soon settled down, and with it the robbers, worn out with their labors. Jim stayed up long enough to see Hays stretch in his blankets under Happy's shelter. So far, so good! A heavy breath of oppression eased off Jim's chest. It could have been far worse. His impulse to appeal to Smoky had been an inspiration. Still he had intuition. Smoky was probably as great a rogue as any unchanged, yet he had the subtle qualities that men like Jim felt in extremities. Before this game was far spent Smoky would loom splendidly, of that Jim was certain.

He went to bed, and for a long hour kept himself awake with poignant thoughts, while he listened and watched.

The next day came, and was like the preceding, with its camp tasks and improvements, the guard duty, attendance upon Sparrow, and the universal if covert observance of Miss Herrick. To do her credit she kept out of her tent, ate, exercised, and watched with great anxious eyes that haunted Jim.

After that, day after day, full of watching and suspense for Jim, wore on. Every morning dawned with a sense of something about to happen. And he divined that suspense would go on and on. Yet it could not last forever. In the clear light of day, during his watches up on the bluff, he had gone sternly and finally over the situation. He would not attempt anything radical until something happened. And he would adhere to that.

The seventh day, during the heat of the afternoon, while some of the men were asleep and others absent and Jim was on the lookout from the bluff with his field glass, Hays began carrying things from the grove to the shack he had built. It had been set some distance away, on a level gravel flat, just out from a notch in the south wall. A deep wash separated it from the camp.

Jim's field glass brought things close—too close for his peace of mind. Hays' first bundle was his own pack, which he took into the cabin. Jim cursed. On the second trip Hays fetched his bed roll. Like a hawk Jim watched. It was certain that cold sweat broke out all over Jim.

His hour was about up and leaving the lookout he ran down the slope and into the oval, slowing up when near camp. He came upon some of the men arguing.

"Hell no!" ejaculated Smoky, as Jim arrived.

"Hell yes!" returned Lincoln.

"Fellers, it'd be too low-down," went on Smoky, with passion. "We're a lot of bad eggs, but Hank ain't thet bad. . . . Collect the ransom an' send her home to her brother after degradin' her!"

"Smoky, you're a faithful cuss," rejoined Lincoln, admiringly. "When air your eyes goin' to open?"

"They're open all right," replied Smoky, doggedly.

"Cheese it. Hyar comes Hays now."

JIM was satisfied with the slow wearing away of their faith.

"Fellows, I heard you, and I'm agreeing with Lincoln," he said hurriedly. "Looks as if Hank is bent on dragging Miss Herrick over to his shack."

There was an intense silence.

"I've been watching through the field glass," added Jim.

"Wal, by Gawd!" burst out Smoky, convinced against his will. "I been hopin' we was hard on Hank. . . . Jim, if he does fer me, you take it up."

"Let me face him first," demanded Jim, harshly.

"What the hell, Smoky!" ejaculated Lincoln.

"Shet up. Hyar he comes. Keep out of it now."

When the chief reached the shelter he would have passed on without noting them, so great was his abstraction.

"Hays, come hyar," called Smoky, ringingly, as he stepped out. The robber swerved off his course, startled. "We been arguin' about you. Wal, you know me. I'm askin' you damn' straight. Do you mean bad by this Herrick woman?"

"Bad!" echoed Hays, his face changing from red to white.

"Thet's what I ast," retorted Smoky.

"Wal, an' suppose I say I do," demanded Hays, "if it's any of your damn' bizness!"

"Then you can shoot it out with me, right hyar an' now!"

"Smoky!" gasped the chief, incredulous.

"An' if you do fer me you've got Jim to take on," snapped Smoky.

"More double-crossin'!" bellowed Hays, suddenly wild.

"Shore. More from you, Hank."

THE leader spat in his fury; and then it was remarkable to see him pull himself together.

"I jest wanted to know how fer you fellers would go," he declared. "An' you've shore give me a cud to chew. . . . As fer thet gurl, I've no more bad feelin's toward her than any one or all of you. Savvy! An' let me say if I heah any more sich talk I'll be bustin' up this outfit."

"It's busted now, Hank," replied Smoky, betraying the bitterness of the disillusioned.

Jim sought seclusion until sunset, dragging through one of the most horrible hours he had ever lived. Hays would not fight. Jim's hands were tied

until further complications untied them.

When he returned, Smoky came to meet him.

"Sparrow's been askin' fer you," he said, moodily. "I'm afeared he's lots wuss."

When Jim bent over the wasted Latimer it was indeed to feel a cold apprehension.

"What is it, Sparrow? I've been on watch," said Jim, taking the other's thin hand.

"Am I a-goin' to croak?" queried Latimer, calmly.

"You've a fighting chance, Sparrow. While there's life there's hope."

"Wal, I've been shot before. But I never had this queer feelin'. . . . Now, Jim, if I git to sinkin' don't keep me from knowin'. If I'm dyin' I want to tell you and Smoky somethin' thet I'd keep if I lived. Savvy?"

Smoky, kneeling at Latimer's other side, nodded sadly.

"Sparrow, I couldn't honestly ask for that confession yet," replied Jim. "You

might pull through. But I promise you, and I'm shaking your hand on it."

"Good. Thet eases my mind. Gimme a drink of cold, fresh water."

Smoky took up the dipper and strode down to fetch the water.

"Jim, I like you—a heap," said Latimer.

"Thanks, Sparrow. I'm sure I return it," replied Jim.

"Fellers like me can only expect to die this way. I always knowed. . . . But it's different—now it's hyar. . . . Jim, did you ever think it'd be better to go—back to honest livin'?"

"Not lately," replied Jim, gloomily.

"Wal, you're younger'n most of us." Smoky returned with the water, and the two men helped Latimer to drink.

"Sparrow, you can't gain strength on water," complained Smoky, earnestly. "I'm gonna fetch you somethin'."

On the walk across the oval Smoky said very seriously: "Jim, I reckon we better have Sparrow tell us tomorrer—whatever he has on his chest. Thet is, if we want to know it. Do you?"

"I sure do, Smoky. If it's something Latimer must confess it's something we ought to know."

THAT night Jim took his time at supper, and afterwards he lingered around the campfire long after Hays had stalked off into the gloom with a significant parting speech: "Good night all. I'm turnin' in."

"Reckon Hank's tired of layin' awake nights listenin' to thet gurl cry," said Mac.

"Looks like thet."

"Thet's what it 'pears to me," replied the cook. "I fixed up her supper before callin' you-all. Hank took it over. He was late comin' fer his own supper, as you saw."

"Wal, it's decent of him."

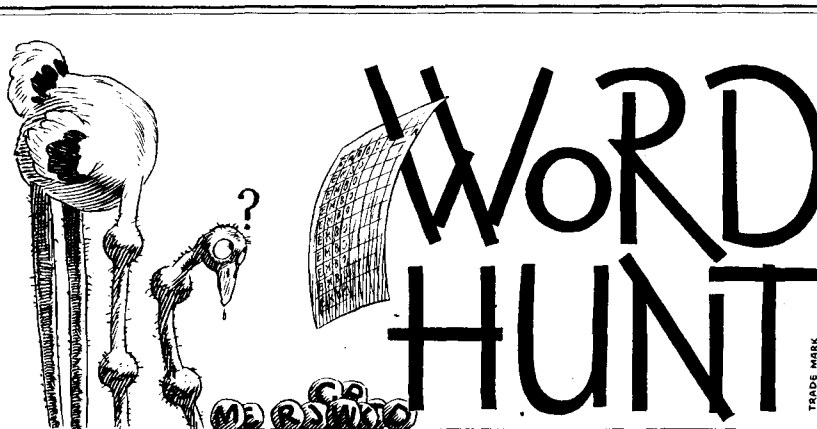
Jim moved his bed closer to the grove, farther from the campfire, and it commanded a view of the rise of ground where anyone passing could be detected above the horizon. And he sat on his bed watching until he was too tired to sit up any longer. But even after he had crawled under his blankets he watched.

But nothing passed. The hours wore on until the utter loneliness of the deep pit weighed heavily upon Jim's oppressed breast. Even the crickets ceased to chirp. The wind failed. He might have been lying in a stone sepulcher. He was fixed in a solitude that seemed to be working upon him. But Jim Wall did not believe in ghosts, and always he had scoffed the few intimations of spirit that had whispered to him from nature. Bent unalterably upon dealing death to the robber who had befriended him, he did not listen to the still, small, inward voice.

He fell asleep and dreamed that he was riding a gigantic black horse with eyes of fire, and that there was a white flower growing out from a precipice, and in a strange, reckless desire to pluck it he fell into the abyss. Down, down he plunged into blackness. And suddenly a piercing, terrible cry rose from the depths.

He was sitting upright in bed, his brow clammy with sweat, his heart clamped as in a cold vise. What had awakened him? The night was silent, melancholy, fateful. He swore that a soul-wracking cry had broken his slumber. Then he remembered the dream. How absurd that he should dream of plucking a white flower and plunging to hell! Nevertheless it disturbed him. There were things hard to explain. He was not subject to dreams. The rest of the night he dozed at intervals, haunted by he knew not what.

One by one the members of the gang appeared at Happy Jack's calls to break—  
(Continued on page 59)



In the English language there are exactly ten words (each having just eight letters) that begin with the letters E-M-B-O. One of them is EMBOLISM. You supply the others.

|    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1  | E | M | B | O | L | I | S | M |
| 2  | E | M | B | O |   |   |   |   |
| 3  | E | M | B | O |   |   |   |   |
| 4  | E | M | B | O |   |   |   |   |
| 5  | E | M | B | O |   |   |   |   |
| 6  | E | M | B | O |   |   |   |   |
| 7  | E | M | B | O |   |   |   |   |
| 8  | E | M | B | O |   |   |   |   |
| 9  | E | M | B | O |   |   |   |   |
| 10 | E | M | B | O |   |   |   |   |

Insertion of days, months, or years, in an account of time, for regularity. Also (Medical) the occlusion of a blood vessel by an embolus.

Invested with a body. Also, rendered concrete and definite. Also, incorporated.

(Zoölogy) A narrow piece on the costal margin of the wings of bugs.

(Mining) Native chloride and bromide of silver.

Bending in a bow; hence, forming into an arch.

One that embosses.

One that embodies.

(Rare) To bottle.

To encourage.

Raised in relief from a surface, as an ornament, head on a coin, print, or the like.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

### Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for November 22d

- |             |             |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Embattle | 5. Embanked |
| 2. Embarked | 6. Embarrel |
| 3. Embaying | 7. Embalmer |
| 4. Embarred | 8. Embalmed |

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Illustrated by  
Edgar  
McGraw

Smith put the pick handle down and swung a slow, methodical uppercut to Killbain's chin

**B**ACHELOR SMITH touched Killbain's sleeve and they fell behind the rest of the pick-and-shovel gang. "Killbain"—Smith's drawl was incurably country—"I know who's been stealin' cigarettes an' 'baccy from our coats."

"Glad you know something. Sometimes I get discouraged about you, Bachelor." Killbain, a sallow little rat of a man, let his weak mouth sag into a contemptuous smile. "Want me to split my pickings with you?"

"No, Killbain. Just cut it out," Bachelor Smith had earned his nickname through consistently remaining engaged to Kate Riley for three years, and insisting doggedly that they'd marry when he was making enough.

"Oh, a reformer?" Killbain laughed nastily.

Jobs were scarce. Killbain had a wife and children, and Bachelor Smith had the broad, rough kindness of a strong man sure of himself. "This gang can't afford a thief. Just once more, an' I turn you in."

They were opposite the field construction office now. Stewart, the foreman, looked up from his conference with the superintendent of construction. "I'm tied up," he called to his men. "Somebody'll have to go out as acting foreman." He ran an appraising eye over the group. Killbain and Bachelor Smith shared seniority. "Bachelor"—Stewart pitched Smith a pad of report blanks and a stub of yellow pencil—"take 'em out. Get the names of the new men."

The extreme end of the narrow conduit tunnel which Bachelor Smith's crew had excavated was blocked by a huge boulder which the gang had found in their way the day before. The pneumatic drill crew would go through that later. The immediate job was to detour about twelve feet around the nose of the boulder, then bring the tunnel back on the other side of the obstruction into line with its original course. The hair-pin loop necessary to accomplish this had been completed and a chamber about ten feet square had been hollowed out behind the boulder. This would

give the pneumatic drillers room to attack the rock front and rear.

With six of his crew, Bachelor Smith was in the chamber behind the rock, dressing down the excavation so that it could be shored up with timber. Smith flourished the stub of yellow pencil and worked on his time book diligently, with innocent ostentation.

"Some penmanship," murmured Killbain impudently.

"Swing your pick," ordered Smith, and Killbain swung his pick. Thereafter the acting foreman carefully turned, so that his writing was not visible to his men.

**B**ACHELOR SMITH wrote and dreamed. He would be permanent foreman some day. . . . More money. . . . He'd marry Kate.

"Holy Mother of God!"

Behind Manuel, the new Portuguese hand who had cried out, Bachelor Smith saw the nose of the huge boulder lean forward and downward. He saw it settle like a shadow, sealing up the seven human beings as quietly and as completely as though a vault door on oiled hinges had moved into place behind them.

The electric light wire had not been broken, but there was barely space to move about; barely air enough to last from breath to frantic breath.

"For God's sake, let's dig out of

here!" screamed Killbain. He snatched up his pick.

"Don't swing," ordered Bachelor Smith. "You'll bring the hill down on us."

"We can dig under the boulder," Killbain insisted, his voice thin as a rat's.

"Not air enough to last us. No place to throw the dirt. No drill if we hit another rock. We got to drive a hole through this patch of clay for air, if we can." Bachelor Smith pointed. In the wall near where the nose of the boulder rested upon the solid rock was a triangular scutcheon of yellow clay, framed about by granite. "The gang outside'll be digging under the rock. Hanson, saw off three pick handles up close to the eye of the pick."

When the first pick handle was in his hands Smith held it like a great nail in the middle of the little patch of clay, big end first, and instructed Killbain to swing with the sledge.

"Sharpen the end of it, you fool!" Killbain was white with panic. Bachelor Smith put the pick handle down and methodically swung a slow, weighty uppercut to Killbain's chin.

"We can use the air he'd be breathing," commented the substitute foreman. "Hanson, strike while I hold her straight. A sharpened stake drifts when it hits a pebble; a square-ended one drives true. An' drove big-end first this way the handles will play free

in the hole after the first one, an' let the air in."

The rescue required forty-eight hours. As Bachelor Smith had suggested, there was rock in the way and the outside gang had not dared to make haste. But the small hole punched through to air by driving one pick handle along with another was completed in twenty minutes after the disaster. Experts figured that, lacking it, the entombed men would have suffocated in less than two hours.

The gang straggled through the cheering crowd toward the construction office. "It's your great day, Bachelor," Killbain detained Smith behind the others. "They'll want to make you a foreman. Then you could marry Kate."

"I sure could," Bachelor Smith was his guileless grinning self now.

**THEY** were nearing the office. "Listen, Bachelor: you can't be a foreman. You can't read and write. I saw those reports you were working on. Let me go on picking my cigarettes from those fellows and I'll handle the office end for you. Otherwise you can't get the job—and Kate. Company rules." "Aw, I can write! Them was just scratches for fun."

"Don't be a damned fool. Kate—"

They had come to the office.

The company gave Bachelor Smith a bonus, and the foreman and the superintendent of construction made gruff, bad, understandable speeches. "And by George," concluded the superintendent, "you're a permanent foreman now, Bachelor."

Smith squared his shoulders. "Cap, I can't be no foreman. I can't read an' write."

Maybe the superintendent knew this confession for a braver act than anything that had happened behind the boulder; maybe he was just a man of common sense. "To hell with that," he growled. "There's plenty of goofs who learned the three R's and then put their brains in cold storage. Get one to shove the pencil for you. Killbain, there, will do."

Illustrated by  
Albert  
Lopez

Furs shown by  
courtesy of the Fur  
Fashion Guild

Fur coats take on the supple quality of cloth, flaring at the bottom, shaped in the body and spreading into scarf collars, roll collars or revers

## Fetching Furs

*If you think women aren't sheep in the matter of fashions, at least you'll admit many of them look the part now, the way they're going in for lamb. But the mode has nominated other furs too, and here they are listed with their qualifications. Cast your own vote*

**By Betty Thornley Stuart**

**T**HE women this year are certainly turning into fur-bearing animals. Fur on coats and fur on dresses, fur on hats and fur on gloves, fur at the neck, the wrist, the belt line and the hem, to say nothing of fur scarfs of all sizes and fur coats of most lengths.

The one sad movement in the symphony begins when we think our last year's fur coat ought to go on coating, and we find it too straight and too short. If the skins can't be matched and the coat lengthened, we can persuade ourselves that it's one of the new three-quarter or seven-eighths sports coats and buy a woolen skirt to go with it in color. If we don't feel like doing that, we can wear the coat as it is for all occasions and wait with proud patience for the end-of-the-winter sales. But the

chances are we'll first go out to see what the new fur coats offer us—and we're due for a grand surprise. For nowhere in the market have prices gone on the toboggan as they have right here.

Naturally, this is gladsome news all by itself. But when we see the yards and yards of fur that have to go into one of the new coats, we simply can't believe that so much beauty and warmth can be ours for so little coin of the realm. The hem is approximately fourteen inches from the snow for sports and about thirteen for town. Some of the regal evening editions dip in back until they almost touch the flashing heels that shine like jeweled tassels at the bottom.

As to what the new coats are to be made of, the ladies who originally wore

the feminine clothes on which our present dress mode is based would be due for a shock. Furs, in the opinion of our mothers in their youth, were wild animals when alive, and such semi-wild prices when dead that they were to be worn for years. Fur coats hadn't any particular shape and were judged by quality alone. Quality usually meant bulk, but bulk didn't matter.

Of all these variegated old-time notions, the one about wild-animal origin was probably the first to go; a whole coat so acquired grew increasingly expensive. This was the point at which Mary's little lamb began to get into the picture—Russian lambs known as broadtail, which could be raised under the eye of the breeder; other lambs properly called astrakhan but generally known

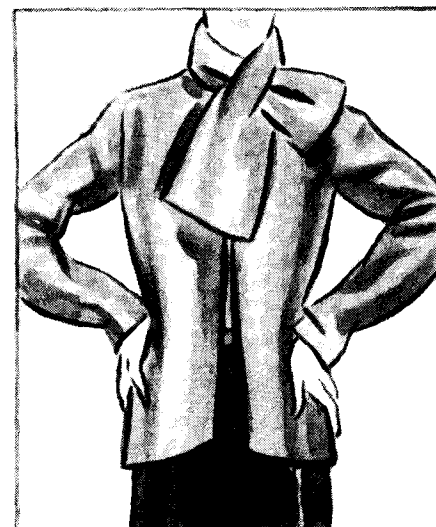
as caracul, bred in the same part of the world; Persian lambs, in gray and black versions; Chinese lambs, soft and silky, positively clamoring to look like watered black satin; South American lambs sheared to the pink and christened American broadtail.

During the straight-line era bulk didn't matter so much, because a coat was the shortest distance between two points, not any too far from each other. Then came the sudden change in fashions that brought back curves and, along with them, the idea that a smart fur coat must be capable of every cloth-coat trick in molding the sort of figure that the modern woman wanted to show. So, because the lamb in all varieties was not only more easily found but more easily worked into the intricacies of the new mode than his unshepherded confrères in the forests, Mary's whole flock now head the procession, with baa-baa

(Continued on page 65)



Mink for daytime, sports and evening



Smart and youthful is the short jacket of a flat fur like lapin or caracul

# To Shift or



The Meehan huddle and shift used at New York University. Linemen, backs to opponents and three and a half feet from the ball, get signals

**T**HEODORE ROOSEVELT, apostle and exemplar of the strenuous life, decided one day that football was far too strenuous. There was a popular hue and cry against a game that resulted in scores and even hundreds of casualties every year. President Roosevelt summoned to a White House conference representatives of the then truly called Big Three—Yale, Harvard and Princeton—and urged upon them the necessity of saving football from public disfavor by revising the rules to give brain a chance over brawn. When somebody at the conference chided the President that as he personally lived a strenuous life he should let football players do likewise without interference, Roosevelt made a characteristic reply:

"These players are boys who must be protected against the natural recklessness of youth. I believe the game can be made more interesting and less brutal without in any way impairing its manliness."

The President was right; but a search of football annals does not show that his sound judgment was instantly recognized. The savage, battering-ram style of play went on—probably because that was all the coaches knew or cared to teach their players. Turtle-back, guard-back and tackle-back plays, with their solid smash and impact that always meant bruised bodies and often broken bones, went on for a while as if the President had not intervened. Memory goes back to games witnessed at that time and they resembled very much what we now call a battle royal—where assorted gentlemen in a ring try to disassemble one another as completely and as expeditiously as possible.

As an example of how rough the game was in those days, and how closely line play approached assault and battery, I repeat a story told by an old-timer who bragged recently to a group of coaches about the good old he-man days of that period.

This chap, who is now a prominent business man, was lamenting what he called the cream-puff type of football being played today:

"In my time," he said, "those were

the days when men were men. I remember distinctly what Spartan fortitude was required of us in those days. Then the game was a game and rules were secondary, sometimes not even that.

"I played in a game once that stands out in memory as typical of the real old football. We were playing a certain college in the East. We had a line coach whom we'll call Lowbrow. He had spent much time and a vast vocabulary teaching us the fine points of center play. A favorite trick of his on defense was to have the defensive center knee the center passing the ball just at the moment when the offensive center was most helpless to protect himself. Lowbrow spent hours teaching us this little trick. In this particular game, all during the first half I was making tackles all over the field and doing what I thought was a yeoman job.

"As we came in between halves, however, instead of the compliments I'd been expecting, Lowbrow upbraided me.

## A Reason for Roving

"'You didn't do it! You didn't do it!' he said.

"'Didn't do what?' I said.

"'You didn't knee him,' he said, and added, 'I want that done in the first play in the second half.'

"So, in the second half, our opponents received the kick, and on the very first play I kned the opposing center with skillful technique, laying him out like a rug.

"A deft bit of art, but it started the fireworks. On the following play the whole opposing line converged on me, knocked me down and played hopscotch on my anatomy. I believe as a result of this individual attention from the reception committee that I was inspired to introduce the rôle now known as roving center. It was a matter of interest, because for the next play I dropped back six or seven yards, where I could see the players who were coming at me; after which I roved rapidly in another direction."

There's no question that in those push-and-pull, mass-on-tackle plays,

The line, turning in unison, returns to the ball, the quarter stepping ahead to position

there was much rough stuff that added nothing to the game and that could well be eliminated—and with the hue and cry gathering momentum something had to be done. Hence the alert intervention by President Roosevelt.

The spirit animating many players of those days is well illustrated by the story of the coach who conceived the idea that during the warm month of September the thing to do with his football squad was not to practice the hard, driving game as we knew it, but to play soccer instead. This could be done in track suits instead of heavy football uniforms—and soccer was a great conditioner, as it involved a lot of running. So the coach went down to the local sporting goods store and bought a soccer ball, which he brought out to his squad. He told the boys what he had in mind.

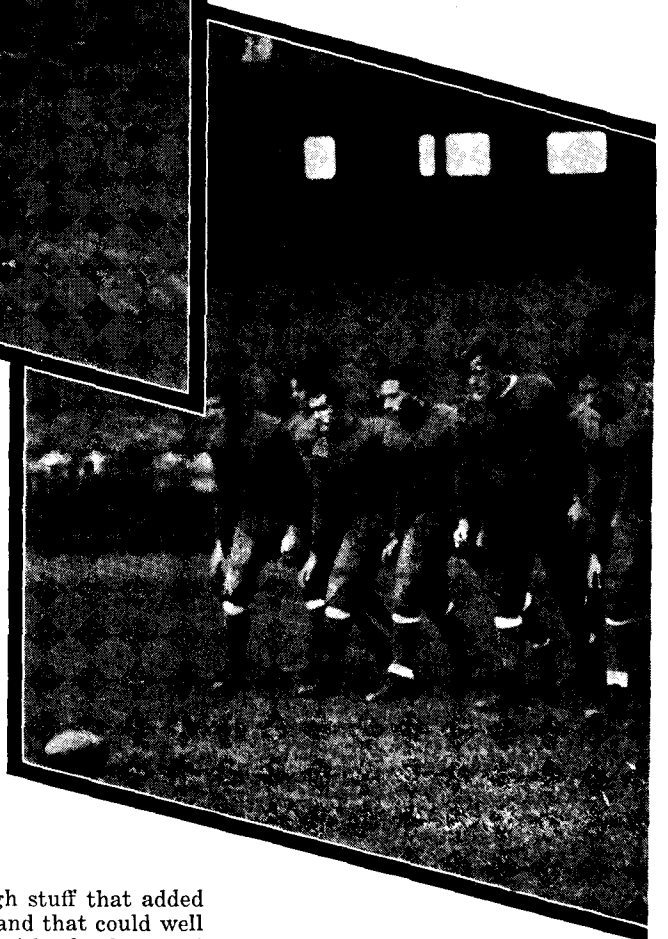
"Now," he said, "I haven't got time to go into the difference in rules between soccer and the American game of football. So this afternoon, for simplicity's sake, we'll just bear two things in mind: Either kick the ball or kick your opponent on the shins."

Having divided his squad into equal sides the coach looked around vainly for the new soccer ball.

"Where the deuce is that ball I bought this afternoon?" he asked.

A new candidate for football honors,

The shift, one of the most spectacular developments of modern football, is in danger. Here the great coach of Notre Dame tells you why he thinks that to abandon it would be to ruin the game



an enthusiastic young Celt, cried out: "To heck with the ball. Let's start the game."

That original and actual version of a twice-told tale illustrates the old spirit which necessitated new rules.

An old friend of mine who had never missed seeing a football game between two major schools every Saturday in the season summarized the difference between the game according to the old sock'em and rock'em rules and the new open and artistic game.

## The Football Enters Football

"I remember seeing Indiana play Illinois," he said, "one November day. It was dusky and sleety, and that may have impaired my vision. But I was young then and an alert spectator, and I kept count of the number of times I saw the ball in play—five exactly.

"Last season I compared notes with this game of twenty years ago and actually lost count of the times I saw the ball in play. The old game was man against man—in which a game of tug-o-war would be a better gauge of superior power. The new game is still

# not to Shift

By Knute K. Rockne

man against man—but for the ball. The football has at last achieved the place it should have in the game of football."

In the middle of the nineteenth century freshmen at such schools as Harvard, Princeton and Rutgers were informally kicking around an inflated pig's bladder, playing an impromptu game having few or no rules. Interest in this game developed and as it grew it became necessary to have definite rules, particularly when a group of students in one school informally challenged a similar group from another.

Up until 1876 Yale, Princeton, Harvard and Rutgers had played a few contests, using in some cases a modification of the association game, and in other cases a modification of English Rugby. These same schools met with Columbia in a convention at Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1876, where American football was born by introducing two distinct departures from the English game of Rugby. The first of these was that the center should pass the ball

Cornell, Harvard and Pennsylvania. Previous to this time the rules committee, while not representative of the whole country, made rules for the rest of the schools, and these rules were accepted around the country through recognition of the merit and labor of the committee.

## Rules Against Roughness

Followers of the game—not many in those days—have seen certain features of football come and go, such as the murderous flying wedge of DeLand of Harvard and all the other attendant rough phases of the game. Divided authority brought chaos into the administration of rules for the game until Walter Camp stepped into the breach and by tact and judgment reconciled the two rule-making bodies, which merged into one committee which functioned smoothly until 1905.

But while the rules functioned smoothly—that is, without divided authority in legislating for football—the game was exceedingly rough under those rules. Examine the records available and you'll find that heavier teams invariably defeated lighter teams and certainly that the lighter team suffered much larger casualties. The hard drive, without recourse to deceptive tactics in and back of the line—except tricks of an elementary kind like the hidden ball—gave the bull-necked boys a devastating edge over smaller if

brainier opponents. So the game was a modified shambles, and outcry arose against it and Roosevelt intervened.

The result was that Walter Camp and Alonzo Stagg and other leaders in the game tried to devise rules against roughness—and did. But what the game needed was not rules that could be violated with impunity in the rush and confusion of play, but a new device in the game itself to make its playing less hazardous.

To Alonzo Stagg goes credit for this revolution in football that gave us the shift—the dramatic equalizer between "big" teams and "little" teams.

The shift quickly became popular. It was new and spectacular and gave the untechnical football fan a chance to see something of the game besides mass huddles, flying wedges and stretcher-bearers. Likewise it stimulated coaches to real thought, for they had to devise defenses to meet the shift and variations of the shift to penetrate old-time defenses.

And now we find, after twenty-five years of the shift, in which period it has been developed to marvelous precision, a definite movement to cripple or abolish it. Frankly, I can't understand why.

Perhaps when Jim Corbett introduced clever boxing and footwork against John L. Sullivan down in New Orleans in 1892 the old die-hards of that day felt just as bitter because Jim danced in and hit Sullivan before Sullivan could hit back, for Jim, by that time, was shifting nimbly and safely away.

Stagg at Chicago and Williams at Minnesota, the great masters of the evolutions and gyrations of the football shift, are pioneers who have not even been consulted by those who would abolish it.

The shift and the forward pass have done much to popularize football. About a third of the teams in the country, high school and college, use the shift in some form or other. Football fans

from coast to coast love to watch it. Evidently they realize that, without the shift, the game would often become dull and monotonous. Boys who have played football on teams using the shift attack never can or will go back to the "set and wait" method of advancing the ball. This used to be called set and go, but set and wait is better. That's exactly what many teams do.

The shift has the élan of the Cossack and the rhythm of the Chester Hale girls. It has augmented the pageantry of the game and has become an integral part of football.

Its best technical advantage is that it gives the small man, the clever chap, the quick mover and quick thinker, a chance to play the game on equal terms with the big, bruising fellow. To abolish either the shift or the forward pass would be reactionary in the extreme and not in the best interest of the public, which enjoys the game, or of the players, who enjoy playing it as it is.

## How Much Is Six?

This past year the rules committee changed the shift rule—for reasons no one can fathom. At the Football Coaches' Association annual meeting last December, when the rules were discussed, the shift was not even mentioned. Neither was the shift discussed at the two previous meetings of the rules committee which I attended. Apparently everything was going smoothly.

Let me mention that shifting teams stopped completely and lost momentum under the old rule which stipulated that they must stop for approximately one second. Yet the new rule states that the shifting team must stop for at least one second after shifting into position, with the suggestion that this passage of time be measured by the referee counting up to six. Now, no shifting coach objects to his team stopping at least one second; but the only way we can measure one second is by a stop-watch. Who can measure time uniformly by counting? The rule might just as well say that thirty-six inches

(Continued on page 56)



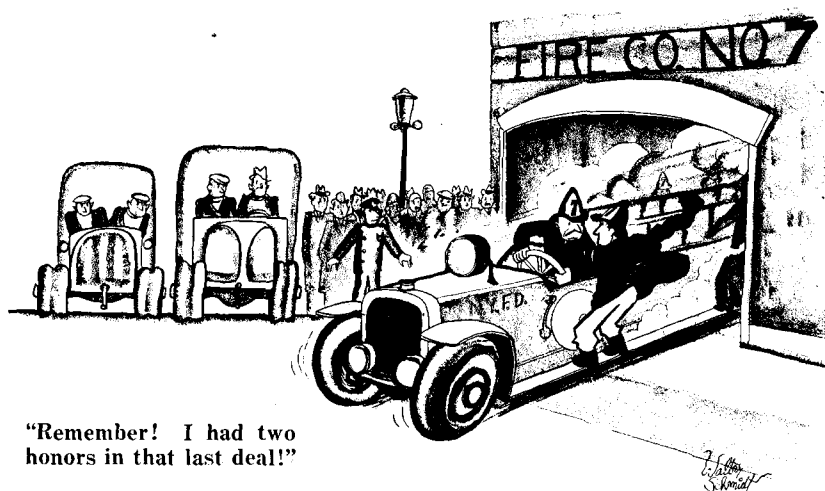
to a quarterback, who, in turn, could pass it to any one of his players behind him—which differed considerably from the rather indiscriminate *scrum* as known in Rugby. In that English game the score was computed by field goals. At the Springfield meeting the Americans changed the rules so as to make four touchdowns equal to a field goal. This was the start of the game as we know it today.

The great Walter Camp, who did more for American football than any other individual, was on the Yale team that fall, and for forty years thereafter he was largely responsible for the evolution of the game to its present form.

This informal rules committee, which began functioning in 1876, continued to do so up until 1899, when there was a severe rupture. Two football tribunals appeared on the scene, one composed of Navy, Princeton and Yale, the other of



The end of the huddle with entire team ready for action



## How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

| North         |  | East          |  |
|---------------|--|---------------|--|
| S. K-4        |  | S. A-J-9-3    |  |
| H. A-K-9-6-4  |  | H. Q-10-7-3   |  |
| D. 9-8-4      |  | D. K-Q-J      |  |
| C. 9-4-2      |  | C. 6-5        |  |
| West          |  | South         |  |
| S. 8-7-5      |  | S. Q-10-6-2   |  |
| H. 8-5-2      |  | H. J          |  |
| D. 7-5        |  | D. A-10-6-3-2 |  |
| C. K-10-8-7-3 |  | C. A-Q-J      |  |

IN THE above Contract Bridge hand, published in last week's Collier's, South started with a bid of one Diamond, West passed, and North bid one Heart. North's Heart bid did not show very great strength because North would have bid two Hearts had he wished South to continue the bidding.

North's Heart bid over South's Diamond placed East in somewhat of a dilemma as to whether he should bid one Spade, one No Trump or pass. He decided, however, that a bid of one Spade would not tell West that the Hearts and Diamonds were securely stopped and the best chance for game lay along the No Trump route, so he took a chance and called one No Trump.

Now South was in a dilemma. His partner had shown strength in his singleton suit, and he held a hand strong enough to bid for game at No Trump with the assurance furnished by North's Heart bid. However, he deemed it best to be conservative and bid only two No Trumps, clearly suggesting to North to bid three unless his Heart declaration was made on minimum strength. Of course North bid three No Trumps and that ended the bidding.

### The Play

In the play West led his fourth best Club, which South won with the Queen.

After taking the first trick, Declarer could count two Clubs, three Diamonds, two Hearts and one Spade; and saw that it would take considerable fishing to get the other trick needed for game. He must establish the Diamonds; and with that end in view he led a small Diamond to trick 2. It was taken with East's Jack and Declarer inferred from the bidding that East originally held the King-Queen-Jack of Diamonds. East returned his partner's Club, leading the Six; as West's original lead was the Seven, Declarer could mark West with the Eight, Ten and King. East had played the Five on the first trick, making it quite certain that West held the Trey and had opened a five-card suit. As it was unlikely that West had an entry (if he had, the establishment of his club suit could not be prevented)

South won trick 3 with the Ace and went on with the establishing of his Diamonds. With the Ace of Clubs out of his hand, South could not safely part with the Ace of Diamonds until Diamonds were established; so another small Diamond was led and again it was taken by East, this time with the Queen.

East, without a Club to lead, hesitated. He knew exactly the Diamonds held by South, and with one left in the North hand of course they could be run. It was only postponing the evil day to make any other lead, so East led the King of Diamonds immediately; and when South won with the Ace and cashed his two remaining Diamonds. East watched dummy's discard with great interest. Dummy discarded a Club on the twelfth Diamond and East the Trey of Spades. On the thirteenth Diamond dummy discarded the Four of Hearts, and East was troubled. If he parted with a Heart, he would be put in at the third round of Hearts and would have to lead up to the King of Spades and a good Heart in dummy, which would give Declarer game. Keeping four Hearts was essential so East discarded a second Spade.

The Declarer then led the Deuce of Spades from the South hand, playing the King from dummy; but East, once more quite canny, ducked this trick by playing the Jack under the King, and when a Spade followed immediately from the dummy hand, was of course obliged to win with the Ace. Now he had nothing to lead but Hearts. He held four himself and there were four in dummy. After careful reasoning, he decided that his best chance was to lead the Queen and that of course dropped South's lone Jack. If the Declarer had stumbled at this point and taken the trick in dummy, he would have been in serious trouble unless he had been smart enough to lead a small Heart immediately. That would have accomplished his purpose, but an easier plan seemed to be to let East's Queen win. East then had to lead from Ten-Seven-Three up to North's Ace-King-Nine, and of course three Hearts were won by the Declarer and game assured.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

| North        |  | East          |  |
|--------------|--|---------------|--|
| S. K-6       |  | S. A-J-10-9-3 |  |
| H. A-5       |  | H. 10-8-7     |  |
| D. A-9-8-7-2 |  | D. J-10       |  |
| C. 9-8-4-2   |  | C. J-5-3      |  |
| West         |  | South         |  |
| S. 8-7-5-4-2 |  | S. Q          |  |
| H. K-Q-J     |  | H. 9-6-4-3-2  |  |
| D. Q-6-4     |  | D. K-5-3      |  |
| C. 10-6      |  | C. A-K-Q-7    |  |

## Green Paint

Continued from page 20

got killed in an accident, so he stopped taking interest and was just living till he died. He had some bonds left and he lived on the interest. If he had money he didn't clip the coupons. The day he died he clipped 'em for four months—about a thousand dollars."

"And told the Chinaman," I said. "Told somebody, all right." "We went out to the boatbuilders." "You stay outside," O'Malley directed, "and I'll go in and move around, and you tell me when you can't see me." He went in, and I watched him and then went in afterward.

"When you were in this corner by the door," I said, "I couldn't see you."

"Get me a bucket of water," O'Malley directed.

"What's the idea?" the big man demanded; but he brought the water.

O'Malley emptied it on the floor at the point where I had been unable to see him; and the water spread out over the uneven, cracked concrete and then gathered into several small puddles and one larger one. O'Malley mopped up the large one and then dug the dirt out of the cracks in the concrete where the water had been and put the dirt in an envelope.

"What's that for?" the big man demanded.

"Not a thing." The little man said nothing, but he watched intently.

"Now what?" I inquired, after we had left the place.

"That's all," O'Malley answered.

We went to the station house and O'Malley gave the envelope with the dirt to an officer, who went away with it. We waited four hours. Then two plainclothesmen came in, bringing the little red-headed man with them.

"Where'd you get him?" O'Malley inquired.

"Grand Central. He'd bought a ticket to Montreal."

"Find anything on him?" "We ain't searched him yet, but he ain't thrown anything away."

They searched him and produced Marlind's coupons.

"This seems to have been smart work, O'Malley," I said. "I thought it was the Chinaman."

"The Chink never tied them knots," he answered. "Some guy used to boats did. So I was looking for someone on the river all along."

"But what had the pail of water to do with it?"

THIS Marlind wasn't killed at night; he stayed home nights. But he was put into the river at night, or the guy would have been seen. If he was killed in the shop he was kept there till dark. He'd been stabbed several times and the shop was all cleaned up; they don't keep those places clean like that. I poured the water where I thought his body must have laid, and the water puddled in the spots where the blood must have puddled. That didn't mean a thing to the big guy; he wasn't in on it. But the red-head guy, who'd seen the blood there, knew what it meant. The red-head, I figure, killed him just before closing time when he and Marlind were alone there. If we'd searched him then we wouldn't have found nothing; but when he started to light out he took the coupons with him. I wasn't even sure either of them had done it, or that the chemist would find blood in the dirt out of the cracks, but now I know he will.

"You'll be promoted for this, O'Malley."

"Say! Listen: I'll be lucky if, after these other cops get through making out their reports, anybody knows I was even on the case."

## Reckless Driving

Continued from page 19

quickly to make his search for them futile.

"I will," he said, "tomorrow." The following morning dawned bright and early, and they started out. Ellin teed up and stepped back for a practice swing. Jeff watched her in silence until she approached the ball. Then he cocked his head on one side and said, "Easy now. Back slowly."

SHE dropped her clubhead and looked at him. He smiled sweetly. She took it back again with the velocity of a comet. At the top of her swing he clucked and said, "Careful."

Her drive was a twenty-five-foot roll that ended in the rough. "Little helper," Ellin said, and stalked to the side of the tee.

She took thirteen on that hole with Jeff's help, and Jeff came out with a five between his teeth, chewing it rather proudly. It was a par three hole.

On the second, which was also a par three, Ellin took sixteen. Jeff jotted down another five a bit smugly.

At the ninth green Jeff's total was his usual 44.

Ellin's was an unusual 75.

The tenth was a par three, an easy mashie-niblick shot if the ball lifted, and just too bad if it didn't. There was a water hazard at the bottom of the hill, and the green was coyly and provocatively situated at the top. Ellin stood

below on the tee and raised her eyes. The ghost of the old Ellin Green bowed its head and wept. Three months ago she would have smacked it prettily and landed it on the green nudging the pin, but now . . . oh, now!

Dejectedly she teed her ball up. Jeff grew soft-hearted. "Listen," he said, "it's practically impossible for a beginner to make that drive. Suppose you just pick your ball up and go on up and sit on the bunker while I drive."

Ellin's world turned a bright and pulsating crimson. She threw one vitriolic look over her shoulder and started her swing. The clubhead dropped and Jeff closed his eyes. It would take her years to dig her ball out from under the turfs of grass just in front of the hazard. There was a smart, almost inaudible tick.

"Where'd it go?" Jeff asked the caddy.

"It looked like it was goin' in the cup," the caddy said.

Jeff laughed heartily, if not genuinely. "No kidding," he said, "where did it go?"

"I told you, mister," the kid said. "It was achin' to sink."

"You mean," Jeff said, enunciating clearly, "that she actually got it over the hill?"

"Yessir," the caddy said. "I mean it was pretty."

(Continued on page 30)



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# MOLLÉ

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## Reckless Driving

Continued from page 28

Jeff drove dazedly and got halfway up the hill. He took two niblick shots to land on the green. Ellin holed out with one putt. Jeff missed the cup twice and conceded himself the last putt when the ball rolled within a fraction of an inch of the cup, wobbled and stopped.

On the way to the next tee Jeff said, "That was a mighty lucky shot, young lady."

Ellin put her tongue in her cheek and made a derisive noise. "Funny how lucky I am," she said. "I feel so lucky today that I'd like to bet on my luck holding out."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, we might place a small bet on each hole," Ellin said.

"Don't be silly," Jeff said; "with me taking a five to your fifteen?"

"I'd like to bet that I'll take at least one under you on every hole from now on," Ellin said.

JEFF laughed heartily again, and said, "Don't be silly," again.

"Don't you be silly," she said. "Think of all the sodas you could buy."

"I couldn't bet on a sure thing," he said.

"Oh, you sweet thing," she said, "looking out for me."

"Listen, now, don't get snooty or I'll take you up."

"You couldn't take advantage of a poor little girl, could you?"

"You need a lesson," he said. "I'll bet with you. Name your stakes."

"Oh, let's make it small."

"You're not betting heavily on your luck, then?"

"Well, after all," she said, "I'm only a girl on an allowance."

"Girls on allowances shouldn't make bets," he said.

"You won't mind if I make the stakes small?"

"Unless they're too small," he said.

"But if they're reasonably high you'll bet with me?"

"Yes," he said.

Ellin considered this for a moment and fluttered her eyelashes again. She looked at the horizon. "If I make it," she said, "you pay me a hundred dollars a hole and if I don't, I'll pay you two hundred."

Jeff gasped, "That'll cost you sixteen hundred dollars, idiot!"

"Or you eight hundred," she said sweetly.

"You haven't a ghost of a chance."

"You said you'd abide by my stakes unless they were too low."

He whistled softly. "You certainly have a way of sewing yourself up," he said.

"Think of all the sodas you can buy with sixteen hundred dollars," Ellin said. "If you get the sixteen hundred."

"If I weren't kind-hearted," Jeff said, "I'd bet you another sixteen hundred that I get the sixteen hundred."

"Oh, do," she said, "I think it would be such fun to have two bets."

"A joke can be carried too far," he said stiffly.

"Oh, Mr. Taylor, you wouldn't welch, would you?"

"Listen," he said, "you'll get me mad."

"You're mad already," she said.

"All right," Jeff said. "Thirty-two hundred, you little sap."

"Sap, am I?" she said. "That'll cost you just sixteen hundred more, mister. I'll bet you that you don't make the next eight holes under an average of five strokes to each hole."

By this time Jeff was ready to chew his club in small pieces and spit them at her. "All right," he said.

"With no conditions," Ellin said wickedly, "and no restrictions."

"Right," Jeff said.

The eleventh was a three-hundred-and-sixty-yard hole and par was four. The green lay around a curve midway between a stream and the next fairway.

Ellin teed up and smiled sweetly at Mr. Taylor. "No restrictions," she said. "You may sing if you like."

"The only tune I can think of," he said stiffly, "is If I Had a Girl Like You."

Ellin's drive hooked slightly and gave her a distance of two hundred yards. She stepped back. "If you'd sung," she said, "I'd have landed on the green."

Jeff teed up, got his stance and wag-gled. Ellin looked at the horizon again and waited until he got to the top of his swing. Then she hummed nasally, "When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy." Jeff topped his drive and shot into the brook.

"Too bad," Ellin said.

Helpfully, she went down to the brook with him. She found his ball under a rock. "Throw it out," she said generously. Jeff gave her a murderous look and took his niblick. Ordinarily, he'd have taken a stroke on it. He got an out in seven, and his midiron shot from there was fair. Ellin approached her ball humming lightheartedly. She made a brassie shot to the sand trap in front of the green, lifted it to the green neatly and holed out in two putts.

She lost on the thirteenth when she went into the rough and a clump of grass took a fancy to her ball. Jeff took a five and she holed out in six. By this time he had a strange look in his eye when he regarded her.

Ellin grew penitent. "Look," she said, "I've got trophies at home."

"I've an uncle," Jeff said, "that once gave me a moose head. Mounted, of course."

"I mean," Ellin muttered, "I . . . I won 'em at golf. This bet's off."

"Oh, it is, is it?" he said. "You think so? This bet's on, young lady. Will you be so kind as to drive and shut your mouth?"

"Look," Ellin said, "it's really not fair. I was kind of mean to suggest it."

"If you don't drive and shut your mouth," Jeff said, "I will knock your block off."

"You will knock whose block off?"

"Yours."

"Not really!" Ellin said. "Mister Taylor, you wouldn't really knock my block off, now would you?"

"And," he said, "I would give the moose head back to my uncle."

THEY finished the course with Jeff towing Ellin thirty-seven hundred dollars with the two hundred for the thirteenth deducted. Ellin inspected her putter closely and muttered, "It was nice of you to play around with me, Mr. Taylor."

He ignored this. "I'll send you a check for thirty-seven hundred," he said.

"I won't take it," Ellin said.

"Oh, yes, you'll take it," Jeff said grimly, "if I have to send you thirty-seven hundred dollars' worth of peanuts."

"You're pretty stubborn, aren't you?" Ellin said admiringly.

"I'm just enough stubborn than you are," Jeff said.

"I like stubborn people," Ellin said.

"Well, I don't," Jeff said, and stalked up to the locker-room. Ellin followed pensively and went to her locker. She wished that she had been a teeny bit less annoying.

When she came down again, Jeff had gone, leaving her the roadster. He had taken the trolley. Ellin curled her lip unconvincingly and started for the Youngs'. Things were not rosy. Something had happened to her. She felt a vague churning in her breast, and for the first time in months thought of something besides golf form. She planned to wear her blue chiffon dress for dinner and be very subdued. Maybe he liked subdued girls better. Ellin subdued herself all the way home and when she got there and found that Jeff Taylor had departed for New York, she was so subdued that she went upstairs and kicked the early American bedstead.

She came downstairs after fifteen minutes of kicking the bedstead and searched for Sandra. Sandra was in the hammock watching a bee. Ellin sat down beside her and hugged her knees thoughtfully. "I just remembered," she said, "that Aunt Emily was coming today. Aunt Emily is always disappointed if I'm not there when she comes. Maybe I'd better go home."

Sandra watched the bee for another moment and then said, "When she comes, you might take her over to meet Jeff Taylor's uncle. He's coming too. He may give her a moose head."

"Well," Ellin said, getting up and brushing her dress, "I've had a lovely time."

"Come again some time," Sandra said, "and bring all the little moose heads, won't you?"

"There are things," Ellin said severely, "that people don't joke about."

"Make me a list of them," Sandra said. "I'd be so interested."

ONCE home, she dressed slowly and carefully and ascended the stairs leading to the roof. She went out and hung around a while, but his back was toward her. After coughing and humming loudly without any response, she picked up her driver and teed up a practice ball. The line of flight was not in the direction of the net, but in the direction of the back of his head.

It was a neat shot. Jeff turned around and frowned. Ellin shook her head mournfully. "Mr. Taylor," she said, "I simply can't get it."

"Oh, can't you?" he said, and came over to the edge of the roof.

"You see," she said, "I haven't any-one to coach me."

"That's too bad," Jeff said.

"I'm afraid I'll never get it," Ellin said.

"I'm afraid you don't need it," Jeff said, and went back to his chair.

Ellin looked at the back of his head for a while longer. Then she went over to the edge of the roof. "You might be gentleman enough to come over for tea," she said angrily.

He turned around and looked at her again. Her anger looked as though it might turn into tears at any moment. "If I come over for tea," Jeff said, "I shall either kiss you or kill you."

"I suppose you think I'd let you kiss me!" she shrieked with glee.

"I don't suppose you have anything to do with it," Jeff said. "If I want to kiss you, I shall."

"You're very stubborn, aren't you?" Ellin said hopefully.

"Just enough stubborn than you are," Jeff said.

"That's what I thought," she said. "I'll go down and order tea. Don't be long."



## "HOW SHOULD CANDY BE USED AT A DINNER PARTY?"

EMILY POST says: there should be at least four dishes of candy on every well-appointed table, formally set for twelve or fewer. For a dinner of from fourteen to eighteen places there should be from six to eight dishes of candy. Still more for a larger table.

On an average sized table, at least four dishes should be large enough to be decoratively important. (From 2" to 2-1/2" high, by 8" to 8-1/2" in diameter is ideal.) Small saucer-sized compotiers—whether flat or on stems—are foolishly under scale except on a very little table in an equally little room.

Candy suitable to a formal dinner table is rather limited to bonbons, caramels, almond paste, chocolates—most especially chocolates—and, in a

dish by themselves, chocolate peppermints. Except the peppermints, each of these candies should be in its individual paper frill.

Candy dishes must be arranged so that each dish on one side of the table is balanced by a similar one on the other. Brown chocolates balanced by chocolate caramels, pink bonbons balanced by other bonbons equally pink, etc.

EMILY POST is the Author of  
*Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage* and  
*The Personality of a House*, etc.

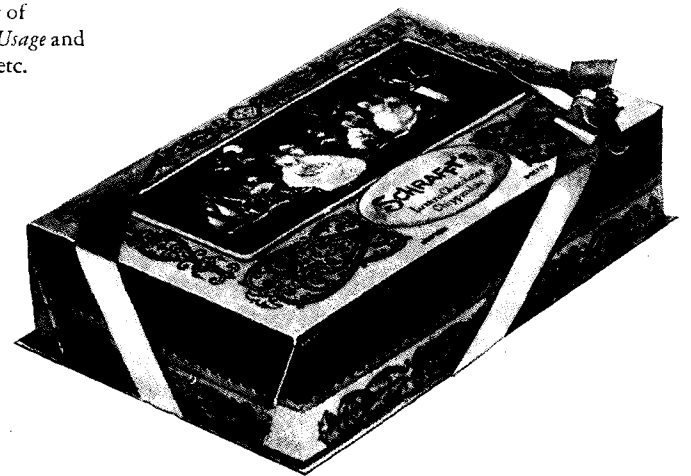
## FOR THANKSGIVING

ON this occasion you are apt to be more than particular about the candy you serve. Which is to say, you will surely select Schrafft's! For we are as fussy about its flavor and freshness as you!

SCHRAFFT's selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package—at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00 the pound.

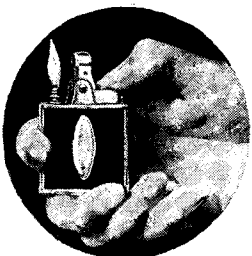
# SCHRAFFT'S

*Selected Candies  
and Chocolates*

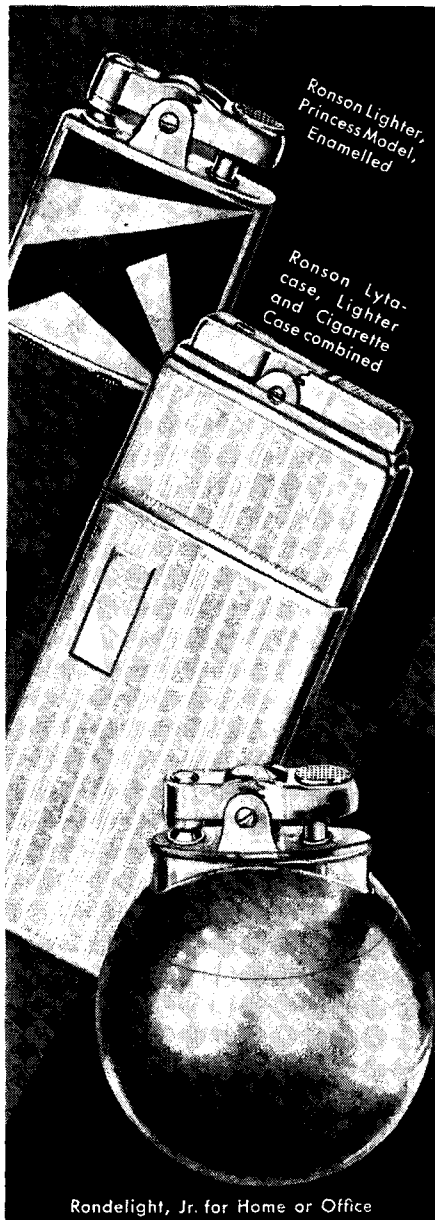


W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION, New York and Boston, OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

"A Flip—  
and it's lit!  
Release—  
and it's out!"



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*Delight*

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The sure-fire gift—for men, women, home or office—for pocket, desk or table.

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Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Sq., Newark, N. J.  
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**WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER**

unable to move. Then, as she disappeared round the angle of the tea house, he seemed to come out of his trance. He sprang to his feet, and was hurrying after her to explain, to plead, to give her the old oil, to clear himself at least of the charge of wearing bed socks, when a voice arrested him:

"Jer want your bill, sir?"

It was the waitress, grim and suspicious. She disapproved of customers who developed a sudden activity before they had discharged their financial obligations.

"Oh!" Berry blinked. The waitress sniffed. "I was forgetting," said Berry. He found money, handed it over, waved away the change. But the delay, though brief, had been fatal.

He vaulted the railings and stood peering about him. Hyde Park basked in the summer sunshine, green and spacious. The dogs were there. The loafers were there. The paper bags were there. But Ann had gone.

The ducks in the Serpentine quacked on, unfed.

**I**N THE smoking-room of the low and seedy club which was his haunt Captain Kelly was listening with an expressionless face to an agitated Mr. Hoke.

"He said he knew your secret?"

"Yes."

J. B. Hoke mopped his forehead. Emotion, coupled with the four double brandies which he had taken to restore himself after the shock of his recent interview with the Biscuit, had made him more soluble than ever. He had become virtually fluid.

"Which secret?" asked the captain.

"About the Dream Come True, of course."

"Why of course? You must have a hundred, each shadier than the other."

Mr. Hoke was not to be consoled by this kindly suggestion. He shook his head.

"This fellow's a friend of young Conway. He lives next door to Conway. He was lunching with Conway. They were talking about the Dream Come True. Conway told me so. I thought right from the start that Conway had been listening at the door that day, and I was right."

The captain considered.

"Maybe," he said. "On the other hand, this red-headed chap may have been bluffing you."

"I'm not so easy to bluff," said Mr. Hoke, bristling despite his concern.

"No?" said Captain Kelly. He smiled a twisted smile. "Well, you were easy enough for me to bluff. You took in that story of mine about the gorillas without blinking. And you signed away half your cash on the strength of it."

A hideous suspicion shot through Mr. Hoke. He trembled visibly.

"The gorillas?" he gasped. "Do you mean to say—?"

"Of course I do. Gorillas! There aren't any gorillas. What would I be doing spending my money on gorillas? I made them up. It flashed into my mind. Just like that. You know how things flash."

Mr. Hoke was breathing stertorously. It was as if this revelation of a friend's duplicity had stunned him.

"And you fell for it," said Captain Kelly, with relish. "I'd never have thought it of you. Going to cost you a lot, that is."

Mr. Hoke recovered. He spoke venomously.

"Is it?" he said. "You think you're onto a good thing, do you?"

## Big Money

Continued from page 17

"I know it."

"Well, let me tell you something," said Mr. Hoke. "Do you know how many shares of Horned Toad Copper I hold at the present moment?"

"How many?"

"Not one. Not a single solitary darned one. That's how many."

The captain's face stiffened.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'll tell you what I'm talking about. I sold all my holdings at four, and I was going to buy them back when I felt they'd gone low enough. And then we would have spilled the info' about the new reef, and everything would have been fine. But now where are we? What is to prevent that red-headed young hound getting together some money and starting buying directly the market opens? What's to prevent him buying up all the shares there are?"

Something of his companion's concern was reflected on Captain Kelly's face.

"H'm!" he said. He paused thoughtfully. "You really think he knows?"

"Of course he knows. He said 'I know your secret.' And I said 'What secret?' And he said, 'Ah!' And I said 'About the Dream Come True?' And he said, 'That's the one.'"

Captain Kelly eyed his friend unpleasantly.

"And you said you weren't easy to bluff! I wish I'd been there."

"What would you have done?"

"I'd have soaked you with a chair before you could start talking. Can't you see he didn't really know anything?"

"Well, he knows plenty now," said Mr. Hoke sullenly. Recalling the scene, he sat amazed at his simplicity. He could not believe that it was he, J. B. Hoke, who had behaved like that. He put it down to the fact that those phantom gorillas had been preying on his mind to such an extent that he had become incapable of clear thought.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Captain Kelly.

Mr. Hoke regarded him with cold reproach.

"What can I do about it?" he said.

"I'll tell you what I was going to do about it, if you like. I came here to ask you to send those two gorillas of yours down to Valley Fields, where this guy lives, and attend to him."

"Cosh him?"

**T**HERE wouldn't have been any need to cosh him. All that's necessary is to keep Conway and that red-haired bird away from the market long enough to let me buy back that stock. They can't do anything today, because the market's closed. But, if they aren't stopped, they'll be there bright and early tomorrow morning. I was going to tell you to send these gorillas down to keep them bottled up at home till I was ready to let them out. They could have flashed a gun at them, and made them stay put. I only need a couple of hours tomorrow to clean up that stock. But what's the use of talking about it now?" said Mr. Hoke disgustedly. "There aren't any gorillas."

He brooded disconsolately on this shortage. Captain Kelly was also brooding, but his thoughts had taken a different turn.

"It's a good idea," he said at length.

"I wouldn't have expected you to think of it."

"What's a good idea?"

"Bottling these fellows up."

"Yeah?" said Mr. Hoke. "And how's it going to be done?"

Captain Kelly smiled one of his infrequent smiles.

"We'll do it."

"Who'll do it?"

"You and I'll do it. We'll go down there and do it tonight."

Mr. Hoke stared. His potatoes had to a certain extent dulled his mental faculties, but he could still understand speech as plain as this.

"Me?" he said incredulously. "You think I'm going to horn into folks' homes with a gat in my hand?"

"Ah," said Captain Kelly.

"I won't."

"You will," said the captain. "Or would you rather let these two chaps get away with it?"

Mr. Hoke quivered. The prospect was not a pleasant one.

"You've said yourself what will happen," proceeded the captain, "if these fellows aren't stopped. They'll get hold of all that stock, and somebody will suspect something, and the price will go up, and when we try to buy we'll have to pay through the nose."

Mr. Hoke nodded pallidly.

"I remember M. T. O. Nickel opening at ten and going to a hundred and twelve two hours later on a rumor," he said. "That was five years ago. It'll be the same with Horned Toad. Once start fooling around with these stocks and you never know what won't break." He paused. "But go down to Valley Fields and wave gats!" he said, shaking gently like a jelly. "I can't do it."

"You're going to do it," said Captain Kelly firmly. "Have you got a gat?"

"Of course I haven't got a gat."

"Then go out and buy one now," said Captain Kelly, "and meet me here at nine o'clock."

**CAPTAIN KELLY** regarded Mr. Hoke censoriously. He did not like the way his friend had just tumbled into his car. Like a self-propelling sack of coals, the captain considered.

"Hoke," he said, "You're blotto!"

Mr. Hoke did not reply. He was gazing good-humoredly into the middle distance. His eyes were like the eyes of a fish not in the best of health.

"Oh, well," said the captain resignedly. "Maybe the fresh air will do you good."

He took his seat at the steering-wheel, and the car moved off. Nine o'clock struck from Big Ben.

"Got gat," said Mr. Hoke, becoming chatty.

"Shut up," said Captain Kelly.

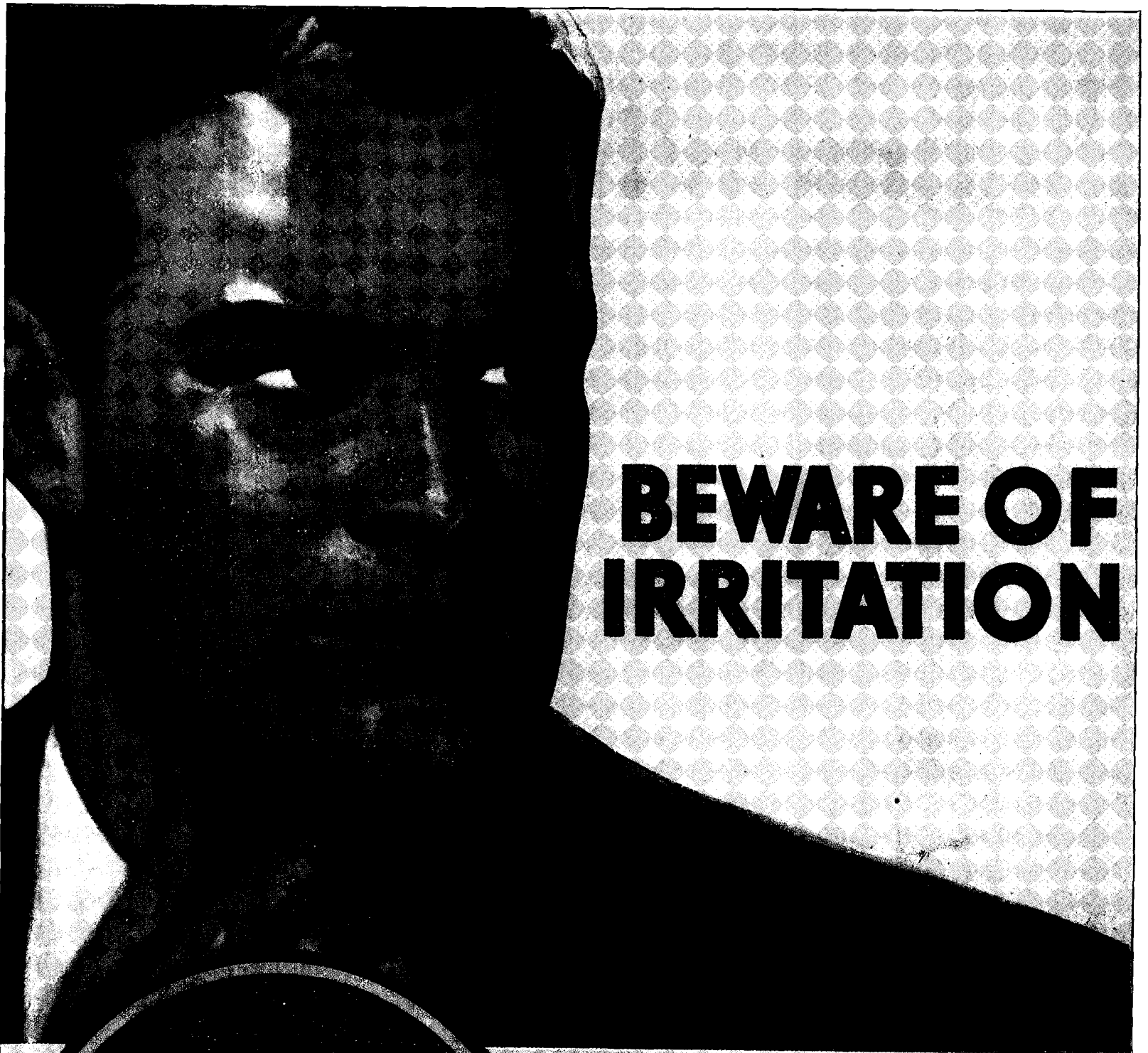
Mr. Hoke laughed softly and nestled into his seat. The car slid on towards Sloane Square. Mr. Hoke nodded at the policeman on duty.

"Got gat," he informed him as one old friend to another.

**WHEN** the poet Bunn (1790-1860) spoke of the heart being bowed down by weight of woe, he spoke, of course, as poets will, figuratively. Fortunately for the security of our public vehicles, grief has no tonnage. If the weight of human sorrow had been a thing of actual pounds and ounces, the Number Three omnibus which shortly before 8:30 p. m. set Lord Biskerton down at the corner of Croxleigh Road, Valley Fields, could never have made its trip from London. It must have faltered and stopped, and its wheels would have buckled under it. For the Biscuit was a heavy-hearted young man.

All through the long summer afternoon, starting about ten minutes after the conclusion of his interview with Mr. Hoke, his gloom had been deepening. And with reason.

(Continued on page 37)



**BEWARE OF  
IRRITATION**

**LUCKY  
STRIKE**  
CIGARETTE

**Toasting** *removes*  
**dangerous irritants**  
*that cause*  
**Throat irritation**  
**and Coughing**

**"It's toasted"**

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# Who will win this



WILL THIS BE YOU ?

## Westinghouse Radio \$10,000 Contest for the Best Ideas on Beautifying Radio Cabinets

1ST PRIZE . . . a \$5,000 trip to Europe—or the cash equivalent, if you prefer.

2ND PRIZE . . . a \$2,000 automobile—any make you choose. And here again, the cash if you prefer it.

3RD PRIZE . . . a check for \$1,000.

AND 45 OTHER PRIZES . . . Five prizes of \$200 each . . . Five prizes of \$100 each . . . Ten prizes of \$50 each . . . Twenty-five prizes of \$25 each.

“**W**HAT does the public want?” . . . a question every manufacturer is always asking himself. Westinghouse knows that the public wants beauty in radio cabinets. Style, charm . . . as well as perfect reception.

And in four gorgeous new radio sets, Westinghouse provides beauty. Encases magnificent engineering in . . . magnificence.

But . . . Westinghouse doesn't stop there. For Westinghouse wants ideas. Asks the public, here and now, to tell all the things it wants in radio cabinets. Invites you to turn in your ideas . . . and offers rich rewards for the 48 best ideas.

Give us an idea on the beautification of radio cabinets. You needn't be an artist or a designer. Needn't draw or diagram your idea. You need only to express it in your own words. One idea . . . and maybe a glorious trip to Europe for you or \$5,000 in cash, or a \$2,000 automobile, the second prize, or a \$1,000 check, or any of the prizes in the bulletin above.

*An Imaginary Interview . . . soon to come true . . . with the fortunate winner-to-be*

“I'm still pinching myself to see if I'm awake. A trip to Europe—Paris, London, all the places I've never seen except in the movies. And a marvelous ocean voyage on a famous ship . . . well, that's what I call getting paid for an idea” . . . Maybe you'll be the person who's interviewed . . . the first-prize winner.



# FREE trip to PARIS?

## HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes December 24th. Ideas must be in the mails before midnight, December 24th. Winners will be announced January 19th.
2. Anyone may compete except employees of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company or its associated companies.
3. Ideas may be submitted in writing. If sketches are submitted, explanatory letter must accompany them. You may submit as many ideas as you like, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper with your full name and address. No letters or sketches will be returned.
4. Prizes will be awarded for the best 48 original and acceptable ideas for beautifying radio cabinets. If a winning idea is submitted by more than one person the full prize will be awarded to each contestant.
5. All prize-winning ideas become the property of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.
6. Leaflets giving helpful suggestions and Contest Entry Blanks can be had at any Westinghouse Radio dealer's store. Ideas must be mailed to Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Radio Department, 150 Broadway, New York City.

### *The judges of the contest are:*

MISS HELEN KOUES, Director of Good Housekeeping Studio.

MISS NEYSA MCMEIN, famous artist.

MISS ROSAMOND PINCHOT, prominent member of younger set.

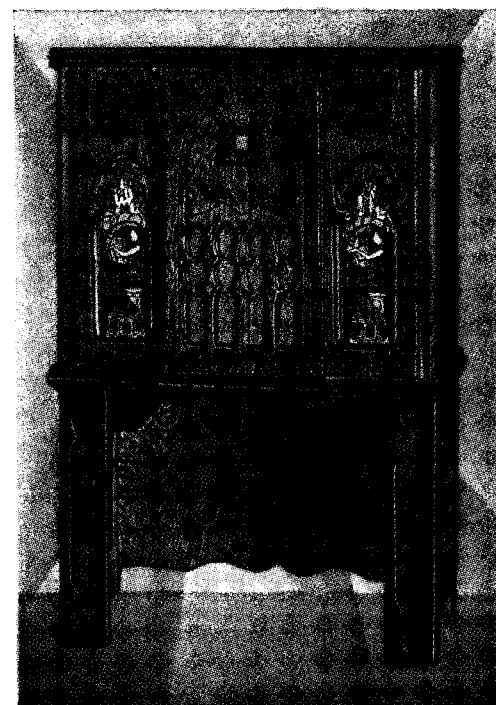
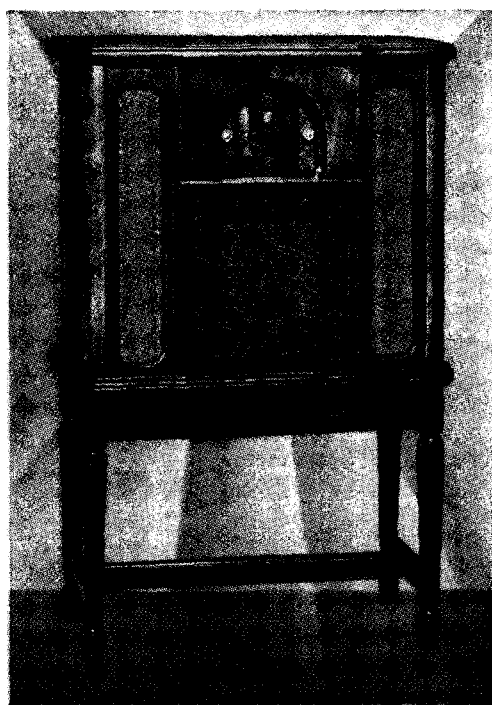
RAYMOND LOEWY, famed Parisian artist and designer.

E. B. INGRAHAM, Vice-President, Times Appliance Co., Inc., New York City.

A. W. ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND  
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Radio Department . . . 150 Broadway, New York City



## WHAT DO WE MEAN "IDEAS"? . . . HERE'S A GOOD EXAMPLE

*See these miniature models at your dealer's*

One of the Westinghouse staff suggested this idea (it's not entered in the contest, of course, since Westinghouse employees are not eligible) but it's a good example of the type of ideas we seek. These cabinets are lighted from within . . . and the light shines through the translucent panels at each side. See them . . . they might set your "thinking cap" buzzing with ideas of your own. Of course, these are only miniatures and have nothing to do with the new Westinghouse Radio sets now on sale at your dealer's.

### A FOURSOME . . . *Of beautiful new radio sets by Westinghouse*

You'd expect Westinghouse to offer the ultimate in radio. Westinghouse led the

way in broadcasting. Westinghouse built the first home receiving set the world had ever seen—ten years ago. The new Westinghouse Radio sets of 1930 are nine-tube, screen-grid, super-heterodynes. Included is a radio-phonograph combination with home recording feature. The larger models are available with remote control.

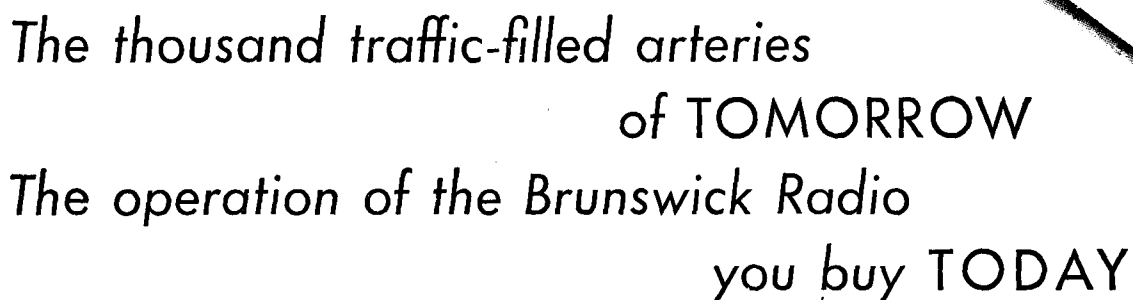
All use four screen-grid tubes; push-pull amplifier; improved power filter system (no hum); tone control (on larger models); electric-dynamic power speaker; local-distant switch. Your nearest Westinghouse Radio dealer will be happy to give you a demonstration either in your home or in his store. Let him explain the convenient time payments.

# Westinghouse Radio

THE PIONEER OF RADIO IN THE HOME



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## Big Money

Continued from page 32

"What," J. B. Hoke had asked, in a fine passage, "is to prevent that red-headed young hound getting together some money and starting buying directly the market opens?"

The Biscuit could have informed him. The obstacle that stood between himself and anything in the nature of big buying in the market was the parsimony, the incredulity, the lack of broad vision displayed by his fellow human beings. Offered a vast fortune in return for open-handedness, they had declined to be open-handed. One and all, they had shrunk from entrusting him with the loan that would enable him to invade the market on the morrow and cash in on the private information he had received concerning the imminent boom in Horned Toad Copper.

When people saw Lord Biskerton coming, they automatically dipped into their note cases for fivers. They refused, to a man, to encourage him to go out of his class by giving him a thousand pounds, which was what he wanted now.

HE HAD tried prospects likely and unlikely. Dogged to the last, the fine old crusading spirit of the Biskertons had taken him even into the lair of the Messrs. Dykes, Dykes and Pinweed. And all Dykes, Dykes and Pinweed had done had been to babble nastily of their account. And finally, when young Oofy Simpson, notoriously the richest property at the Drones, had failed to develop pay ore, the Biscuit gave the thing up.

He made his way to Mulberry Grove with slow and dragging feet. His was a tortured soul. He writhed every time he thought of what he was missing.

Breathing heavily, the Biscuit reached Mulberry Grove and turned in at the gate of The Nook. He wanted sympathy, and Berry Conway could supply it. Hope, moreover, not yet quite dead, whispered that Berry might possibly be able to raise a bit of money. That bird Attwater . . . He had once lent Berry two hundred pounds, and Berry had paid it back. Surely this must have inspired Attwater with confidence. . . .

Becoming almost cheerful for a moment, the Biscuit tapped at the window of the sitting-room.

"Berry," he called.

Berry was in, and he heard the tap. He also heard his friend's voice. But he did not reply. He, too, was in the depths, and, much as he enjoyed the Biscuit's society as a rule, he felt unequal to the task of chatting with him now. The Biscuit, he feared, would start rhapsodizing about his Kitchie, and every word would be a dagger in the heart. A man who has recently had his world shattered into a million fragments by a woman's frown cannot lightly entertain happy lovers in his sitting-room.

So Berry crouched in the darkness, and made no sign. And the Biscuit, with a weary curse, turned away and sat on the front steps and smoked a cigarette.

Presently, finding no solace in nicotine, he rose and, going to the gate, leaned upon it. He surveyed the scene before him. Darkness was falling now, but the visibility was still good enough to enable him to perceive the swan Egbert floating on the ornamental water, and he speculated idly on the possibility of picking him off at this distance with a bit of stick. When the soul is bruised, relief can sometimes be found in annoying a swan. The Biscuit stooped and possessed himself of a sizable twig.

He was just poisoning this, trying to gauge the necessary trajectory, when

between him and his objective there inserted itself a body. A tall, thin man of ripe years had come round the corner and was regarding him as if he had been the tombstone of a friend.

"Good evening, Mr. Conway," said this person, in a sad voice that reminded the Biscuit of his bank manager regretting that in the circumstances it would be inconvenient—nay, impossible—to oblige him with the suggested overdraft. "This is Mr. Conway, I suppose? My name is Robbins."

The error into which the senior partner of the legal firm of Robbins, Robbins, Robbins and Robbins had fallen was not an unnatural one. He had been dispatched by Mr. Frisby to Valley Fields to deal with an adventurer residing at The Nook, Mulberry Grove, and he had reached the gate of the Nook and here was a young man standing inside looking out. It is scarcely to be wondered at that Mr. Robbins considered that he had reached journey's end.

"I should be glad of a word with you, Mr. Conway," he said.

The interruption of his sporting plans annoyed the Biscuit.

"I'm not Mr. Conway," he said, curtly. "Mr. Conway's out."

Mr. Robbins held up a gloved hand. He had expected this sort of thing.

"Please!" he said. "I can readily imagine that you would prefer to avoid a discussion of your affairs, but I fear I must insist."

Mr. Robbins had two manners—both melancholy but each quite distinct. When having a friendly talk with a client on a matter of replevin or the like, he allowed himself to ramble. When dealing with adventurers, he was crisp.

He spoke coldly, for he disliked the scoundrel before him:

"I represent Mr. Frisby, with whose niece, I understand, you are proposing to contract an alliance. My client is fully resolved that this marriage shall not take place, and I may say that you will gain nothing by opposing his wishes. An attitude of obduracy and defiance on your part will simply mean that you lose everything. Be reasonable, however, and my client is prepared to be generous. I think you will agree with me, Mr. Conway—here *in camera*, as one might say, and with no witnesses present—that heroics are unnecessary and that the only aspect of the matter on which we need touch is the money aspect."

THE Biscuit had not allowed this address to be delivered without attempted punctuation. He had had far too much to put up with that afternoon to be willing to listen meekly to gibberers. The other's white hairs, just visible under his top hat, protected him from actual assault, or he would have squashed that top hat in with a single blow of the fist. However, he had endeavored to speak, only to find the practiced orator riding over him and taking him in his stride. Now that his companion had paused, and he had an excellent opportunity of reiterating that a mistake had been made, he did not seize it. The thought that at the eleventh hour Fate had sent him a man who talked about money—vaguely at present, but nevertheless with a sort of golden promise in his voice—held him dumb.

"Come now, Mr. Conway," said Mr. Robbins. "Are we going to be sensible?"

The Biscuit choked. The twig dropped from his nerveless hand.

"Are you offering me money to . . ."

"Please!"

(Continued on page 40)

# Don't choke your scalp!

encrusted dust and perspiration  
resist soap and water



REGULAR shampooing is not enough! Dust, dandruff and perspiration stop up the scalp pores and hair follicles. Unless you keep the follicles open, new hair cannot grow out, so be warned in time and follow this easy treatment for perfect scalp health.

First, a liberal application of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to cleanse and lubricate. Then a vigorous massage to work in the Tonic and stimulate the circulation of growth-promoting blood. And last, a shampoo with mild soap. Your scalp will be clean, healthy and able to function normally.

Isn't a good head of hair worth this slight effort? Begin the "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatment today—and continue it once a week.

## Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930



Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic in shakertop bottles—two sizes—at any good drug store. A product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

# "How I learned

"Bless their hearts," she said with a smile, "they are all darlings, but there are days when I'm half distracted, just making decisions for them."

Then this mother of three youngsters told us a story:

"I've never found a way to avoid deciding about their coats and sweaters and whether they should come in or stay out or have a cookie. But I don't have to make any more decisions about tooth paste, cod-liver oil, milk of magnesia and half a dozen other household necessities I have to buy for them.

"You see, I used to be all confused. I would go into the drug store and see rows and rows of products, all different. I suppose most of them were good—but how could I *know*? I wanted the finest, of course, and I almost wore my mind out trying to decide."

The reason our ears were hosts to this story

was that this mother had one day simply decided once and for all to stop trying to make such decisions herself—and to let the Parke-Davis label decide for her.

"My mind smoothed right out," she concluded. "And you don't know the difference it has made for me. All I have to do now is to select the package that bears the reassuring Parke-Davis label and it gives me the comfortable feeling that my children are getting the best that modern science can give them."

Perhaps you, too, would find comfort in following this plan. Since you probably know that Parke, Davis & Company have enjoyed the complete confidence of the medical profession for 64 years, you will naturally have no doubts about the high quality and dependability of all Parke-Davis products. Ask your druggist about them, the next time you visit his store.



## PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN • WALKERVILLE, ONT.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products



### With Our Compliments

Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Michigan, or Walkerville, Ontario.

Gentlemen: Please send me, free, trial packages of Parke-Davis products I have checked.

- ☐ Euthymol Tooth Paste
- ☐ Parke-Davis Shaving Cream
- ☐ Neko—the Original Germicidal Soap

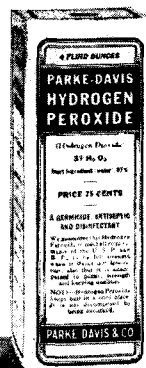
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Your druggist sells Parke-Davis Products

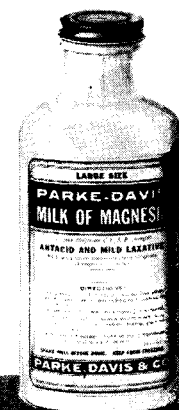
### The kind that "keeps"

When you pour a few drops of Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide on a cut or scratch, the *energetic foaming* shows you that here's one peroxide which is full of life and strength. You may have bought it months ago, but you'll find it as strong and active as it was the first day you opened the bottle. Your druggist will tell you that Parke-Davis Peroxide is the kind that "keeps." Naturally, it's far more economical than cheaper brands, which usually become weak and lifeless in a short time. Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide is used in thousands of homes to cleanse minor wounds, as a mouth wash, as an aid in manicuring the nails, and to bleach superfluous hair.



### Here's a difference you can see!

If you're as particular about your medicine cabinet as you are about your kitchen cupboard, Milk of Magnesia is certainly on your list of staples. Next time, ask your druggist to let you look at a bottle of creamy, snow-white Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia. Through the clear glass you can see that it "settles" less than any other brand. A small point, seemingly, but it speaks volumes for the time and thought which our scientific staff has given to this product. Many thousands of people use Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia as a mild laxative, or for sour stomach—did you know that it is excellent for acid-mouth, too?



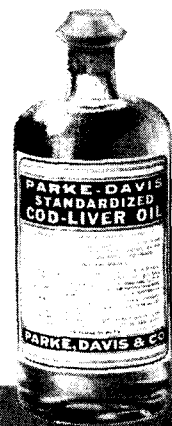
# THESE ARE

# to make ONE decision take the place of TEN"



## Modern magic!

Of course, when you give your child good cod-liver oil, it is strong, straight bones that you're really giving him; and sound even teeth, and rosy cheeks, and added protection from the winter ills you dread so much. This is the magic which the vitamins work. So, naturally, you want to choose a cod-liver oil that you *know* is rich in vitamins. Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil gives your child as much vitamin A, in one teaspoonful, as all the milk he'd drink in a week. It is rich in vitamin D too, the "sunshine" vitamin. Each teaspoonful contains as much vitamin D as all the eggs in the largest sponge cake you ever made! The definitely measured amounts of both vitamins are plainly stated on the label. Your druggist can supply you. In 4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles and in easy-to-take, soft capsules.



## First aid to teeth— and to mothers

It does get monotonous to have to keep on saying, "Brush your teeth, Junior!" "Brush your teeth, Betty!" That's why so many mothers welcome Euthymol Tooth Paste. The whole family likes it, of course; but the youngsters are sure it was made especially for them! Do you remember those refreshing old-fashioned pink wintergreen lozenges? Well, Euthymol Tooth Paste tastes just like them and has the pink color, too. But the best reason for choosing Euthymol is that it cleans and polishes teeth so safely, thoroughly, and pleasantly—and leaves your mouth feeling so cool and fresh! We'll send you a trial tube free, if you'll use the coupon on opposite page.



## Make it tonight

Next time you relax in a hot tub, let Neko's generous lather help to give you the most completely satisfying bath you've ever had. Satisfying because this fine medicated soap leaves you hygienically clean! Neko is gentle to your own healthy skin, yet more deadly to germs than thirty times its own weight of pure carbolic acid. A bath with Neko lessens the danger of infection from small cuts and bruises, and banishes perspiration odors instantly without substituting an objectionable "antiseptic" smell... Neko gives a fine shampoo, too, especially if you're troubled with dandruff. Make Neko's acquaintance tonight! Your druggist gladly sponsors this fine Parke-Davis soap. Use coupon on opposite page for free trial cake.



## Chemists must shave!

Frankly, the two chemists in our laboratories who devised this new shaving cream weren't thinking about their fellow men at the time. They wanted a shaving cream for their personal use—a cream that would give them the maximum amount of shaving comfort. But when they finally evolved such a cream—well, the secret seemed too good to keep. That's why, these days, thousands of stubborn beards are being introduced to Parke-Davis Shaving Cream. Men find it has coaxing ways with tough whiskers. This cream holds water like a sponge, and thus makes the razor's path an easy one. But we'd rather have people try it than read about it! We'll send you a free trial tube, if you'll use the coupon on the opposite page.



# PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCTS



This model of bill-folds, in Calfskin Inlay, is \$10. In other leathers, \$3.50 up.

New "cutaway" pockets replace straight lines with graceful curves, shear away inches of leather, reduce weight, eliminate bulk. Smart, this latest of Bill-Tainers—highly individual, very practical.

Folded, instead of sewed, the Bill-Tainer has no coarse threads, no ugly binding. Its corners are neat and flat, its edges hand-tooled.

No stitches to rip. No seams to wear. Lasts as long as its leather. Folding construction gives great flexibility. Bill-Tainer expands with its contents. Empty, full—it's always flat and shapely.

Several styles and sizes. Staple leathers and smart new ones. Prices from \$2.50 to \$15. At most dealers', or write Buxton, Inc., 511 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

The new trade-mark identifies the genuine Buxton Bill-Tainer

**Buxton**  
**BILL-TAINERS**

**NOT A STITCH TO RIP OR TEAR**

## Big Money

Continued from page 37

"Let's get this straight," said the Biscuit. "Is there or is there not money on the horizon?"

"There is. I am empowered to offer . . ."

"How much?"

"Two thousand pounds."

Mulberry Grove swam before the Biscuit's eyes. The swan Egbert looked like two swans, twin brothers.

"Yes, think it over," said Mr. Robbins.

He adjusted his coat, draping it about him so as more closely to resemble a winding-sheet. The Biscuit leaned on the gate in silence.

"When do I get it?" asked the Biscuit at length.

"Now."

"Now?"

"I have a check with me. See!" said Mr. Robbins, pulling it out and dangling it.

He had no need to dangle long.

"Gimme!" said the Biscuit hoarsely, and snatched it from his grasp.

Mr. Robbins regarded him with a sorrowful loathing. He had expected acquiescence, but not acquiescence quite so rapid as this. Despite the fact that he had stressed his disinclination for heroics, he had not supposed that this deal would have been concluded without at least an attempt on this young villain's part to affect reluctance.

"I think I may congratulate the young lady on a fortunate escape," he said, icily.

"Eh?" said the Biscuit.

"I say I may congratulate . . ."

"Oh, ah," said the Biscuit. "Yes. Thanks very much."

Mr. Robbins gave up the attempt to pierce this armored hide.

"Here is my card," he said, revolted. "You will come to my office tomorrow and sign a letter which I shall dictate. I wish you good evening, Mr. Conway."

"Eh?" said the Biscuit.

"Good evening, Mr. Conway."

"What?" said the Biscuit.

"Oh, good night," said Mr. Robbins.

He turned, and walked away. His very back expressed his abhorrence.

The Biscuit stood for a while gaping at the ornamental water. Then, walking slowly and dazedly to Peacehaven, he mixed himself the whisky-and-soda which the situation seemed to him so unquestionably to call for.

In the intervals of imbibing it, he sang joyously in a discordant but powerful baritone. The wall separating the sitting-room of Peacehaven from the sitting-room of The Nook was composed of one thickness of lath and plaster, and Berry Conway, wrestling with his tragedy, heard every note.

He shuddered. If that was how love was making his neighbor feel, he was glad that he had been firm and had paid no attention to his knocking on the window.

IT WAS some twenty minutes later that the car containing Captain Kelly and his ally, Mr. Hoke, turned into Mulberry Grove.

"Here we are," said the captain. "Get out."

Mr. Hoke got out.

"Now," said Captain Kelly, having, in his military fashion, surveyed the terrain, "this is what we do, so listen, you poor sozzled fish. You go round to the back and stay there. I'll stick here, in the front. And, remember, no one is to leave either of those two houses. And, if anyone goes in, they've damn' well got to stay there. Do you understand?"

Mr. Hoke nodded eleven times with sunny good will.

"Got gat," he said.

A diet of large whiskies and small sodas, persisted in through the whole of a long afternoon and evening, and augmented by an occasional neat brandy, is a thing which cuts, as it were, both ways. It had had the effect of bringing J. B. Hoke to the back garden of The Nook with a revolver in his hand—a feat which he could never have achieved purely on lemonade; and so far it may have been said to have answered its purpose. But it had also had the effect of blurring Mr. Hoke's faculties.

Instinctively feeling that it would be sure to come in useful, J. B. Hoke had provided himself for this expedition with a large pocket flask. He now produced this, and drank deeply of its contents. And his mood, which had begun by being one of amiable vacuity and had changed to one of self-pity, changed again. If somebody had come along and flashed a light on Mr. Hoke's face at this moment, he would have perceived on it an expression of sternness. He was thinking hard thoughts of Berry and his friend. Trying to sneak out and slip something across a good man, were they? Ha! thought Mr. Hoke.

WITH a wide and sweeping gesture, designed to indicate his contempt for and defiance of all such petty-minded plotters, he flung an arm dramatically skywards. Unfortunately, it was the arm which ended in the hand which ended in the fingers which held the flask; and the fingers, unequal to the sudden strain, relaxed their grip. The next moment the precious object had vanished into the night, with its late owner in agonized pursuit.

Mr. Hoke had never been a reader of poetry. Had he been, those poignant words of Longfellow:

*I shot a flask into the air:  
It fell to earth, I knew not where,*

would undoubtedly have flashed into his mind, for they covered the situation exactly. The night was dark, and the grounds of The Nook, though not large compared with places like Blenheim or Knole, were quite large enough to hide a flask. For many long and weary minutes Mr. Hoke traversed them from side to side and from end to end like a hunting-dog. He poked in bushes. He went down on his hands and knees. He scrutinized flower beds. But all to no avail.

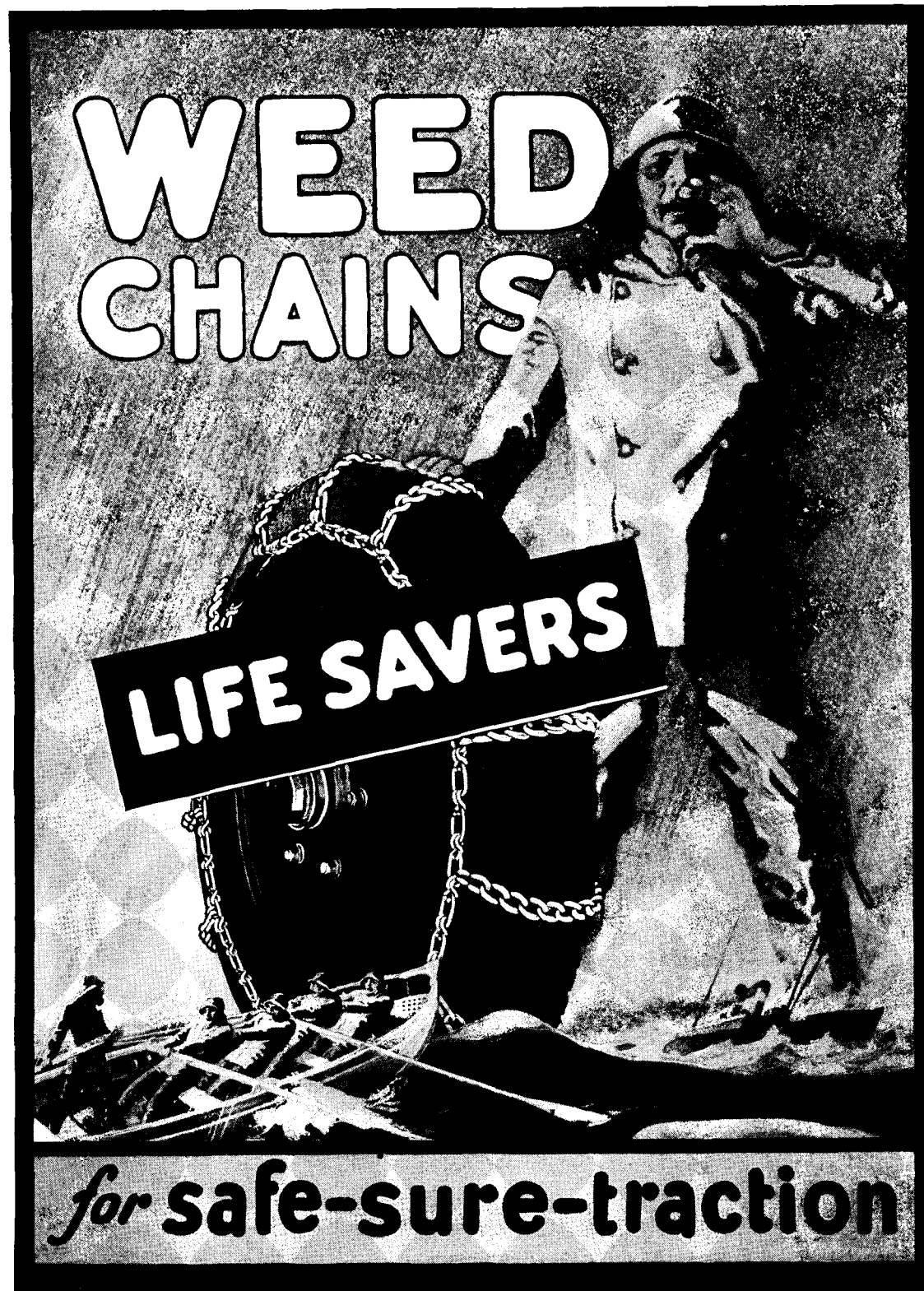
J. B. Hoke gave it up. He was beaten. Sadly he rose from the last flower bed; and, turning, was aware that there was light in one of the ground-floor windows, where before no light had been. Interested by this phenomenon, he hurried across the lawn and looked in.

The young man, Conway, was there, eating cold ham and drinking whisky.

The discovery that he was on the point of perishing of thirst and hunger had come quite suddenly to Berry as he sat nursing his sorrow in the darkened sitting-room. At first he had repelled it, for the mere thought of taking nourishment was, in his present frame of mind, odious to him. Then, as the urge grew greater, he had succumbed. He had gone to the larder and foraged. And now he was setting to with something like enthusiasm.

Mr. Hoke, crouching outside the window, eyed him wistfully. He could have done with a slice of that ham. He could have used that whisky. He flattened his nose against the pane and

(Continued on page 43)



Enjoy the Weed Tire Chain  
Radio Program every Fri-  
day evening at 8:30 Eastern  
and 7:30 Central Standard  
time, over the Columbia  
Broadcasting System.

# Get yours in time ▲ ▲

Thousands of cars were stalled in snow storms between Thanks-  
giving and Christmas last year, and thousands more during  
January, February and March of 1930—

Thousands skidded and were wrecked last winter  
because the owners did not have Weed Chains.

Protect yourself this winter. Protect your family, your friends  
—all who drive with you in the treacherous winter months. It

costs so little to prevent grievous accidents. It costs so little  
and means so much.

Get your protection now. If you wait until you actually need  
Weeds to safely operate your car you may be involved in a  
serious accident.

Get your life savers, your Weed Chains, in time. Do it now,  
during the national Weed Chain "Drive Safely Drive."



# DRIVE SAFELY DRIVE

## NOV. 29 to DEC. 6



## “...and it will still be young when she’s a grandmother”

“YOUR little girl will be a grandmother before *that* pipe wears out,” said the engineer. “It’s cast iron. Those mains will be on the job for a hundred years or more.”

He might also have added that those durable cast iron mains will save taxpayers a lot of money during the next several generations by eliminating the necessity of making costly pipe replacements. And he might have pointed out that once down, cast iron pipe stays down—that in America’s leading cities, cast iron mains are still young and strong after more than a century.

The reason for the longer life of cast iron pipe is found in the structural char-

acter of the metal—closest to nature of any ferrous metal pipe. Cast iron is the one ferrous metal for water and gas mains that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practicable for underground mains, for rust will not destroy it.

What kind of pipe is your city laying? As a taxpayer you are justified in taking an active interest in the matter. When you see new municipal pipe lines being laid, look for the “Q-check” mark stenciled on every length. Then you will know that your children and your children’s children will not outlive the useful term of service of that pipe.

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers to taxpayers, engineers and city officials detailed information regarding the advantages of using cast iron pipe for water and gas mains, sewers, culverts and industrial needs. Address: Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Cast iron pipe bearing the “Q-check” trademark is obtainable from the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

# CAST IRON PIPE



Look for the “Q-check” symbol as shown above. It is the registered trademark of the Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.

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## Big Money

Continued from page 40

stared wolfishly. A yearning for his lost flask tormented him.

Suddenly he observed the banqueter stiffen in his chair and raise his head, listening. Mr. Hoke had heard nothing, and was not aware that the front door bell had rung. But Berry had heard it, and a wild, reasonless hope shot through him that it was Ann, come to tell him that in spite of all she loved him still. True, she had given at their parting no indication of the likelihood of any such change of heart, but the possibility was enough to send Berry shooting out of the door and down the hall. Mr. Hoke found himself looking into an empty room.

Empty, that is to say, except for the ham on the table and the whisky bottle beside it. These remained, and J. B. Hoke found in their aspect something magnetic, something that drew him like a spell. He tested the window. It was not bolted. He pushed it up. He climbed in. What with the tumult of his thoughts and the necessity of drinking his courage to the sticking-point, Mr. Hoke tonight had for perhaps the first time in his life omitted to dine, preferring to concentrate his energies on the absorption of double whiskies. He was now ravenously hungry, and he assailed the ham with a will. He also helped himself freely from the whisky bottle.

A MAN who is already nearly full to the top with mixed spirits cannot do this sort of thing without experiencing some sort of spiritual change. At the beginning of the meal J. B. Hoke had been morose and particularly unkindly disposed towards Berry. By the time he had finished a gentler mood prevailed. He was feeling extraordinarily dizzy, but with the dizziness had come a strongly marked benevolence and a keen desire for the society of his fellows.

He rose. He went to the door. From the direction of the sitting-room came the buzz of voices. Evidently some sort of social gathering was in progress there, and he wanted to be in it.

He zigzagged down the passage, chose after some hesitation the middle one of the three handles with which a liberal-minded architect had equipped the sitting-room door, and, walking in, gazed on the occupants with a smile of singular breadth and sweetness.

There were two persons present. One was Berry. The other was a distinguished-looking man of middle life with a clean-cut face and a gray mustache. Both seemed surprised to see him.

"Lo!" said Mr. Hoke, spaciouly.

Berry, in his capacity of host, answered him.

"Hullo!" said Berry. The apparition had not unnaturally startled him somewhat. "Mr. Hoke!"

"Hic-coke," replied Hoke, endorsing the statement.

Berry had now arrived at a theory which seemed to him to cover the facts. He assumed that after admitting Lord Hoddesdon a short while back he had forgotten to close the front door, and that his latest visitor, finding it open, had come in. It was a thing that might quite easily have happened, for his lordship's arrival, puzzling him completely, had taken his mind off all other matters. At any rate, here Hoke was, and he endeavored politely to discover what had brought him there.

"Do you want to see me about something?" he asked.

"Got gat," said Mr. Hoke pleasantly.

"Cat?" said Berry.

"Gat," said Mr. Hoke.

"What cat?" asked Berry, still un-

equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation.

"Gat," said Mr. Hoke with an air of finality.

Berry tentatively approached the subject from another angle.

"Hat?" he said.

"Gat," said Mr. Hoke.

He frowned slightly, and his smile lost something of its effervescent *bon-homie*. This juggling with words was giving him a slight, but distinct, headache.

Lord Hoddesdon, too, seemed far from genial. The interruption, coming at a moment when he had begun to talk really well, annoyed him.

Considering that he had stated so firmly and uncompromisingly to his sister Vera that nothing would induce him ever to return to Valley Fields, the presence of Lord Hoddesdon in Berry's sitting-room requires, perhaps, a brief explanation. Briefly, he had changed his mind. It is the distinguishing mark of a great man that he is never afraid to change his mind, should he see good reason to do so. And Lord Hoddesdon, thinking things over in his club, had seen excellent reason.

Lady Vera's revelations on the previous night had shaken him to the core. If Ann Moon was really planning to jilt his son and marry this Conway, the matter was serious. Although nothing in the millionaire's behavior so far had indicated a desire to part with money, it had seemed to Lord Hoddesdon, always an optimist, that, once the girl was married to his son, he would surely be in a position to work Mr. Frisby for a small loan. He and T. Paterson would then, dash it, be practically relations. It was vital, accordingly, that this Conway be firmly suppressed by one in authority.

Conscious, therefore, of the fact that he now had six hundred pounds in his account at the bank, he had come to The Nook to buy the fellow off. He had come by night, because in his opinion Valley Fields was safer then. And he had just been in the act of talking to him as a head of the family should have talked, when this disgusting interruption had occurred. Right in the middle of one of his best sentences the door had opened and in had staggered a large, red-faced inebriate.

CONSCIOUS that the spell had been broken and that further discussion of a delicate matter must be postponed, and feeling bitterly that this was just the sort of friend he might have expected the man Conway to have, Lord Hoddesdon rose.

"Where is my hat?" he said stiffly.

"Gat," said Mr. Hoke, his annoyance increasing. It seemed to him that these people were deliberately affecting to misunderstand plain English.

He regarded Lord Hoddesdon, now making obvious preparations for departure, with a hostile eye. For some little time he had been allowing his mind to wander from his mission, but now Captain Kelly's words came back to him. "No one is to leave either of these houses," the captain had said. "And, if anyone goes in, they've damn' well got to stay there." This gray-mustached stiff had gone in. Very well. Now he would stay here.

"You thinking of leaving?" asked Mr. Hoke.

Lord Hoddesdon raised his eyebrows. Impecuniosity and the exigencies of a democratic age had combined to cause his lordship to be sparing of the hauteur

(Continued on page 44)

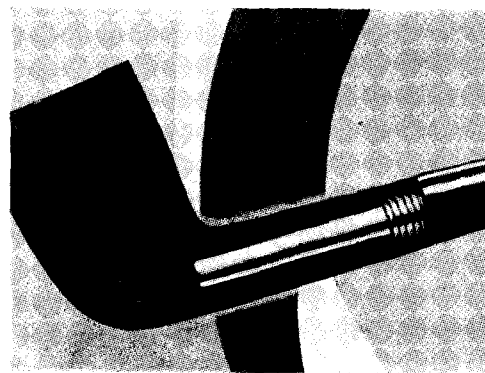


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## MILD AND MELLOW EVERY TIME YOU LIGHT UP!

LIGHT up the Milano and let its pure tobacco fragrance start each day off right. Always cool, fresh and full-flavored because every Milano is equipped with the Hesson Guard.\* Milanos are making pipe smokers of men who have often said they "never could learn to smoke a pipe." The Hesson Guard keeps these fine briars as sweet as other good pipes are *sometimes!* Moisture cannot condense in the shank. Nothing but the savory richness of fine tobacco smoke every time you light up. The Hesson Guard is found only in Demuth Pipes. And Milanos are sweet from the start . . . they are already broken in, mechanically smoked with real tobacco.

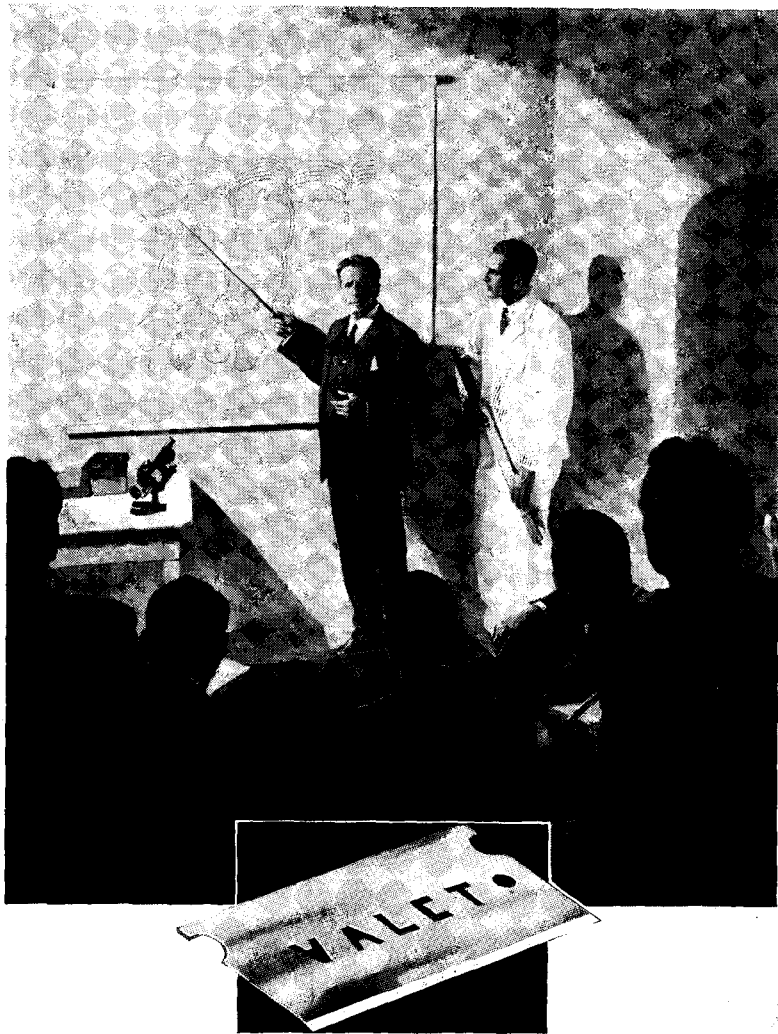
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Could you do this with your pipe? With the Hesson Guard the shank is always dry and clean.

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THE PIPE  
THAT STAYS SWEET!

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

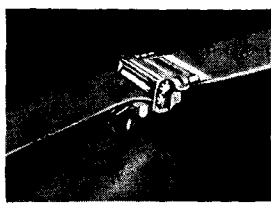


## Let your face prove what physicians know— VALET is a better blade

**W**HEN you shave with the new Valet blade in the convenient Valet AutoStrop Razor you learn facts recognized by dermatologists everywhere. Famous skin specialists—from coast to coast—have tested the Valet and praise it unanimously.

The University of Cincinnati has a dermatological society composed of senior medical students who specialize in study of the skin. We invited these experts to shave repeatedly with the Valet and report their findings.

Unanimously—they signed the



following report:

"The Valet leaves the face free from the irritation often induced by inferior blades. It does not produce those minute lacerations which open the skin to infection."

Dermatologists prescribe the Valet to relieve and prevent skin troubles caused by harsh shaving. The super-keen edge is easier on the face—glides through toughest beard lightly, without irritating the skin. Shave after shave, you need not remove the blade from the razor for stropping or cleaning. Keep your face young—your skin clear. Get your new Valet blades today—and the razor if you haven't one.

*The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel*

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York  
Also, Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

# The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

(Continued from page 43)

which so often goes with blue blood; but he employed it now. He stared at J. B. Hoke like a *seigneur* of the old *régime* having a good look at a vassal or varlet.

"I haven't the pleasure of knowing who you are, sir. . . ."

Berry did the honors.

"Mr. Hoke . . . the Earl of Hoddesdon. . . ."

Mr. Hoke's severity waned a little.

"Are you an oil?" he said, interested.

"... But, in answer to your question, I am thinking of leaving," said Lord Hoddesdon.

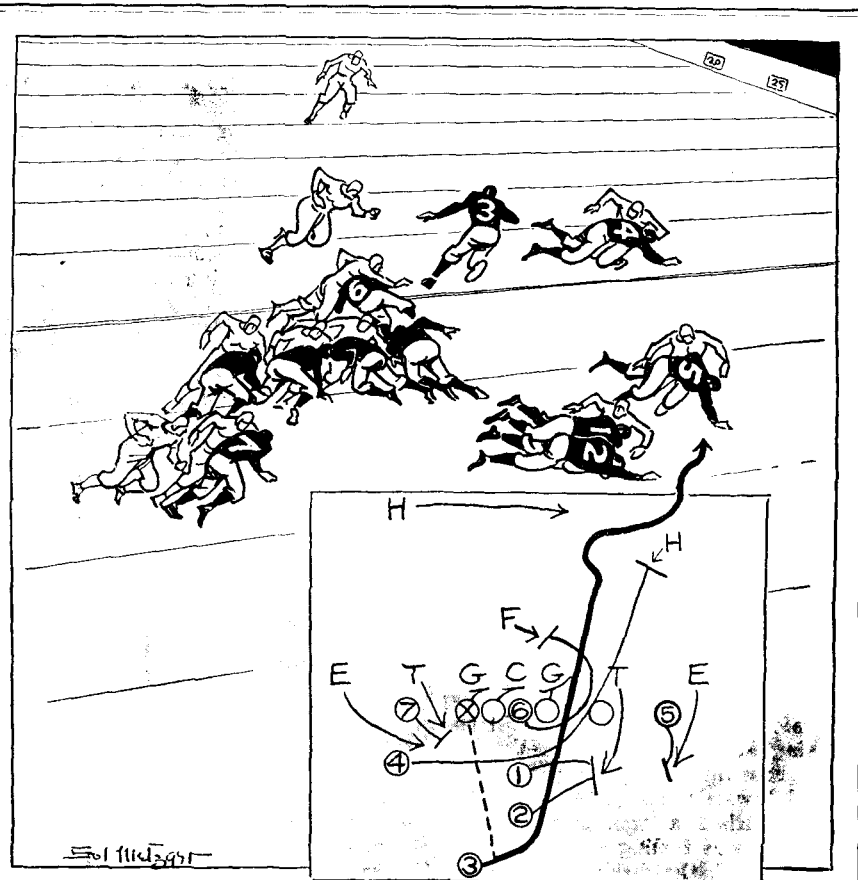
Mr. Hoke's momentary lapse into amiability was over.

"Oh, no!" he said.

"I beg your pardon?" said Lord Hoddesdon.

"Granted," said Mr. Hoke. He produced the gat, of which they had heard so much, and poised it in an unsteady but resolute grasp. "Hands up!" he said.

(To be concluded next week)



## Yale's Jack Rabbit

By Sol Metzger

**O**NCE in a blue moon some giant of the gridiron, a Grange or a Gipp, gallops to everlasting glory. Speed, strength, skill and sheer love of combat gain such high reward. Less frequently the little fellow, a Hinkey, a Stevenson, a Daly or an Eckersall, emblazons his name high in football's hall of fame.

Albie Booth, the elusive, is one of the latter. A year ago, Harvard, on the eve of its game with Yale, feared Booth as it had no opponent since Ted Coy. But fate was unkind. Against the all-important foe injuries had reduced Albie to ordinary timber. The star who had shone so brilliantly against Army, Dartmouth and Brown was not the Booth to face the Crimson. Yet he came within a thin gray hair of harpooning Harvard that day.

One cannot say that Yale's coaches do not construct plays based on the homely virtues of fast starting and hard and sustained running, as do most mentors. But one can say—and mean it—that Yale's strategists are smart enough to allow Albie, the alert, to employ his own peculiar style to best advantage. Booth comes pretty close to making plays as he goes along.

Note him on a plunge. He will get the ball and stand motionless for a second while things develop

ahead. A flash of daylight and into it goes Booth. He darts and picks his way for all the world like a scared rabbit. Here he comes and there he goes.

Observe him faking a sweep. He's the No. 3 back and he's off now in orthodox manner, three or four fast steps to the right. Suddenly Albie stops. And the charging opponents, seeking to head him off, overrun him as he cuts straight through a hole well inside of them.

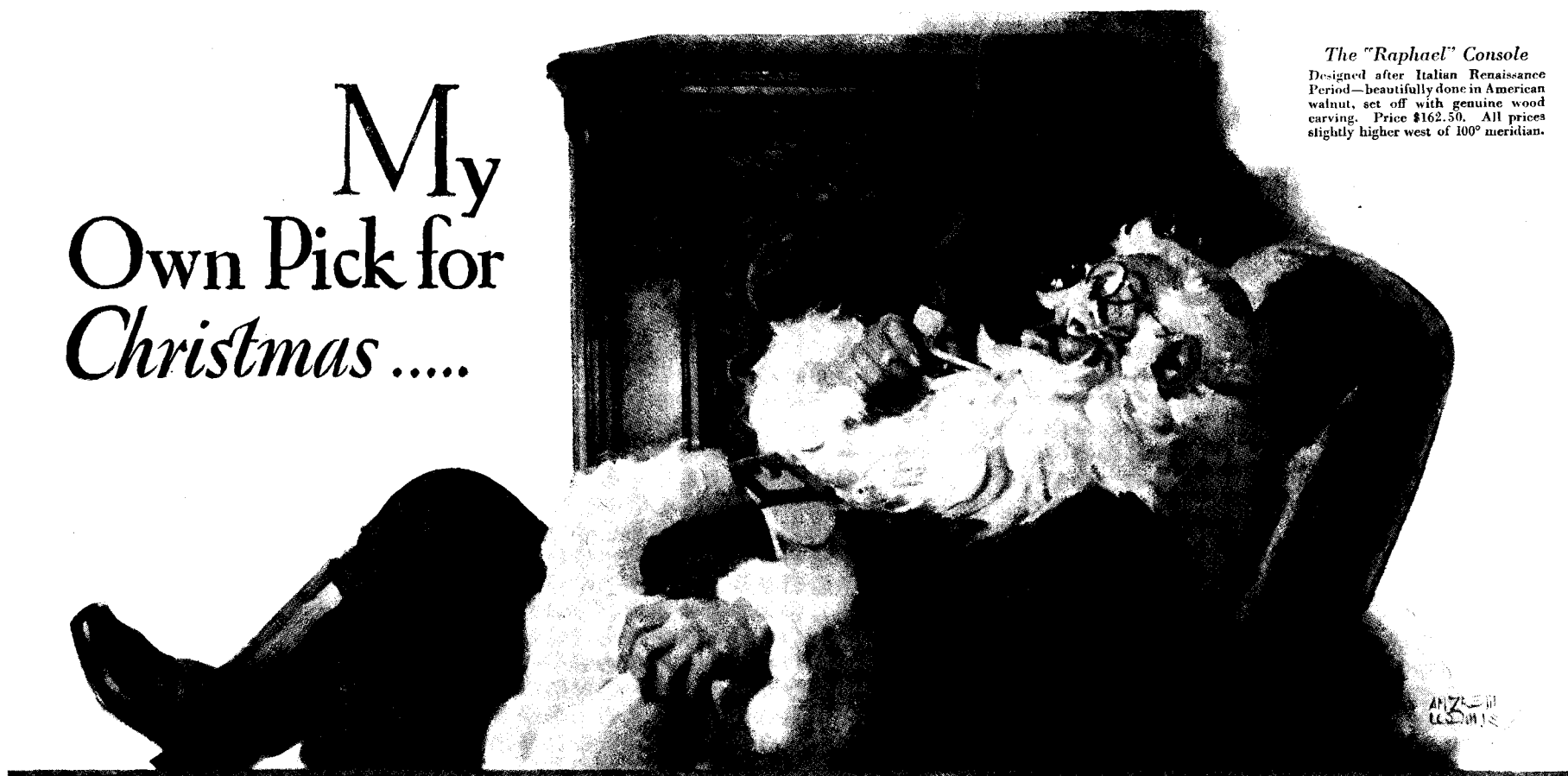
As aides, Yale's Nos. 1 and 2 backs smash the opposing left tackle. Yale's right end (5) swings back to check any chance the defensive left end might have of snaring Albie from the side, a type of end-blocking peculiar to Yale. Also the No. 6 lineman and No. 4 back precede Booth through the line, the former lunging into the legs of the defensive full, the latter cutting down the oncoming left half.

But it's Booth you see as he dodges and darts and changes pace with such alacrity that tacklers, trying to pin him to the turf, actually lose balance and fall helpless.

There are other ways of scoring touchdowns. Pop Warner's Stanford team employs a forward-lateral pass, a new wrinkle which will be described in the next issue of Collier's.

# STEWART-WARNER RADIO

My  
Own Pick for  
Christmas .....



*The "Raphael" Console*  
Designed after Italian Renaissance  
Period—beautifully done in American  
walnut, set off with genuine wood  
carving. Price \$162.50. All prices  
slightly higher west of 100° meridian.

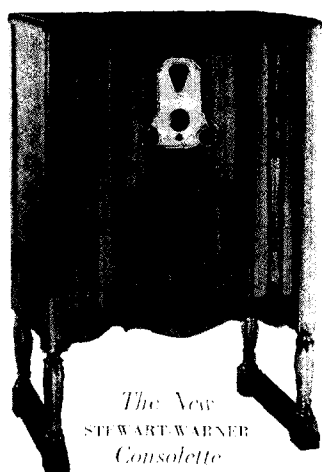
## *The ideal gift* FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

FOR the family group, what single gift could possibly bring more joy and appreciation than a radio which affords countless hours of gorgeous entertainment at home! Whose novelty is as *endless* as the *variety* of programs it brings in!

More thousands than ever this Christmas will buy radio. The demand for smaller sets is increasing. But no longer for sake of a small set and a price saving, does anyone need sacrifice *quality* of radio reception.

For now, out of Stewart-Warner's years of experience in the manufacture of quality radio and other electrical precision instruments—comes a set even more remarkable than its predecessors—the Stewart-Warner *Consolette*.

A set of small proportions but of GIANT performance. Not a "pee-wee set," but a *real* receiving set that does a *real job*. It contains the same famous 8-tube chassis used in higher priced Stewart-Warner models. Yet it is small enough to be moved readily into the bedroom,



*The New  
STEWART-WARNER  
Consolette*  
A small-size set with powerful  
full-size chassis. Table height.  
Rich walnut finish.

**Only \$94.75**  
**COMPLETE**  
WITH TUBES  
8 tubes of the highest standard—  
Super-electro Dynamic Speaker  
—ready for immediate use.

nursery, hall, or anywhere in the home. And it's handsome enough to enhance the finest chair, sofa, or other piece of fine living room furniture with which it can be so attractively grouped.

This set incorporates every proved worthwhile feature of modern radio engineering. It is astonishingly sensitive and selective. It brings in your programs crisp, clear, true-to-life; with nothing added, nothing taken away. It has that rare quality of tone fidelity so characteristic of all Stewart-Warner Radios.

And think of it! All this set costs, complete with tubes, electro-dynamic speaker and everything ready for immediate use—is only \$94.75.

Here is the ideal gift for your family—the new Stewart-Warner Consolette. See and hear it. It is now being displayed and gladly demonstrated by your dealer, with no obligation to you. Go and see it at once in time for a Christmas delivery. Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A., and Belleville, Canada.

A GREAT RADIO BACKED BY A GREAT NAME



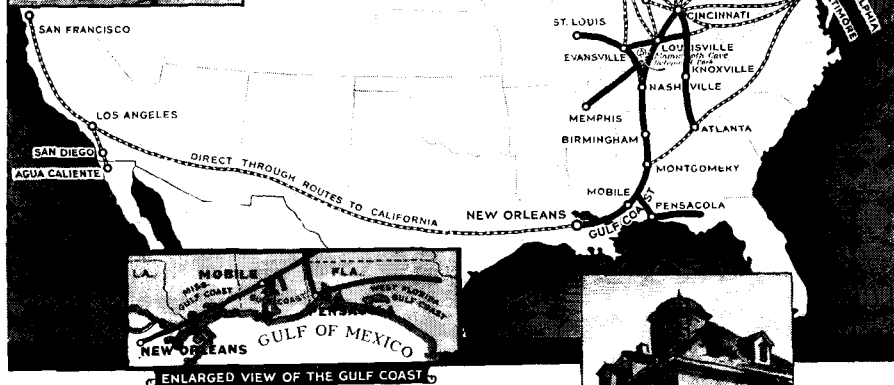
## En route to California— go the open-weather way via the GULF COAST and NEW ORLEANS

Boreas has conquered the North and lords it from his throne of ice, but down South an army of evergreen oaks flaunt grey banners of Spanish moss, defying ice and snow.

You, who are California-bound and fleeing cold weather, will find the open, southern route to California your pleasantest line of retreat from winter. Comfortable Louisville & Nashville trains will bear you away through fields of green to cities where palm trees raise wide fans to the skies, and poinsettias and roses bloom.

If you are beating a hasty retreat, you can still go this southern open-weather way with speed and comfort; but if the calm and leisure of sem-tropic countries ensnare you, there are stop-over privileges that will allow sight-seeing on the coast bordering the Gulf of Mexico from northwestern Florida to New Orleans, and at the interesting and attractive resorts in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

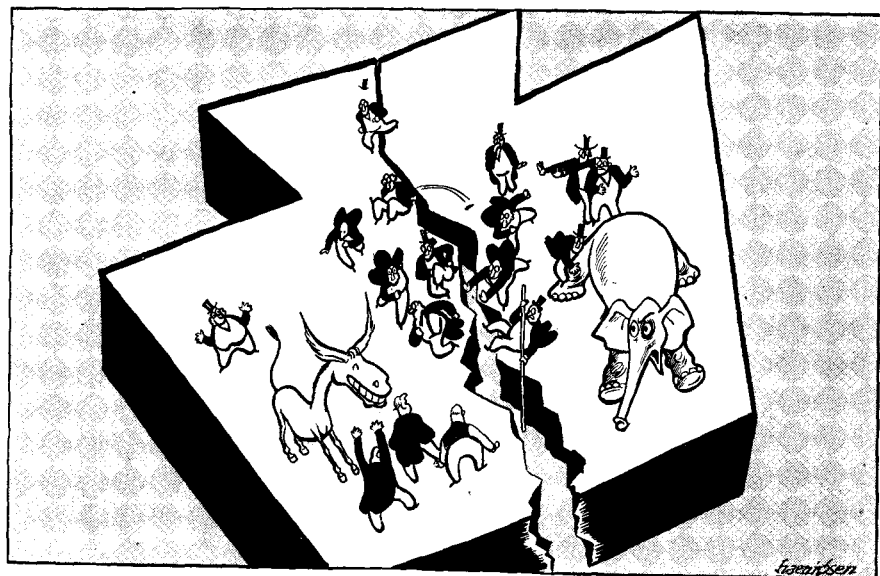
It's outdoor weather all the way over this southern Louisville & Nashville route—you'll see golfers, tennis players, hunters, fishermen, horsemen,—you'll be wanting to join them, too, in this land of mild climate where winter goes down to defeat.



From the East, you can take the "Crescent Limited"; from the central West, "The Pan-American." Both are all-Pullman trains with maid and valet service, showers, club and observation cars. These and other L. & N. trains are comfortable and homelike, with excellent dining car service. Write W. I. Lightfoot, General Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co., Room 451-A, 9th and Broadway, Louisville, Ky., for literature, and information. He will give you interesting details about the trip through the glowing South and Southwest.



## LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD



## The Cracked Keystone

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE bolt of Republican organizations in Pennsylvania from the regular Republican candidate for governor, Gifford Pinchot, was the most startling development of the campaign just over. Not even Democratic victories in hitherto Republican states were quite so ominous as the desertion of organized Republicans with their leaders at their head from the party battle line to the camp of the enemy.

Not even the Southern defection from Al Smith in 1928 was as portentous as the party revolt in Pennsylvania from Mr. Pinchot. The Democrats in the South went over as individuals. In Pennsylvania the cardinal principle of organization was violated. The leaders taught their followers that it was no sin to bolt. The disintegration of the Republican party has been going on elsewhere for years, in the West, in New York, in the Senate; but Pennsylvania held to the ancient discipline of Cameron, Quay and Penrose. It voted regularly, whatever happened.

And, oddly enough, it was the business interests, whose instrument the Republican party is, which gave the sanction for destroying the party discipline, so useful to it in the long past. General Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has long used the Republican party of Pennsylvania, gave the signal for the organized Republicans to march with drums beating and flags flying over to the Democrats.

Secretary Mellon, who because of his official position could not bolt, must have given his secret nod of approval. Mr. Mellon's financial lieutenants followed General Atterbury conspicuously to the enemy's camp.

### Big Business Chucks the Party

Boss Vare, who owes his power to the slavish obedience of his Philadelphia followers, signed the order to desert. In the glorious past of regularity in Pennsylvania nothing would have been held to justify destroying the useful discipline of the party which had so long and so well served its masters in Pennsylvania.

The business interests decided to destroy something that can never be restored. They pulled down the pillars of the Republican temple. They taught the most servile-minded electorate in the country to be independent. And they did all this in an attempt to defeat a governor whose hands they could tie through their control of the legislature.

For some reason the Pennsylvania business interests, with their national affiliations, decided that the Republican

party, as an instrument was not worth saving, at the no very great cost of tolerating Mr. Pinchot as governor.

Why was it that this decision was reached? Perhaps it followed the lesson of the last session of the United States Senate, in which a large element of the Republican representation went over and formed a coalition with the Democrats. When a party having a good majority in Congress cannot function it is of little use to the business interests. Perhaps business has seen that East and West in the Republican party are getting so far apart as to threaten its unity in the near future.

### A Break for the Democrats

Perhaps the business interests fear the split between the wets and dries in the Republican party will disrupt it in 1932 and lessen its practical value to themselves. At any rate the party is no longer what it was when it was dominated by those agents of business in Pennsylvania—Cameron, Quay and Penrose. It is a thing of cross-purposes and factions, loosely held together by a common name, and imperiled by the rising wet sentiment of the country.

For a long time I have expected the agrarian West to break the ties which for seventy years held it to the industrial East in the Republican party. It is odd to see the industrial East kicking the no longer useful Republican instrument into the gutter. It is odd to see the gesture of discard come from a totally unexpected quarter. Perhaps the business interests see in the Democratic party, consisting of the industrial East and the rapidly becoming industrialized South without the "backward states" of the West in it and less troubled by prohibition than the harassed Republican party, a more promising instrument for the future than its old servant is likely to be.

If that is so it is astonishing to see Al Smith's dream of a Democratic party agreeable to big business so soon in process of realization. For the first time since Bryan dominated the Democratic party business is practically able to make its choice between the two parties. And business is in that fortunate position in politics where it has only to say "Come" and the bidden one comes, and "Go" and the discarded one goes.

No graver political portent was visible in the recent striking election than that of the business interests scrapping the Republican machine of Pennsylvania. We shall see fully what it means when the time for the next Presidential election comes around.

# WHIZ GOLD BAND ANTI-FREEZE (DISCOVERY) MAY SAVE YOU AN ARGUMENT WITH A COP



**Whiz Gold Band is the  
unique and perfect for-  
mula for anti-freeze!**

*No boiling away  
No evaporation  
No high cost  
Perfect protection*

WITH WHIZ GOLD BAND ANTI-FREEZE in your radiator you can forget about freeze-ups all Winter long—and avoid troubles like that pictured above which threaten every un-guarded car when cold weather comes. *And Whiz gives this complete and carefree protection on 1 economical filling!*

For Whiz Gold Band's unique and perfect formula won't let this Anti-Freeze go up in air, steam or foam and holds it always on the job. It can't overheat in warm weather. So you can safely fill up right now with Whiz—

your motor in icy weather, and lets it get more quickly to a smooth-running tempera-ture. *On dangerous, metal-chilling days you spare the choke and save the motor!*

On guard against Winter! Drive to your Whiz dealer now. You can buy Whiz Gold Band with equal confidence from the drum or from the can because Whiz Gold Band Anti-Freeze has the best-known name in the world to those who are careful of their cars!

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO., CAMDEN, N. J.  
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earlier than you would dare to with any less stable brand. Whiz Gold Band is as powerless as pure water to harm any-thing about your car. It is non-inflammable and odorless. It guards against freeze-ups even at 40° below zero and costs less per season than any other anti-freeze. Gold Band gives you added aid which no other type of anti-freeze can give your car. Because of the low "specific heat" of special ingredients in Whiz, it takes less heat from

**\$ 3 25**  
**PER GALLON**  
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA



*Whiz Gold Band (Discovery) Anti-Freeze is Certified by the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory*

## MASTER TIME—Electrically



The Gregory Model is an electric clock and calendar combined. The calendar changes automatically at twelve o'clock midnight. A double duty clock in a beautiful black bakelite case 6½" high. Dial is silver finished with raised numerals. Price \$12.50  
Other models from \$9.75 to \$110.00

## Freedom from Winding

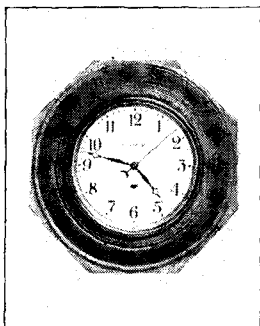
### A New Standard of Exactness

NO more winding, wondering or guessing. The modern and most thoroughly satisfactory way to time your home is by electricity from the light socket.

The three charming all-electric clocks shown here are typical of the many smart new designs which Hammond dealers are featuring for every room in the home . . . priced from \$9.75 to \$110.00.

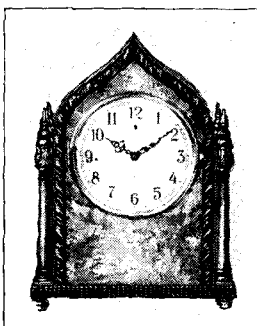
Hammond clocks will continue to operate and give exact time, without the slightest effort on your part, as long as electric current is sent to your home.

But they are more than faithful timekeepers. They are decorative as well, and add just the touch of modernism so desired in tastefully furnished rooms.



KITCHEN CLOCK. The case is metal. Furnished in any one of five colors: white, blue, green, yellow or brown. The convex crystal is sealed to protect dial from moisture and dust; has highly polished bezel ring and sweep-second hand. Outside diameter 8½"; dial diameter 5¼".  
Price, \$9.75

CHALMETTE is the mantel clock deluxe. This clock, like all Hammond chiming models, has full Westminster chimes and hour strike. Case is solid Honduras mahogany; ornaments carved from the solid wood. Spun-silver dial 6" in diameter.  
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THE HAMMOND CLOCK COMPANY  
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Please send me free descriptive literature giving the story of all-electric time and showing all your models.

Name.....

Address.....

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# HAMMOND

ALL-ELECTRIC-CLOCKS

## Midnight at Tony's

Continued from page 13

They're a dime a dozen these days. Triplets is what I mean. Yes, of course they were a fake and were no more triplets than you and me and Queen Marie, being held together by pieces of celluloid; but they were going over big until one of the newt-brained yoodles lit a match on the seat of his pants and burned up the connecting links. And Al J. Wanger blamed me. You call that gratitude, I suppose.

He never could get the idea that it didn't matter what they printed about his show, so long as they printed something. I kept the show in the limelight, all right. Who got the inspiration of having the tattooed lady offer to tattoo the Declaration of Independence on the back of the President any Fourth of July he cared to pick? Even if he wouldn't stand for it, it grabbed us yards of space. Who put the boa constrictors in the mayor's bed?

THE merry gentleman said that he hadn't, bottoms up—and carry on, sergeant major, carry on.

The sad gentleman consumed more refreshments and continued.

Nobody did—he said—but me. I boosted the Al J. Wanger shows from one ring to three, from four clowns to thirty and made that old Turk, Wanger, able to use diamonds for golf balls, and what did I get out of it? Not even a pass to the subway. If that's gratitude, give me candied clams.

It was all on account of the midgets. Never tangle up with midgets, friend. They're a perverse and pesky race. Giants are good-natured, but the little people are ornery. You see, they've all got the idea that they're the right size and the rest of us are overgrown freaks. They're stuck-up and stubborn and full of dirty tricks. They fight among themselves all the time, but if an ordinary person picks on one of them the others get together and gang up on him.

When I went with the Al J. Wanger shows we had only two midgets. I left them with a troupe of twelve. Does that prove something, or doesn't it? One of the little people was Count Borelli, a Scotch-Wop, the size of an umbrella, and as tight as a rubber corset. You couldn't get a nickel out of him with forceps. Or dynamite, either. He made a hundred a week and saved a hundred and ten. The other was the Princess Zazarina, born Carrie Perry, a regular little pepper-pot. She and the Count hated each other like tigers hate lions. She used to slip custard into his silk hat and he was always starting scandals about her and the acrobats.

Oh, yes, a circus is just one big, happy family.

Well, we toured the land from Bangor to Butte and back to Birmingham, and, thanks to me, we always had a full tent. It was me who sold Al J. Wanger the idea of playing the biggest of all the rube towns down by the Statue of Liberty. He was dubious, saying his show wasn't known there, but I reminded him that he was paying me a handsome salary to make his show known, and that I had better publicity ideas in my sleep than other men can get by thinking for days.

I knew big things were expected of me, but delivering the goods is a specialty of mine. It was tough, though. Those large-town city editors have X-ray eyes, vinegar for blood, and mahogany hearts.

The show opened to light business and I saw it was up to me to pull a fast one; so, naturally, I did pull a fast one.

Romance! That was the answer to my problem. Love! You can't keep

that out of the headlines. So I cooked up a wedding. A wedding of midgets. As all the others in the troupe were married to each other, the only available ones were our two pets, the Count and the Princess. I sprang the idea on them, and they liked it the way you'd like to drink a gallon of castor oil and axle grease.

The Count claimed he had two wives already in this country alone, not counting Europe, where he came from, and the Princess said that being run through a sausage-machine would be her idea of a jolly time compared to marrying a poisonous squirt like the Count. I had to get Al J. Wanger to threaten to fire them if they would not play ball. They consented to go through with the wedding on the strict understanding that it was a fake.

We staged the wedding in the center ring, at a Saturday matinee, and the giants were attendants and the brass band threw the wedding march for a ten-yard loss. The bride's gift to the bridegroom was a jelly omelette which she dropped in his top hat just as they were to march out for the ceremony, and the bridegroom presented his spouse with a kick in the shins and about eight thousand nasty looks. But it grabbed for us almost as much front-page space as the Armistice.

It was my idea to have the happy couple spend their honeymoon at the New Lucullus Hotel, where a steak the size of a poodle's paw costs you five berries, and rooms are thirty dollars a day and up.

My bright notion was to have the Count and his consort spend a day there—and then go back quietly to their midget boarding house up on the West Side. So I engaged the bridal suite, and after the ceremony we left the Count and Princess there, with a final salute of flashlight powder.

NEXT afternoon I dropped around to the gilded robbers' den to pay off the war debt and remove the scrappy couple. Outside the door of the suite I stopped. Inside I could hear the squeaking of many shrill voices, punctuated by popping sounds. It took no seer to tell that the Count was propelling a party. I pushed in and the place was dripping with midgets. All the little fellows and girls in that part of the world had buzzed around to help the Count make merry. They had a life-sized swan made out of ice and stuffed with caviar, they were knee-deep in pâté de foie gras sandwiches and French pastry, and three Swiss waiters were busy opening vintage champagne, for this was in the good old damp days. The guests' idea of fun was to pelt me with plovers' eggs. I dragged the Count out into the hall and asked him what the hell.

"You go out of here inside an hour," I said. "Do you want Al J. Wanger to have to sell his elephants to pay your bill?"

"Don't be droll," said the Count, lighting a cigar that cost two dollars and a quarter. "You brought us here, and here we stay. Do you want me to set up a bellow, tell the world that the wedding was a frame-up, and have you and Al J. Wanger razzberried out of the newspapers and made the big ha-ha of show business for years to come?"

That stymied me. I called up Al J. Wanger and he said the Count had us by the chin-whiskers. Well, the Count and Princess lived in opposite ends of the big suite, and each of them pitched

(Continued on page 50)



# THE REWARD OF QUALITY

THE ACCOMPANYING list of Hupmobile distributors represents one of the most astonishing records in motor car history—a record which we believe to be without a parallel in the life of the industry.

It tells of confidence deliberately placed, and now grown unshakably secure through the years.

It tells the motor car buyer that here are organizations of proven substantiality . . . worthy of his regard, entitled to his respect, ready to guard the good name of his Hupmobile with extraordinary service and attention during its entire life.

Such a record is the finest tribute that has ever been paid to Hupmobile quality. For no car without the fundamental engineering excellence of the Hupmobile . . . no car with less than its rigorous standards of mechanical excellence . . . could possibly have commanded such unswerving loyalty.

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| John J. Gibson Co., Inc. . . . .       | Buffalo, N. Y.        |
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| Mott Motors, Inc. . . . .              | Washington, D. C.   |
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E I G H T S ·

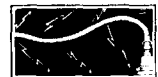
# HUPMOBILE

# When means hard starting



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a party every day. They had us, and they knew it. Al J. Wanger broke out in a bright green rash, because he could see that when the hotel bill came in he wouldn't make enough money to buy fish for the seals. For a month our show played the big town. For a month the Count and Princess lived in their suite, and their cocktail bill alone was \$2,786.40.

But we did get publicity. Yes, indeed, plenty. I got the Count and the Princess so much publicity that a vaudeville circuit stole them away at one thousand eight hundred a week, and they're still going strong in the picture houses. Al J. Wanger showed his appreciation of my efforts by bouncing me. Was that fair? What do you think?

"I think, Raoul," said the merry gentleman, "that we must be sure to take plenty of dogs. Now I've told you my dream, you tell me yours."

"I am a child of destiny"—went on the sad gentleman—"so I went into the pictures. I tied up with Colonel A. Lincoln Pascoe—"

"How very interesting," said the merry gentleman. "Do go on."

**W**HAT was he—continued the sad gentleman—when I found him? A big, dumb yoodle. What is he now? Still a big, dumb yoodle—but worth about twenty millions. Why? Who made him? Let history answer. Me. I made him. He thought you can make pictures the way you make straw hats. Maybe he's right. But the best picture ever made isn't worth a week-old waffle unless people hear about it. Am I right? Of course.

Who coined the slogan of the Stellar-Titan Pictures: "Art—and How!"? You're looking at the man this second. We needed a star, and who found one? The discoverer of Alys Almy is sitting not two feet from you. What was she—just a blonde behind the counter in a bargain basement—no brighter than most blondes. What is she today? Six thousand fan letters and six thousand bucks each and every week. My publicity did it all. Who made her drive across the continent dressed only in a one-piece bathing suit and a picture hat? Not A. Lincoln Pascoe. Me. Who had her sue the King of Siam for breach of promise and demand his sacred white elephants as damages? Me again.

I found A. Lincoln Pascoe with a canoe and left him with a steam yacht. But have I a palace in Beggarly Hills, with four butlers and individual swimming pools for every guest? To be frank with you, friend, I have not.

What grossed three millions and made A. Lincoln Pascoe—Colonel, he calls himself, having saved Hollywood from the Hun by drilling a company of supers—enough dough to buy all the whales in the ocean? Everybody knows. It was *Hungry Husbands*, starring the fair but feeble-beaned Miss Almy. But who would ever have heard of *Hungry Husbands* if it hadn't been for me?

It wasn't such a whoop of a picture, really. We bought an American play stolen from a French farce, had our staff of tame writers rewrite it six times and then throw it out of the window and write an original story all about a wife who trusted her husband and he played around with a vamp and the wife almost canned him, but they were brought together on a desert island by the prattle of little feet.

We didn't want to bring it to Broad-

## Midnight at Tony's

Continued from page 48

way until we got a rough idea whether it was going to be a wow, or lay an egg. So I suggested to the Colonel that we test it out in some small suburban town not too far from New York and get an audience-reaction.

I picked out an ordinary sort of town called Wainsport, up in Connecticut. I wanted to put the picture over. I wanted to crowd the yokels into that picture palace. I drank nine cups of black coffee, put a chunk of ice on my head, and thought. Toward dawn, like a flash, came the smash idea. It was simple—like all big ideas—but it was new. I got my secretary to get some perfumed note paper and violet ink and write a couple hundred notes in her own handwriting, which contained only the words "Watch your husband." I then had her mail them to all the married women in the Wainsport telephone directory. The rest of my idea was to follow up the first note with a second one four days later saying, "You can watch your husband—and all husbands—if you come to see Alys Almy in the dramatic new picture *Hungry Husbands* at Frink's Imperial Theater, Wainsport, the week of October fifteenth." Clever? Yes.

Well, the violet notes were sent out and I was busy working on a mailing list for New York and the key cities when Colonel Pascoe came busting into my office, with all his chins wobbling.

"You send out notes," he bellowed. "Violet notes, too, on paper that smells. What happens? I'm asking you. One goes to my wife, who has rented a summer place at Wainsport. What does it say? 'Watch your husband.' She ain't got a sense of humor, that woman. She takes that note serious. She comes down to New York. She does watch her husband. She catches me with Miss Almy. I'm as innocent as a new-laid egg, I swear I am, but how can I laugh off that note—a violet note, at that? Now she sues me for divorce. It'll cost me a million to settle. Is that fun? I'm asking you."

And that wasn't all, friend. It seems that this blonde, Alys Almy, had got herself married to some yoodle who didn't take to the idea of having her mixed up in a divorce mess with Colonel Pascoe, and what does this yoodle do but corner the Colonel, right in his own theater, in front of the ushers and everybody, and dust the lobby with him. Yes, sir, this yoodle polished up all the chromium fittings with the Colonel, and finished up by beating him to a calf's-foot jelly. So the Colonel comes back to the office and lambasts me to a calf's-foot jelly, and then fires me. That's modern gratitude, that is.

Well, let's see how they'll get along without me! What'll happen to that bubble-brained blonde and her yoodle of a husband and the Colonel? We'll see. Keep your eye on them, friend. You read the papers. You've certainly heard of Alys Almy—

"**O**H, YES," said the merry gentleman. "I know her. I'm the yoodle who married her."

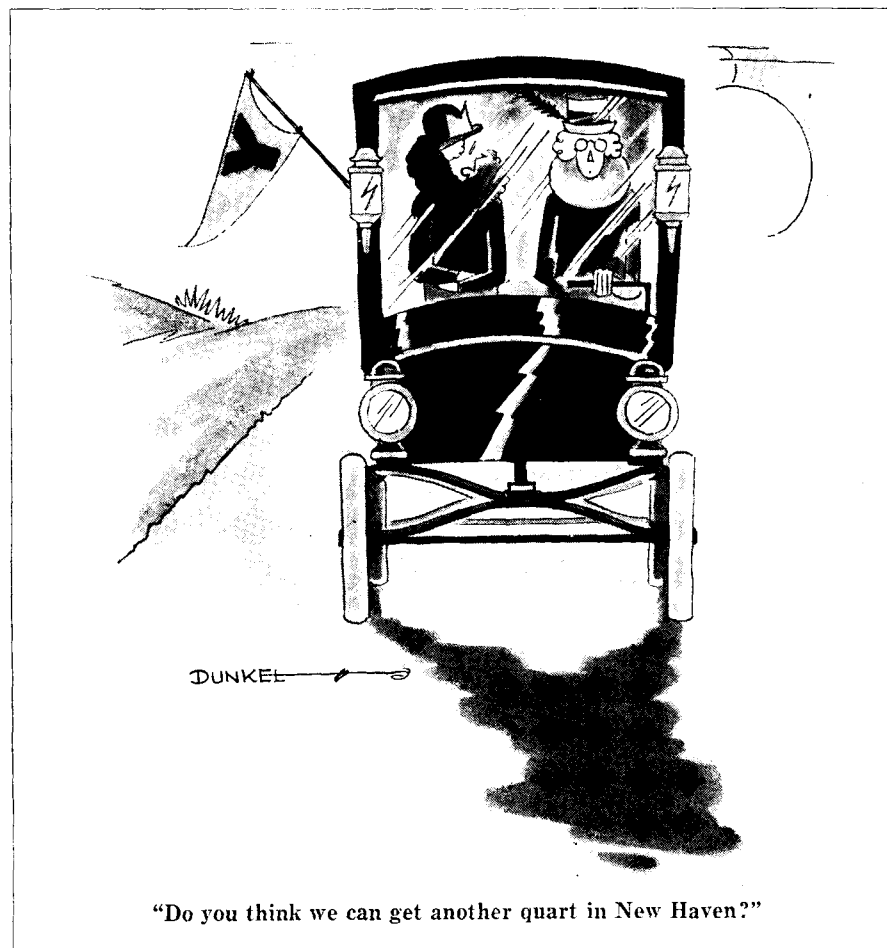
The sad gentleman got up suddenly. "I've got a date," he said. "Very important date. Got to rush."

"What's your hurry?" asked the merry gentleman.

But the sad gentleman was out of the door by then.

I put the merry gentleman in a taxi at half past one, and had some little trouble getting away from him, as he wanted me to drive to a kennel with him and help him pick out dogs for his polar trip.

Next day when I saw Mr. Clifton at lunch, I showed him my notes. He took them away with him, and when he came back for dinner that night, he had a big package with him, which he gave to me. I was considerably surprised, and I must admit very pleased, too, when I opened it and found in it the dandiest lodge sword any of us Knights ever owned.



"Do you think we can get another quart in New Haven?"

# Swiftly .. Slowly .. Go as you please ..

HERE'S PEN AND INK THAT WRITES SMOOTHLY  
AT ANY SPEED!



Hostesses, Inc., New York social secretariat, writes: "Correspondence gains in distinction when you choose a fine, full-bodied, deep-colored ink that flows evenly, writes smoothly."

The base, a rich green Argentine onyx; the pen, a lustrous black PearlTex; the whole, an unusually smart desk stand.

PEARLTEx  
the smart new pen finish, lustrous as mother-of-pearl, is available in white, black, rose, green, blue — but only in Carter pens.

WHEN you say "Hurry!" does your pen say "Halt!"? When rush work demands your pen's best, does it balk? With mail to sign and a train to catch, must your pen be coddled, shaken, wiped on a blotter, only to become clogged with fuzz, to write like a stick?

Extremely annoying—and entirely unnecessary. There is a pen, Carter's Pen, that writes smoothly *at any speed*. There is an ink, Carter's Ink, that flows evenly *always*.

*Carter's Pens* write smoothly because nib and feed are perfectly mated... adjusted precisely to the thousandth of an inch.

*Carter's Ryto Ink* flows evenly because half a century of ink making has taught us how to regulate consistency. Flow is free but rigidly controlled. No drops or drips, blobs or blots.

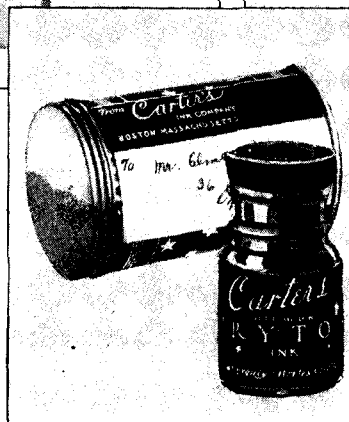
Deep blue, Ryto dries a *permanent* black. Defies time and tampering. Its smooth flow assures a delightful evenness of texture and tint. *Safe* for business; *smart* for social uses.

*Carter alone styles pens in PearlTex*. Handsome as mother-of-pearl. In white, black, rose, green, blue.

Carter's Inks are sold everywhere—but Carter's PearlTex Pen is new, so if your dealer is not yet supplied, write The Carter's Ink Company, Boston, Mass.



Howard A. Loeb, Chairman Trademans National Bank and Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "The adoption of an ink of proved permanence is a simple precautionary measure that should appeal most strongly to all business men."



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# Carter's

PENS AND INKS

# The Singing Shave



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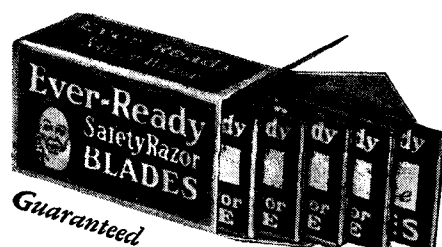
**A** strange warble comes from the bathroom . . .

"Mother, why is father singing so early in the morning?" . . . "He has discovered the Ever-Ready Blade, son—and joined the Singing Shavers" . . . Good for father. Ever-Ready's keen edge will add speed to his shave, comfort to his face, and sweetness to his disposition. And he will get many more shaves from each blade . . . You, too, should be a Singing Shaver. Buy Ever-Ready Blades today.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

## Ever-Ready BLADES



badly needed tackle and a reserve end restored to the eligible list.

"Didn't know the Dago had a mother," he growled. "Send her in."

In waddled Mamma Quattrochi. She wore her best black broadcloth suit and her finest head shawl.

"All right, Mrs. Quattrochi, what can I do for you?" said Coach Cardigan, remembering to be pleasant.

Encouraged by the tone of his voice, Mamma Quattrochi stated her case. She used bad English and many gestures. Long before she finished Coach Cardigan's bland red face had hardened. But he was diplomatic:

"Take a chair, Mrs. Quattrochi, and let's talk this over a bit."

"Sure, sure, Meester Cardigan."

"Now—in the first place—have you said anything to Len about all this?"

"Yes, I have talk weeth heem."

"And what did he say?"

A shrug.

"He ees only a boy, Meester Cardigan. He does not see how bad thees football is for heem."

"Bad? Why, football has been the making of that boy, Mrs. Quattrochi. Football is the greatest game in the world."

Mamma Quattrochi blinked.

"B-but he has quet the drawing. My Leonardo mus' not be business man. He mus' build beeg things . . . tall, beautiful . . . so . . . wait . . . I show you. . . ." She fumbled with slow fat hands at a parcel wrapped in newspaper. Brought forth Leonardo's drawing of a skyscraper.

Head Coach Cardigan waved the exhibit aside.

"Len and I had a talk about that last year. He found he couldn't carry the work and do justice to the team. He wasn't especially anxious to be an architect, anyway, so I advised him to change courses."

Mamma Quattrochi stiffened.

"That ees wrong! For shame. A beeg man like you—"

"Now, now, hold on a minute, Mrs. Quattrochi. Let's not get all excited about this. I can see you don't really understand what we've done for your boy here. Listen—and I'm going to be frank—when Len came to the university he was absolutely unknown except for his high-school record. And now . . . why, he's the most famous football star we've ever had. Gets his name and his picture in all the papers. And that's going to count and count big when he starts looking for a job next June. Don't you realize that?"

A dogged shake of the head.

"You have plenty of boys to do thees football. You mus' geef me back my Leonardo!"

HEAD COACH CARDIGAN glanced at his wrist watch.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Quattrochi," he said, getting up, "but it's nearly time for practice. You just run along home now and think this over. You'll see that Len and I are right."

Mamma Quattrochi became emotional. Baffled and bewildered, she eyed this heavy-set, red-faced man as the apotheosis of the terrifying enigma that was football. Lapsing into tearful Italian she at first pleaded, then stormed, then demanded.

It was a trying scene and Cardigan lost his temper.

He bellowed at a couple of trainers in the gymnasium corridor: "For Pete's sake, take this dumb Dago outside. She'll be throwing a fit in a minute."

Coach Cardigan did not notice that

## This Football

Continued from page 9

Leonardo Quattrochi and half a dozen other football players had rushed upstairs from the dressing-rooms.

"Don' you call me Dago!" shrieked Mamma Quattrochi. "Don' you call me Dago!" She tried to scratch Cardigan's face.

Her Leonardo grabbed her.

"Come on, Mom. Let's go home. Forget it, Mom. Forget it."

His face was a red agony.

"He call me dumb Dago," Mamma Quattrochi sobbed. "He ees bad man. He call me dumb Dago."

Cardigan hurried after them.

"I apologize, Mrs. Quattrochi. I didn't mean that. I just lost my temper. You know how I am, Len. Sure! You know I didn't mean anything like that."

He pawed Leonardo's shoulder. The boy jerked away, angrily.

"You said it and you meant it," he blurted. "And that makes me a dumb Dago too. But not dumb enough to play any more football for you."

"Aw, now, Len . . . don't take it that way. . . ."

Mamma Quattrochi and her son ignored Coach Cardigan's mumbled apologies. They walked away from the gymnasium and boarded a street car for home.

THE next afternoon city sports pages carried the variously stated announcement:

STATE U. GRID STAR QUILTS TEAM ON EVE OF NOTRE DAME GAME

Parental Objection Assigned as Reason for Len Quattrochi's Withdrawal

Betting Odds Lengthen to 10 to 3

"Looks Hopeless for Us Unless Quattrochi Changes Mind," Says Coach Cardigan

Mamma Quattrochi found herself engulfed in a bewildering controversy.

Mary, Carlos, John and Joseph hurried to the Quattrochi flat that evening. They interviewed the glumly disillusioned Leonardo, who said: "Yeah, I'm a dumb Dago. All of us are dumb Dagos. But they kept that under cover as long as I was working my fool head off playing football for 'em. Mom's right. They never did fool her. I'm sorry now I didn't knock Cardigan's block off for what he said to Mom. Maybe I will yet."

Then Leonardo departed for a date with Tessa Sansone.

His brothers and sister, finding themselves about to be deprived of the light of reflected glory and quick to sense that Leonardo was unhappily acting his part in the drama out of loyalty to Mamma Quattrochi, protested vigorously. They cornered Mamma Quattrochi in the living-room.

Mamma Quattrochi sat shapelessly in her big, high-backed rocking chair and let them talk. Her wrinkled face was grim and her bright black eyes flashed ominously.

When the clamor of protest subsided, she said:

"All thees over a game, so?"

Mary, who had married an American named Smith, dared her mother's wrath while the Quattrochi men sat silent.

"It isn't only a game, Mamma," she said. "It's the principle of the thing. People don't hold vendettas in America. Just because you quarreled with Mr. Cardigan and he insulted you and Len-

nie got his pride up—that's no good reason for taking it out on a whole university."

"I do not do thees for myself, Mary. It ees to save Leonardo. He has great geef!"

"Oh, now you're going back to that old hooey about Lennie's being an architect. He doesn't want to be an architect. He—"

"Stop! I weel hear no more of thees!"

But she had to hear a great deal more of it that week before the game. A pressure she had not dreamed of moved upon her. Head Coach Cardigan came to see her twice. She wondered why a grown man would plead so humbly and argue so desperately in such a cause. She did not realize that beating Notre Dame meant fame and fortune to Head Coach Cardigan. She sent him away with: "I have forgive you for what you say to me, but my Leonardo now sees how bad thees football is and I weel die before I ask heem to help you."

A delegation from Leonardo's fraternity called. Mamma Quattrochi could not understand why such nice polite boys should show such frantic interest in this business of running with a leather ball. Their spokesman used the phrases "for the honor of the school" and "good sportsmanship" and "Len's duty to the student body."

Mamma Quattrochi could only voice a plaintive: "Is eet only for the football that you like my Leonardo? He ees fine boy with great geef. Wait . . . I show you. . . ." She showed them the drawings, predicting great things for her Leonardo. They listened diplomatically and said: "Yeah, Mrs. Quattrochi, that's swell. Lennie's got lots of talent, all right. But don't you see how much his name as a football star would help him to get commissions as an architect later on?" But she couldn't see that, remarking that beautiful fine drawings must first be made by her Leonardo.

As they departed dejectedly, their spokesman remarked: "What can you do with a dumb Dago like that?"

TWO days before the game Father Rogardi and Peter Scantleone, president of the American-Italian Bank, called on Mamma Quattrochi.

President Scantleone, the most influential citizen of Little Italy, summed up the situation:

"The Italian-American people of the city have a natural pride in your son, Mrs. Quattrochi. Dozens of them have come to me asking why you objected to his playing football at the very last of the season and on the eve of the most important game. I presume you have seen the ugly rumors being published in the papers?"

"I do not read the English so well," answered Mamma Quattrochi.

"It is being charged that you object on religious grounds to his playing against a Catholic team. It is also rumored that you fear an old injury to your son's back will be aggravated. And in one of the papers"—he shook a garish green sheet—"our people are accused of forming a gambling syndicate to back Notre Dame and bring racial pressure on you and your son. Of course, none of these things can be true?"

Mamma Quattrochi shook her head and looked appealingly at Father Rogardi.

"I have tol' the Father about thees football an' why it ees bad for my son," she said.

(Continued on page 54)



*Clean inside - well outside!*

★  
**THEY LOOK IT**  
*and so can You!*

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**H**EALTH inside a person is like a candle lighted inside a dark window. It just shines out. Bright eyes, clear skin, joy in doing things, living every minute with keen pleasure—these are some of the signs. Popularity, happiness, seeing the bright side of life—these are blessings that go along with good health. Isn't it too bad that so few of us really enjoy it!

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so

they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is a safe way to relieve it. Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is crystal clear—colorless—tasteless—and children love it. It's the *natural* way to health!

Nujol makes you feel well because it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face.

It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and therefore happy—all the time!

Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" for your protection.

If you want health's sunshine to brighten your whole life, why not give the sensible Nujol treatment a real trial? Begin today!

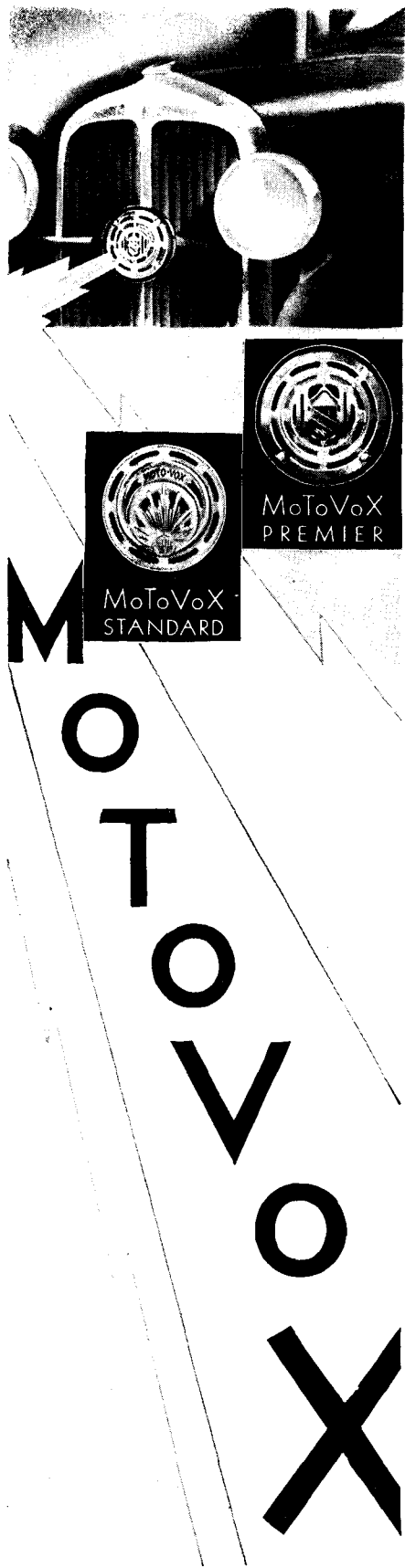
**Nujol**



**health**

## This Football

Continued from page 52



### You Can Hear the MotoVox

because it mounts out in front where no obstruction can muffle the clear, penetrating tone. The MotoVox, warning signal, is not under the hood or behind the back draft of the fan, but attached to the crossbar in front of the radiator—a thing of beauty and a powerful signal.

For years the old-fashioned type horn has been mounted under the hood because of its homeliness and size even though its value as a warning signal was sacrificed. Now Moto Meter brings to you a horn that adds to the beauty of your car, yet with a loud, clear silver-toned signal that meets the requirements of modern high-speed traffic.

Made by

MOTO METER GAUGE & EQUIPMENT CORP.  
Toledo, Ohio • La Crosse, Wis.

The Moto Meter Company of Canada, Ltd.  
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

Banker and priest exchanged glances. Father Rogardi said: "We must practice moderation and common sense in the attainment of our ideals. Leonardo has two talents, the physical and the mental. Neither should be sacrificed for the other. Can he not be a football player and an architect as well?"

She gestured with her hands, sadly. "We three are old. My boy he ees young. He does not practice the moderation. Thees football won' let heem. An' as for thees lies in the papers . . . pouf! They are but the madness of thees Americans."

But Mamma Quattrochi was terribly worried as she bade her distinguished callers farewell. Santa Maria, how complicated it was! And of a surety this football must be more important than she had ever realized. Maybe she was all wrong. Could it be that it was better for her Leonardo to run with the leather ball and forget the gift?

That evening she perceived with growing panic that Leonardo was wavering. In answer to her urgings he had half-heartedly agreed to resume his architectural courses the next semester. She found in a weekly printed in Italian the announcement of a prize competition for architectural students. A design of a museum building was to be submitted, and first prize would be a year's study in Rome.

With the paper in hand, she found Leonardo on the back porch. He was reading an article in the sports section of the Star.

"Leonardo! Behold! A beeg chance for you, my son!"

She spread the paper on his lap; read the announcement for him.

His eyes wandered back to the sports section. Back to a picture of himself in football togs. The picture was captioned: "STATE U.'S HOPES PINNED TO HIS RETURN." Fame . . . ready-made for the taking! A dazzling hour before cheering thousands. His name on the air across the nation. All this at twenty.

"You weel enter, Leonardo? You weel draw lovely beeg white beelding. So?"

Leonardo nodded doubtfully.

"Yeah. Guess so, Mom. But don't be expecting me to win. That architecture stuff is tough. Mighty tough."

"Ah, but it ees grand too! Much . . . much grander than all thees."

She nodded toward the sports page photograph.

"Yeah, I guess you're right, Mom. But . . . they're certainly giving me the razz. They're making me out an awful heel."

Troubled, he jammed on his hat.

"You see the leetle Tessa?"

"Yep." Then, gruffly: "She's a sweet kid."

Mamma Quattrochi beamed.

"Some day you weel marry her, no?"

LEONARDO shrugged and rumped his black curls.

"Fat chance . . . fat chance of her waiting . . . if I'm going to take two more years of architecture."

"I talk to her. She weel wait. You see."

He shook his head and flung restlessly out of the house.

Mamma Quattrochi got no opportunity to talk to Tessa about waiting. The next day was the day before the State U.-Notre Dame game. And the city sports editors, appealed to by desperate alumni—"Aw, shame him out of it. We've tried everything else and we gotta have him in there"—opened up

with more outspoken reproaches and insinuations.

Tessa came storming into Mamma Quattrochi's flat with an armload of newspapers.

"This has gone far enough, Mamma Quattrochi!" she blurted. "They're calling Len yellow. They're saying he's afraid Notre Dame will show him up. Are you going to stand for this?"

The older woman stared contemptuously at the papers.

"Childeesh mad Americans," she said. "Do you theenk I care w'at they say? My Leonardo ees not coward. I know."

"Well, I care! And I'm not going to stand for it. I'm going to the university right now and find Len and—"

Mamma Quattrochi grabbed her arms.

"Wait, my child. You are in love weeth my Leonardo, yes?"

"Yes. I am! And I'm not going to have everybody in this town think he's yellow. They're not going to call him a quitter. He's going out there tomorrow and show them! He's—"

"Stop! You know w'at weel happen eef he goes back to the football? It weel be the beeg American success. It weel turn hees head. They weel offer heem business job an' he weel take it. He weel want eet all . . . now . . . right now. He weel not wait to find the geeft. An' you, who love heem, want that?"

"I want him respected. Yes! I want them all to know how game he is. I want them to know he's the best football player in this country. They'll know it after tomorrow."

And as she stared at the breathless girl with her wise old eyes Mamma Quattrochi knew that Tessa also wanted the Now. She wanted that mad, roaring approval of these quaint Americans for Leonardo. She would rather be the wife of a football star in June and share that tinsel fabulous fame than wait for . . .

"Oh, Leonardo, my poor bambino," wailed Mamma Quattrochi.

LEN QUATTROCHI, the Dazzling Duce from Little Italy [so read the Evening Star's story of the game], ran wild on Memorial Field this afternoon and when the fourth-quarter gun

sounded State U. had defeated Notre Dame by a score of 20 to 14.

Three times the great Quattrochi romped across the Irish goal line, electrifying a record crowd of 65,000 delirious fans by his prodigious dashes and vicious line plunging. He made one run of 95 yards through the entire Notre Dame team for a touchdown; carried the ball on four successive plunges to score again in the third quarter; and in the final period broke away on a trick reverse and scampered 46 yards for his third touchdown.

Knute Rockne's travelers scored both their touchdowns in the first period by the aerial route.

An unusual human interest story lay behind State U.'s great triumph. Half-back Quattrochi quit the State U. squad a week ago at the request of his mother, who is in poor health. It is understood that physicians feared her heart could not stand the strain of anxiety about her son. But when Mrs. Quattrochi learned that State U. stood no chance to win without its star she insisted that her boy return to the game. The State U. cheering sections staged an impressive demonstration in her honor when the game ended. Head Coach Cardigan was quoted as saying: "Such Spartan courage is a tribute to the high ideals of football. All honor to Mrs. Quattrochi."

MARY found her mother by the wardrobe in the bedroom. She was kneeling on the floor and weeping over a jumble of treasures, which included a box of paints, a violin, and a case of drafting instruments. Mary's face was still flushed with excitement.

"Now, Mamma," she said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Lennie played the greatest game of his life. They were cheering you. They thought it was you who sent Lennie back to the team. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Why, do you know what's happened to Lennie? A Mr. Halloran, who owns a big foundry plant, has signed him on a contract for three hundred dollars a month soon as he gets out of school!"

Mamma Quattrochi snuffled dolefully. "Foundry? Foundry? Ah . . . but thees peeg iron. It ees not beautiful. It ees not beautiful."



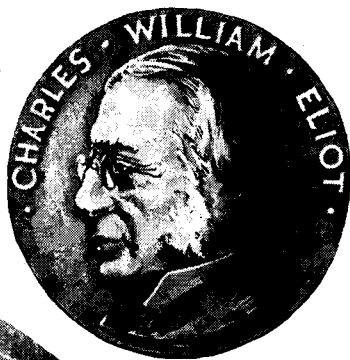
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*New Larger Volumes*  
*New De Luxe Paper*  
*New Fine Bindings*  
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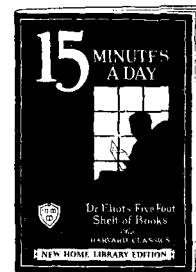
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**2 Use Pepsodent twice a day.**



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## To Shift or not to Shift

Continued from page 27

can be measured by stating that it is a yard, or by saying that it is three times the length of an official's shoe. In which case the question of variation arises, as it does in speed of count. An official like John Schommer has unusually small feet, but there are officials of the Primo Carnera type—and who shall say what feet like those of the vest-pocket Venetian will measure when laid end to end?

As an example of the effect that this rule requiring that an official count to six after the shift has had on the minds of some football coaches, I quote a letter from a coach in a small Eastern college.

### Wanted: Eleven Bruisers

"The split infinitive," he says, "has always been the amusing bane of English classes; but it will be as nothing compared to the absurdity of split-second-timing which we in the East will be up against if any of us tries to use the shift this fall. Whether or not there is any momentum lost, or unfair advantage, will not be considered. We have several officials who stutter as badly as old Tiny Maxwell used to. By the time they count to six, two or three seconds will be consumed and the effect of the shift will have been lost, no matter how stupid the opposition.

"So I'm going to change my style of attack, and likewise the style of my material. Enclosed is a snapshot which shows my last year's team. What do you think of this smart-looking bunch of boys? Neat, trim ankles—and all that. But this is all past. The material I want for next fall is not the alert, aggressive type, but the cow-minded, hippopotamus-chassised type. I'll send you a picture of the new crowd, and you'll notice their bovine expressions and how ox-knuckle ankles predominate. One man in the picture will be wearing a mustache and doing the best he can to exude an aroma of strategic cunning. That will be me.

"What do you intend to do?"

The question is what lawyers call a leading one. I never could wear a mustache; but I might try a beard.

Seriously, to meet the new rule our team will be drilled so that after the shift they will stop for one and two-tenths seconds, making sure to stop completely and lose momentum. And that is all anybody can ask in fairness.

To me it is amusing that the rules committee meeting last winter—despite the fact that one third of the colleges of the country are using the shift—did not hear what these colleges might want to say about it, for they were not represented in any shape, manner or form on the rules committee or on any advisory committee. If my history is correct, the American Revolutionary War was distinguished for a slogan that said something about "taxation without representation." I believe the coaches who use the shift have today a similar grievance. We are experiencing legislation without true representation.

Many of the coaches who now object to the shift tried to play it once themselves, but not with conspicuous success. The matter of timing, rhythm and counting is complicated; but not difficult when fully grasped. The shift provides the advantage of deployment—of catching an opponent out of position and off balance.

Football is not or should not be merely a game for the strong and stupid. It should be a game for the smart, the swift, the brave and the clever boy. The Four Horsemen could never have played

football under the old rules without the shift. These four lads averaged in weight 158 pounds; and the qualities that made them remarkable were not bruising strength or crushing power, or irresistible momentum—but brains, speed, cleverness, finesse and superb strategy.

The leading schools from the point of view of impressive records last year were the University of Southern California and St. Mary's on the Pacific Coast, Purdue and Notre Dame in the Middle West, Tulane and Florida in the South, with New York University in the East. All were shifting teams.

Personally, I have unbounded faith in the fairness and judgment of my good friend Mr. E. K. Hall, chairman of the rules committee; but were the shifting coaches permitted to have one representative to present their viewpoint I believe the shift would be allowed to remain an integral part of football. If it goes, much of the spectacle of football will go with it—and the battering, bruising game may yet return to put beef at a premium and brains at a discount.

Or perhaps a shifting team will be driven to the necessity, when the officials are timing the shift, to time the timers. It complicates rules already somewhat difficult for the public, which supports the game, to understand fully.

One thing stands out in my football experience—that the officials who enforce the rules are almost invariably fair. I've seen cases where officials have erred, mistakes of judgment, and rarer cases where they have erred in their knowledge of the rules. But in all my years I have known of but one case where an official was prejudiced and unfair. In this game Notre Dame thought the official was somewhat biased. We knew it, when both teams were near the side line and there came a fumble. First our opponents had possession, then Notre Dame took possession, after which the ball went out of bounds. Our captain came quickly forward and shouted to the referee:

"Notre Dame's ball!"

The referee strode forward belligerently and said:

"No, no! Our ball!"

### Killing the Shift

Officials are human and prone to err in applying the rules, and if everybody objected to close decisions that were adverse the game would collapse and collegiate contests would become pandemonium, with referees and field judges being chased far and wide through the not so stilly night. But outlawing the shift is a threat against the game, and imposing a long, Tunney-Dempsey count on the shift is one way to outlaw it.

A prominent coach who objected to the shift draws this analogy: The shifting team, he says, has the same advantage over a non-shifting team which the runner with a flying start has over the runner who uses the standard start. This is unfair, when both runners can—if they will—start in the same way. The shift in football is analogous to the flank movement in warfare, so successfully employed by Frederick the Great, Napoleon and other master generals.

Or football can be said to be a glorified game of chess, with the players as pawns and the quarterbacks as movers of the men, who must think as any chess player thinks, but more quickly, as not more than thirty seconds is allowed for the calling of each play.

Any game in which twenty-two men play could be much more complex; but the rules committee has worked well in keeping the game as simple as possible, which is why undue complexity such as in the count of six at the shift militates against making the game and its finer points easily understandable.

If complexity is desired it would be easy to put the game on the plane of a Chinese puzzle. For instance, the peculiarities and eccentricities of individuals and teams might be put to scrutiny, and, if they failed to measure up to standards, penalties be inflicted even before a game begins.

#### Ask Me Another

Every group of football players has its whims and weaknesses. We of Notre Dame used to have the superstition at Lincoln, Nebraska, that if we walked backwards into the stadium we'd win. As a matter of fact, we won twice running by this backward walk, or so we thought. Until, a third time, with due ceremony we entered the stadium face last and were hopelessly squelched. The superstition was squelched with us.

Rules of the game can make it or ruin it. It would be possible to bring up rule after rule and show how it might be improved. As things stand, however, we have a workable code, even if it's elaborate. The bane of coaches, officials and the rules committee is freaks with legal or legalistic minds—not one and the same thing, but many and different—who propound hypothetical questions seeking to add new rules as if there were not enough. All the rules, as written, cover every conceivable circumstance or "break" in the game. This does not prevent the pundits from putting such luscious problems as, for instance, this:

Harvard has time out and the water boy is out with the water bucket. Two minutes' time allowed is up, and the referee blows his whistle that play must resume. The teams line up, Harvard in punt formation, Yale in defense. The water boy is slow leaving the field. Before he is off the field the Harvard center snaps the ball back to the kicker and the kick goes to one side, the ball lands in the water bucket and the water boy carries it off the field. What is the rule?

Here's another example of a similar type of question: Stanford is playing California. They have reached California's forty-yard line with the fourth down, and they elect to take place-kick formation. The Stanford center snaps the ball and Stanford's quarterback places the ball on the ground for his kicker. The Stanford kicker, however, can't reach the ball before a California guard has broken through and run full tilt into the ball, causing the ball to go in the opposite direction and, lo and behold, it goes between the goal posts.

Here's another problem: Michigan is playing Illinois. The Michigan team takes punt formation and their punter punts fifty yards down the field to the Illinois quarterback. The Illinois quarterback catches the ball, but instead of running with it kicks it back fifty yards, where it is caught by the Michigan kicker, who hasn't moved an inch. The Michigan kicker now, instead of kicking back, throws a long forward pass down the field to one of his ends.

These hypothetical questions can all be answered satisfactorily by any official who knows the rules thoroughly. But the average spectator should not worry about hypothetical questions of this kind, because they cannot happen.

But since the codified and voluminous rules satisfy everybody—with one exception—it should be explained wherein this new shift rule that's agitating the

football world is fair to shifting coaches.

When a linesman on the offensive team is offside, the penalty is five yards, provided the offensive team is not a shifting team. If a linesman on the shifting team is offside, the penalty is fifteen yards, even though the linesman has taken no part in the shift and hasn't moved. This is just merely a sample of the class legislation which the teams using the shift are up against.

Personally, I think the coaches in the East ought to get together and have something to say about football, as they used to in the days of Percy Haughton, Charlie Daly, Dave Fallwell and Tad Jones. In those days the graduate manager used to see that the grass on the field was cut, the field marked, the football suits taken out of the mothballs. He also arranged the schedule. Today, in conjunction with some haberdashers, insurance salesmen and brokerage clerks, these graduate managers interpret the rules, pick the officials, hire and fire the coaches.

If the shift is abolished in football, I believe the game will lose its present popularity, interest and color both for the player and spectator. Everybody will be a punt player or a double wing back and the game will become standardized and monotonous.

Some coaches lost their offense two years ago when the fumble rule was introduced. Last year their offense consisted of two long passes, a prayer and a punt. When they saw the success of the Warner system and the shift system they immediately turned against the shift. They will probably turn against the Warner system next by making it illegal to have wing backs. They will simplify matters and ten years from now the annual contest between Yale and Princeton will be a tug-o-war so as to eliminate the equipment and to keep the contest one to determine which school has the most physical power; a simple one. It might not be a bad thing for the Coaches' Association at its next meeting to insist that the rules be left unchanged for five years, and tell all the impedimenta such as commissioners and officials themselves and others that the game is to be left as it is for this period and changed for no reason. I know the coaches I have talked to think this would be good for the game technically and popularly.

#### The Winning Word

And I'm convinced the technical in football should be adapted to the popular—that is, the essentials, which are all any intelligent follower of the game cares about. It's possible to build up a mysteriously significant vocabulary of technical terms regarding anything. At coaching school in Dallas a year ago a colored coach from a Texas school sought me out in my room to ask advice.

"I've got a problem," he said, "where I teach football. The alumni don't think I speak authoritatively. Neither do the students."

"You should explain your plays," I said, "as simply as possible. For instance, beginning with shift."

"Please elucidate," said the coach.

"Well, your backs move into place at the signal. They are arranged in juxtaposition—"

I could get no farther. My friend arose beaming.

"Tha's a word," he said, "tha's a word. All I need, Mister Coach." He grasped my hand warmly. "You've made me."

Another article by Knute K. Rockne, What Thrills a Coach, will appear in next week's Collier's



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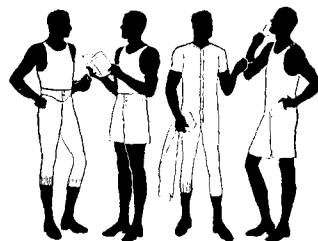
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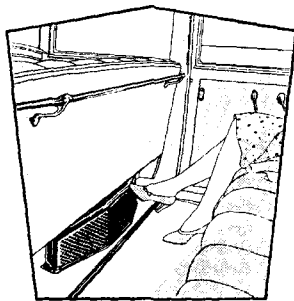
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## Proxy's Army

Continued from page 15

number measured against the whole number of shareholders.

It is a matter of interest that the number of these wealthy stockholders with a commanding voice in the affairs of the company grows steadily less, and this for a very good reason. I was looking for some information about one of our large corporations last year, so I called on the man who has for years owned an outright majority of its stock—more than \$10,000,000 worth. He has not taken any part in its management save in a very remote advisory capacity for years but he has been known as the controlling stockholder. To my surprise he told me he had sold most of his holdings in both concerns.

### The American Way

"I had nearly \$20,000,000 tied up in the stocks of both these concerns and I concluded that this was not a wise course, particularly as I was no longer actively connected with the management of either. I still hold a substantial number of shares in each company, but I have distributed my holdings among a large number of corporations."

That's called diversification and in recent years it has become almost universal.

The big stockholders own shares in so many corporations that they cannot take very much part in their affairs, and the little stockholders, even when inclined to do so, feel it would be an impertinence for them to thrust their feeble voices into the corporation's councils. They do not go to the corporation's annual meetings because they do not want to be bothered and because they are not wanted there.

How different this is from the spectacle of an English corporation meeting in a large hall with all seats occupied and the directors sitting about in a semicircle on the stage—the whole scene resembling a political convention save for its gravity and decorum.

Or for that matter, how different from the United States Steel Corporation, which has always welcomed stockholders to its meetings.

Most corporations do not want miscellaneous stockholders showing up. And I don't blame them. However, they do not have to worry much about it. The stockholder will not go to meetings—he won't even send in his proxies. How do managers control corporations? It is a simple thing. There is either a committee or an official or an employee whose duty it is to send out notices to stockholders, with blank forms to be filled out naming some one individual or a small group of agents to vote their stock. These proxies are collected each year as a matter of routine. But in many corporations it is a very difficult thing to get enough proxies to hold an annual meeting. Stockholders won't sign proxies.

A leading investment banker told me that he believed corporations would not have so much trouble getting proxies if the managers gave their stockholders a fuller light on their affairs in the way of complete statements. "I think one of the two most important immediate reforms corporations must make in their own households," he said, "is to follow the lead of concerns like General Electric, United States Steel and General Motors in giving stockholders the fullest possible reports on their business. The other is to require every corporation director to be a man with a substantial money investment in the corporation."

The great majority of corporations

are quite satisfied with things as they are. But the question rises—will things remain as they are? Here is a vast body of people who own the great basic industries of the country. My own experience has been that wherever there is so numerous an interest there will sooner or later arise a Moses to lead it.

Signs of embryonic Mosaic leadership are by no means wanting and already many men are discussing measures to "save" the poor stockholder from his oppressors. Some men can get red in the face about it. Some have proposed a stockholders' committee functioning alongside the board of directors—a kind of second directorate marching on beside the managing directorate and policing it. Professor Ripley has suggested an independent unit—an audit conducted by agents representing the stockholders as distinguished from the directors.

But if the managers have enough proxies to elect themselves they will also have enough to elect the independent auditors. In that case Professor Ripley suggests that the auditors might be named by the Federal Trade Commission for interstate corporations. Someone else proposes to have stockholders vote directly for directors and on important proposals by mail, without the use of proxies—a kind of shareholders' plebiscite.

My own belief is that we will never—certainly not in our time—bring about any noticeable consciousness on the part of the stockholder of his functions as one. We do have rows now and then. We do have stockholders' uprisings. We have seen stockholders in the last year or so revolt and thrust from their thrones the very men after whom the corporations were named—Childs out of the Childs Co.; Loft out of Loft, Inc.; and Fox out of Fox Film. But this was the work rather of powerful opposing interests who were strong enough and interested enough to start the movements and push them through.

### Ideas at Work

But out of this condition of stockholder apathy and helplessness several distinct movements are manifesting themselves. One is to organize stockholders into protective groups. A second is the General Motors plan of executive ownership and control through a separate investing corporation. A third is employee ownership. A fourth is Owen D. Young's proposal of personnel ownership without any stock whatever. A fifth is the rise of the incorporated stockholder who is capable of looking after his own interests without any saviors or police.

Labor, finding itself with an interest opposed to management, organized itself into unions which comprehend the employees of many employers. Inter-employee stockholders' unions is the plan now proposed by some who would save the downtrodden stockholder. Even the big one-union idea of the I. W. W. has been suggested. And the owners of railway securities have actually organized something like this.

In the General Motors the managers have frankly recognized the situation. As to the stockholders in general they have adopted the policy of full and frequent disclosures of the facts about the company. But they have recognized also the stake of the executives in the concern. They have established what is called the Managers Security Plan.

They have set up a Managers Security Company in which all the executives hold stock—the directors and officials of all their numerous companies. The holdings of these executives thus pooled form a powerful bolus of stock capable of controlling the company.

There is a wide distribution of stock in General Motors. But there is no wide distribution of control. The executives are in a sense partners in a company which controls General Motors. They have the same stake in General Motors therefore that private owners would have. Control of the company is centralized and is therefore visible and obvious. Responsibility is also definite.

#### "Buying Capital"

Then there is the employee-ownership plan. Few large corporations have made any effort to centralize the ownership of stock in the hands of their employees. But they have set in motion the machinery which has turned their employees into stockholders. More than a million men and women now own more than a billion dollars' worth of stock in the companies for which they work.

It was freely said up to last year that the first big market crash would shatter two of our popular business institutions. One was installment selling. The other was employee ownership. The business depression has affected neither. Installment accounts were paid up amazingly and employee ownership has come through the test actually strengthened. It was said that a serious stock decline would see employees unloading their holdings in a panic. They did not do so. However, employee ownership has not yet progressed far enough, save in a very few companies, to give the employees anything even remotely resembling control. But there is a powerful movement among certain economists and sociologists to press this as the solution of the stockholder problem.

Owen D. Young has uttered one of the most revolutionary proposals com-

ing from any business man on the subject. About a year ago he talked about the cultural wage. In the extensive publicity given that pronouncement a far more serious proposal by him was completely lost. Here are his words:

"Perhaps some day we may be able to organize the human beings engaged in a particular undertaking so that they truly will be the employers buying capital as a commodity in the market at the lowest price. It will be necessary for them to provide an adequate guarantee fund in order to provide their capital at all. If that is realized, the human beings will then be entitled to all the profits over and above the cost of capital. I hope the day will come when these great business organizations will belong to the men who are giving their lives and their efforts to them. I care not in what capacity. Then they will use capital as a tool and they will be all interested in working to the highest economic advantage."

There is still another plan. It is hardly a plan at all. It is a drift. In 1927 the Treasury found that one third of all dividends of corporations were paid to other corporations. This means that one third of the stock in all our corporations is owned by other corporations.

In other words, little by little, very large, very powerful and highly specialized investment concerns are becoming stockholders in various business concerns. They are not weak or ignorant or helpless or timid stockholders like our individuals. The time perhaps is not far distant when they will be able to walk into the office of any big corporation and ask for facts. Are they to be the giants who will represent the stockholder as against management? Are they actually to be the only stockholders?

Here are a group of movements and forces pushing forward for the control of our great corporations which in turn control our business and, in a sense, our lives. Which of them is to attain the mastery? Which of them is to give its character to our society?

## Robbers' Roost

*Continued from page 23*

fast. With no work to do, no horses to find or rides to make, the robbers were lazy.

Jim was the last to arrive, except Hays, who had not yet appeared.

"Darn' good thing we ain't in an Injun country," observed Mac.

"Humph! Fer a feller who lays ten hours in bed I sleep damn' little," rejoined Smoky, moodily. "I hear things an' I'm always waitin' fer somethin'."

"Yell fer the boss. My voice is gone," said Happy Jack.

Nobody took the trouble to comply with this request. The men fell to eating. Brad Lincoln had not spoken and he kept his eyes lowered. But Lincoln was always morose in the mornings.

After the meal Jim, as was his custom, hurried toward the shelf where Latimer lay. He had gotten about halfway when Slocum caught up with him.

"Jim, you look like the wrath of Gawd this mornin'."

"Smoky, I didn't sleep well. I'm cross, and I reckon I need a shave."

"Wal, if thet's all . . . Say, Jim, did you hear the gurl scream last night?"

"Scream . . . did she?"

"Huh. If she didn't, I've shore got the jimjams. . . . My Gawd, look at pore Latimer!"

Their patient had wrestled off his

bed out into the grass. They rushed to lift him back and make him comfortable. He appeared to be burning up with fever and alarmingly bright-eyed, but he was conscious and asked for water. Jim hurried to fetch some.

"How'n hell I rolled out there I don't know," said Latimer, after he had drunk thirstily.

"Reckon you was delirious, Sparrow," replied Smoky.

"No, sir. I was scared."

"Scared! You? Thet's funny," rejoined Smoky, looking across at Jim.

"WHAT scared you, old man?" queried Jim, bathing Latimer's hot face with a wet scarf.

"It was after I got my sleep. Must have been late, fer I always am dead to the world fer five or six hours. I was wide awake. It was shore a lonesome, still night. Mebbe my sins weighed on me. . . . But all of a sudden I heard a cry. It scared me so I jumped right off my bed. Hurt me, too, an' I didn't try to get back."

"Maybe it was a coyote right by close," returned Jim.

"Fellers, I'll bet you'll find thet gurl dead . . . murdered!" concluded Latimer hoarsely.

"Wal, I'll be darned!" ejaculated Smoky.

*(Continued on page 60)*



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# GRANGER ROUGH CUT



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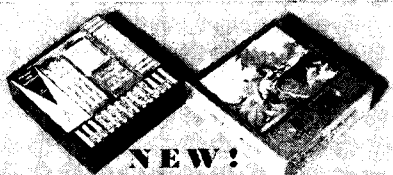
Because of this penetrating lather, Mennen shaves are *good* for your skin. The lather floats out pore-embedded dirt. That dirt is one of the chief causes of blackheads, pimples and other blemishes. Wash it away—and you have a really clean, clear skin.

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*Jim Henry*  
Mennen Salesman

## MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

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Mennen Christmas Box. Five products in a beautiful English box, at \$1.25.

(Continued from page 59)

"Sparrow, you don't look flighty," replied Jim, gravely. "But your talk is. Else you've a reason to think it."

"Shore, I have," rejoined Latimer, lowering his voice to a whisper. "Hays beat an' robbed Herrick! . . . Thet's part I wanted to tell you, if I was goin' to croak. But I gotta tell it anyhow. An' I ask you both, as pards, to keep what I tell you secret till I'm dead."

"I swear, Sparrow," said Smoky, huskily.

"You can trust me, too," added Jim.

"Wal, thet's why I feel Hank must have done fer the gurl too."

"Robbed Herrick!" exclaimed Slocum, incredulously. "Was there a fight?"

"Yes. But Hank might have avoided it. He drove the man crazy. Fellers, Hays'd steal coppers off a dead nigger's eyes—shore. But what he said he wanted was the gurl fer ransom. Yet he picked a fight with Herrick an' beat him with a gun."

"SPARROW, how come you didn't tell us before?" asked Smoky, sternly.

"I'm beholden to Hank. But I will say thet if I'd knowed his game I'd never have gone with him. After it was too late—wal, I stuck. An' I'd kept it secret. But I feel in my bones I'm done fer. So I'm squealin', an' I'm doin' it because Hays double-crossed you all."

"Reckon I'd have done the same, if Hank had a hold on me," conceded Smoky, generously. "Suppose you take a nip of whisky an' tell us what happened."

"I'm hot enough without liquor. But I'll tell you. . . . Gimme some more water."

After a moment Latimer drew a long breath and resumed: "Hank picked me because he had a hold on me. . . . After you fellers left thet night Hank went out an' got another hoss. He had a saddle hid somewhere. We took them hosses up the bench back of the house an' tied them. Then we went down toward the house."

"Ahuh. He'd had this deal in mind all the time," said Smoky, nodding his head.

"Yes. Before we got to the house he told me he meant to hold Herrick up fer what money he had on hand—then steal the gurl fer ransom. I opened my trap to kick again' the gurl part of it, anyway, but he cussed me somethin' fierce. I seen then he was blood set on it, so I shet up. . . . Herrick was in the livin'-room. We walked round the house, an' Hank showed me the gurl's winder, which was open. . . . Wal, we went back, an' up on the porch, an' into the livin'-room."

"When Herrick looked up Hank threw a gun on him. 'Keep quiet an' shell out your money,' Hank ordered. Thet didn't faze the Englishman. He jumped up, thunderin' mad. Hank hit him over the head, cuttin' a gash. Thet didn't knock Herrick out, but it made him fight till Hank got him good an' hard. Then he opened his desk an' threw out some packages of greenbacks. After thet he slid to the floor. Next Hank ordered me to go out an' round to the gurl's winder. It was bright moonlight, but I didn't locate thet winder quick. An' at thet I was guided to it by the gurl's voice. . . . Gimme another drink."

Latimer quenched his inordinate thirst again, while Jim and Smoky exchanged thoughtful glances over him.

"Wal, where was I? . . . When I straddled thet winder-sill I seen the gurl sittin' up in bed, white as the sheets about her. Hank had a gun pointed at her head, an' he was sayin' if she yelled, he'd shoot. Then he told me to look around fer money an' jewels. I started thet, keepin' an eye on them. The room

was as moonlight as outdoors. Hank told her to git up an' dress fer ridin'. She refused, an' he yanked her clean out of bed, splittin' her nightgown half off. 'Gurl,' he said, 'yore brother is hawg-tied down in the livin'-room, an' if you don't do as I tell you, I'll kill him. . . . I'm takin' you away fer ransom, an' when he pays up you can come home. So long's you're quiet we won't hurt you.' . . . At thet she got up an' ran into a closet. I heard her sobbin'. He made her put on ridin' clothes an' pack what else she wanted. Meanwhile I found a heap of gold things an' diamonds, an' a package of money, still with the Wells-Fargo paper on it. These I stuffed in my pockets, an' I shore was a walkin' gold mine."

"How much was there?" asked Smoky, curiously, when Latimer paused to catch his breath.

"I'll come to thet. . . . We went out the winder, an' Hank hustled her into the woods, with me follerin'. Soon we come to the hosses, an' Hank put the gurl up on the gray. He blindfolded her an' told me to see she didn't git away. Then he run back down the hill. The gurl talked a blue streak, but she wasn't so damn' scared, except when we heard a shot, then someone runnin' on hard ground. Hank come back pronto, pantin' like a lassoed bull. He said he'd run plump into Progar an' another of Heese-man's outfit."

"'Miss Herrick,' he says, 'them fellers—was bent on robbin' your brother—mebbe killin' him. I shot Progar, but the other got away.' . . . He tied the bundle on his hoss, an' leadin' the gurl's hoss he rode up the mountain. We rode the rest of the night, stoppin' to rest at daylight. Hyar I turned the money an' trinkets over to Hank. He counted the money Herrick had turned over—some-thin' more'n sixteen thousand—but he never opened the Wells-Fargo package I'd found in the gurl's trunk. . . . Thet's all, fellers. We rode till noon, meetin' you as agreed in the cedars."

"What was in thet Wells-Fargo package?" asked Smoky, after a long pause.

"Money. Hundred-dollar bills. I tore a corner of the paper off. It was a thick an' heavy package."

"Ahuh. So Hank went south with thet an' the jewelry?"

"Yes. When he made the divvy hyar he give me his share of thet sixteen thousand. It's hyar in my coat. You an' Jim air welcome to it. 'Cause where I'm goin'—I won't need any."

"Sparrow, it was a long story fer a sick man—an' hard to tell," said Smoky, feelingly. "Jim an' me will respect your confidence. An' if you pull through—as I hope to Gawd you do—we'll never squeak . . . But, pard, don't be surprised at what comes off."

FIVE days later Sparrowhawk Latimer died during the night, after a short interval of improvement which gave his comrades renewed hope. He passed away alone, evidently in agony, to judge from his distorted face. When Slocum found his body in the morning it was stiff and cold.

"Wal, I don't know but thet Sparrow's better off," remarked Smoky, with pathos. "This hyar game ain't hardly wuth playin'."

They buried him in his tarpaulin on the spot, and divided his effects among them by drawing lots.

"What'd you do with the money you found on him?" queried Hays.

"We didn't find none. Sparrow gave it to me an' Jim some days ago," replied Smoky.

"Reckon you better divide it."

"Ump-umm," rejoined Smoky, nonchalantly, his beady little eyes on the chief.

"Why not?"

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"Wal, Sparrow wanted us to have it, not, I reckon, because we took care of him when you forgot, but jest because he cottoned to us."

"Smoky, tell Hays the other reason," spoke up Jim.

"Thet'll wait, Jim. No hurry. An' I'm not so shore Sparrow wanted us to tell."

Hank Hays turned livid of face and the gaze he flashed upon his two cool subordinates held nothing if not the lightnings of a desperate soul.

"Ahuh. Mebbe you'd both be wise to stay shet up," he said and left.

Brad Lincoln was the first of the others to voice intense curiosity.

"What's all this gab?" he demanded.

"Keep your shirt on, Brad," returned Smoky, provokingly.

"FELLERS," continued Lincoln, turning to the others, "I've had a hunch all along there was a stink in this deal. Air you with me in demandin' a show-down from Smoky an' Jim?"

"We shore air," rejoined Bridges, and Mac and Happy Jack expressed like loyalty.

"Smoky, you're square. If there's anythin', we want to know."

"Wal, there's a hell of a lot. It's due you. Jim an' me have no mind to keep silent, now Latimer's gone. But we're stuck hyar in this hole, an' we don't want to fight among ourselves."

"Right you air—but no matter," snapped Lincoln.

"It'll bust up the poker game, Brad. You're behind, an' so long as there's a chanet to win Hays' roll, why not take it?"

Lincoln made a passionate gesture. Smoky had hit his weakness. He was the top gambler of the outfit. They were all gamblers when they had money and leisure, but Lincoln had the distinction of winning most.

"Smoky, you're sluggin' me one below the belt. You know damned well I'd pass up anythin' to beat Hank. I'm game. Keep your mouth shet till it's gotta come out. An' you can bet your life if it's as serious as you hint there'll be a hell of a row."

"Mebbe we can slick it over," replied Smoky, smoothly. "If we win all the boss' money—an' he'll shore be easy now with thet gurl on his mind—I reckon there won't be any sense in tellin' at all. Eh, Jim?"

"I don't make any rash promises, Smoky," returned Jim. "I admire you a lot, Slocum, but I'm thinking you run this into the ground. In all justice these men ought to be told something."

"Damn you, Wall," flashed Smoky, but he was not venomous.

Lincoln leaped up and hissed like a snake. His rage was confirmation of suspicions. Smoky laid a restraining hand on him.

"It sorter riled me, Brad. But take my word fer it, it's a case of choosin' between the cards an' bein' told."

"I say cards. You fellers can't keep it forever," rejoined Lincoln, darkly.

From that hour dated the grim and passionate gambling in which they all participated. With one man on lookout duty the others spent most of the daylight hours sitting at Happy Jack's table of cottonwood poles. Hays was a gambler by nature; he gambled with everything, particularly life and death.

Jim had separated his money into two parts—one consisting of the bills of large denomination, and the other of small. The former was very much in excess of the latter. While on guard up on the bluff Jim sewed this considerable sum in the lining of his coat and vest. He had a premonition that he would need it some day. The other he kept out for gambling, intending to quit when it was lost.

But fortune was fickle. He did not

lose it. Instead, he won steadily. There was no hope of his getting out of the game so long as he was ahead. He wanted to watch, think, plan. Luck changed eventually, and he lost all he had won. Then he seesawed for a day, before he struck another streak of losing, and lost everything.

"I'm cleaned," he said, rising. "But, by gosh, I gave you a run."

"Jim, you shore had rotten cards lately," replied Hays. "But you can't be clean busted."

"No. I've saved out a little, and I'm going to hang on to it."

"I'm way ahead. I'll lend you some," offered Hays, generously.

"No, thanks. I'm glad to get off this well. I'll go up to the rock and send Mac down. From now on I'll do most of the lookout work. I like it."

"Thet's civil of you, Jim. . . . How many cards, Jeff? . . . Say, Smoky, don't you ever talk no more? I can't read your mind."

"Hell of a good thing you can't," replied Slocum, grimly. Gambling roused the worst in him, as indeed in all of them. Hays was loud, merry, derisive when he won, and the reverse when he lost.

Jim was glad this phase of his connection with the outfit was past. He had played for days, won and lost, all in the interest of the scheme fermenting in his mind. He wanted to be alone. If nothing else intervened, this gambling would lead to the inevitable quarrel. Whether Hays won all the money or lost what he had, there would be a fight. Daily the stakes had grown higher, the betting more reckless, the bitterness or elation more pronounced. There was too much cash in the possession of these robbers. It had been begotten in evil and only in evil could it end.

Mac was so glad to be relieved of his lonely duty in the hot sun that he ran like an overgrown boy down the slope and back to camp.

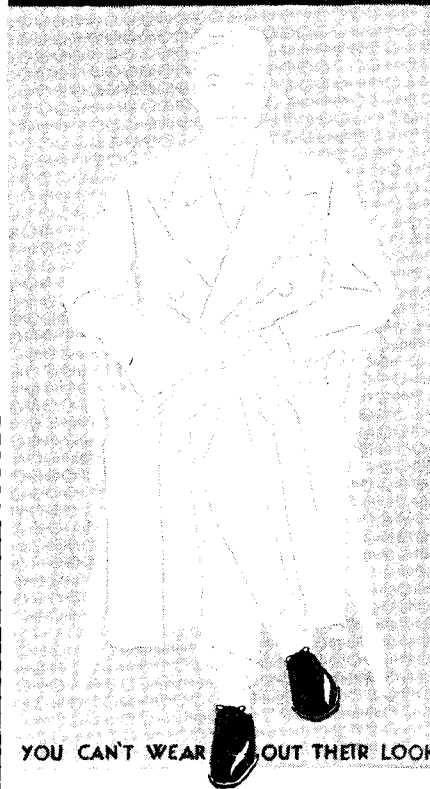
But Jim welcomed the change. The sun had no terrors for him. Nevertheless he had packed up a bundle of thick brush and three long trimmed poles, with which he essayed to erect a shelter. This proved not an easy job, for the reason that there was no place to stick the poles. However, by carrying up stones he finally accomplished his design, and took his well-earned seat in the shade.

AND at once a restless, baffled, harried condition of mind seemed to leave him. To face those men hour after hour, day after day, hiding his thoughts, had engendered irritation. Happy Jack was an agreeable and likable man, who really had no business among these robbers. He had no force. He veered like the wind, and the person who last had his ear convinced him. Smoky Slocum was the salt of the earth, if such tribute could be paid one of Hank Hays' band. The others, however, had palled upon Jim. When the split came and the shooting began Jim wanted to be around. He would help it along considerably.

He plied the glasses as diligently as before, sweeping all the hazy distances, the purple canyons, the white washes and valleys of green from which heat veils rose like smoke, and the mounds and ridges of red stone. Then he would watch the gamblers for a while. Often he would take a long look at the tent shelter where the girl spent her weary days. Savage as Jim was to precipitate eruption and catastrophe, here he had the sagacity and stamina to wait. Time was a conspirator with him. As surely as the sun shone blazingly down upon Robbers' Roost by day and the stars pitilessly by night, just as surely would tragedy decimate the gang. Every day brought that hour closer.

(To be continued next week)

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## Tiger of France

Continued from page 10

duality in Great Britain or the United States, or even in Germany. It is an unending struggle which goes on continually not only in every successive parliament, but in every street and village of France and in the bosom of almost every Frenchman. Only when France is in mortal peril does the struggle have a truce. The comradeship of Foch and Clemenceau illustrates as in a cameo the whole history of France.

Clemenceau's story is familiar to most of us. A life of storm, from the beginning to the end; fighting, fighting all the way; never a pause, never a truce, never a rest. His blade was forged and tempered in the fires and chills of half a century. He was mayor of Montmartre amid the perils of the Commune. His assault upon the crumbling Empire and his resistance to the excesses of the revolutionists; his vain attempt to save the lives—almost at the cost of his own—of Generals Clement Thomas and Lecomte concentrated upon him the malice both of extremists opposed in their atrocities and of reactionaries victorious and seeking the punishment of those who had stirred the mob and could no longer lead it.

### Foes on All Sides

He struggled long and arduously to earn his daily bread as a doctor, as a teacher, as a journalist. All these trials were but the early part of the morning of his long and long-threatened life. When he entered Parliament another series of conflicts began. The unswerving Radical-Republican, the destroyer of ministers and ministries, the Parliamentary Tiger whom all politicians feared, the iconoclast, the duelist, the merciless assailant of men who were building the new French colonial empire gathered against him foes and commitments on every side. He followed Gambetta and repudiated him. He was duped by Boulanger and became his greatest enemy. The existence of the Republic hung for years by a thread. In Clemenceau, at least, this thread had one unsleeping guardian.

But what a tumult of animosities followed in his wake. Everyone had felt the lash of his tongue and of his pen, and not a few had faced his sword or pistol. A dozen statesmen of first-class eminence remembered that he had been the ruin of their ambitions and of their plans. Sometimes their plans were good. Jules Ferry, denounced and driven from power as "the Tonkinner," tripled by his labors and his sacrifices the extent of the French colonial possessions. His fall was due to Clemenceau more than to any other man.

Another field opened, an old, historic field for France. The English invited French cooperation in restoring solvency and order in Egypt. Fear of Clemenceau was a recognizable factor in the momentous decision which made the French fleet steam supinely from the scene of the impending bombardment of Alexandria. Clemenceau had not been able to stop France from acquiring Tunis, Tonkin, or Indo-China. But he had broken the man who did the work; and he had, in fact, kept France out of Egypt. The new colonial empire of France had its contribution of bayonets to make in the fighting lines of 1914. No one had checked or prevented the acquisition of that empire so much as Clemenceau. Surely, in after years, this reflection must have caused him many a pang. It certainly brought him many a heavy reproach.

There is in French politics an inten-

sity, an intricacy and a violence unequalled in English-speaking countries. It reached its extreme in the eighties and nineties. All the elements of blood-curdling political drama were represented by actual facts. The life of the French Chamber, hectic, fierce, poisonous, flowed through a succession of scandals and swindles, of exposures, of perjuries, forgeries and murders, of plottings and intrigues, of personal ambitions and revenges, of crooking and double-crossing which find their modern parallel only in the underworld of Chicago.

The characters were men of the highest ability, men of learning and eloquence, men of repute and power; men who proclaimed the noblest sentiments, who lived in the public eye; men who directed armies, diplomacy and finance. Through the center, turning to make a front now here, now there, and beating down opponents with his mace, Clemenceau rode long, reckless, aggressive and triumphant.

Let me merely mention the four major scandals which convulsed France in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The Grévy affair, where the president's son-in-law was convicted of the wholesale bartering of honors, costing President Grévy his place and fame; the vain Boulanger craze which came within an ace of destroying the Republic under pretext of cleansing and rehabilitating it. These were the first two. Greater and worse were to follow: the cesspool of Panama must be drained; the torture of Dreyfus must run its course. Let the reader remember that each of these astounding episodes, ready-made dramas of actual life, took place in a country already riven internally by revolution and civil war, divided into the unforgiving factions of Royalists, Bonapartists and Republicans; in a state where nothing was secure or unchallenged; a state newly defeated in the field and dwelling always under the sword of the German conqueror.

They took place among a people whose history for a century had been external wars ending in disasters and internal feuds eventuating in massacres and proscriptions.

### The Tiger at Bay

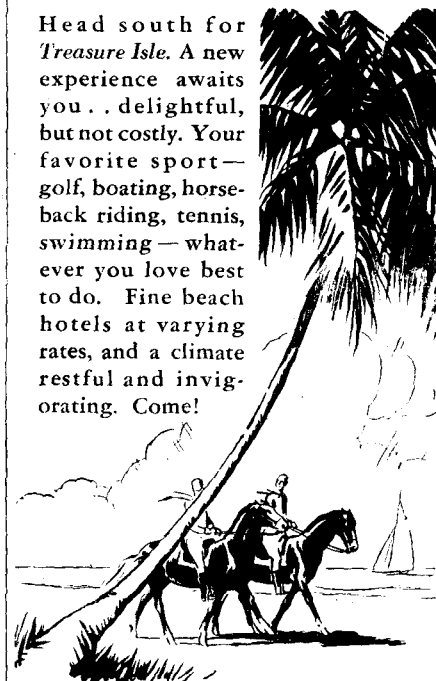
Thrice had foreign armies entered Paris to dictate a peace. Four or five coups d'état or revolutions had erected or overthrown sovereigns, constitutions, governments and laws. As recently as 1871 the suppression of the Commune had been attended by thousands of executions. On every side, in every party, almost on every hand, blood and the stains of blood were visible—unconcealable by elegant manners, culture and intellectual glory. There was nothing before the World War like it in modern Europe. There never has been so polite and civilized a society, nursing such hideous wounds.

Now Clemenceau gave no quarter and could expect none. He had overturned a series of governments by taking every advantage, fair or unfair. He had been pitiless in the Grévy scandal. He had been the ruthless attacker. But with Panama the boot seemed on the other leg. The pestilence of suspicion tainted him with its infecting breath.

The two greatest scoundrels in the Panama frauds, the two chief corrupters of public men, were Cornelius Herz and Baron Reinach. Clemenceau was intimate with both. Herz had given financial aid to his newspaper, Justice;

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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

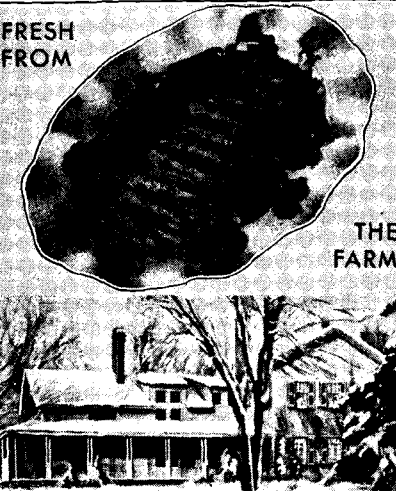
By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

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he had, with characteristic courage, escorted the latter to see the Minister of the Interior on the very night of Reinach's death-agony. The conduct of one hundred and forty deputies was in question.

In the delirium of such days the slightest contact with the guilty was held to compromise a public man. Clemenceau's contacts had not been slight; nor was the explanation which he vouchsafed particularly exhaustive. Should he, then—he, who had been so unsparing of others—escape? Was not this the moment for foes to unite to crush him once for all?

In full Assembly the passionate Déroulède declared that Herz's rise to influence and honor in France could only be due to the aid of some man of exceptional influence and power. "This serviceable, devoted, indefatigable intermediary—so active, so dangerous—you all know him. His name is on the lips of all, but there is not one among you who would name him; for he has three things you fear—his sword, his pistol and his tongue. I defy all three and I will name him. It is M. Clemenceau!"

### "My Life is an Open Book"

No country is free from such episodes. The savings of the thrifty have been squandered, public money has been pilfered or shamefully misapplied. Members of legislatures, or even ministers, have received bribes or benefits, or have come under obligations to great interests. Mixed up with those actually guilty are many who, though not criminals, are compromised by imprudent conduct or unsavory association. Mixed up again with these are men whose completely innocent transactions or friendships seem to class them with the guilty.

Once the hue and cry is raised, once motives are impugned, once lists of names are circulated by rumor, and suspicion spreads on all sides, thoroughly legitimate actions or connections may be profoundly dangerous to a public man. But there is always one sure defense for confident integrity; a modest, austere mode of living, domestic accounts which can be laid before the whole world, a proud readiness to account for every source of income. Such was the defense which Clemenceau was able to make. "My life is an open book," he said to his constituents, "and I defy anyone to find any other luxury in it than a saddle-horse, whose upkeep costs me five francs a day, and a five-hundred-franc share in a shoot."

But further charges were in store. Repulsed upon Panama, Clemenceau's many foes returned to the attack with new weapons. Forged documents purporting to come from the British Foreign Office were produced with the connivance of the French Ministry to prove that he was in the pay of England. These documents were obviously forgeries and the direct attack in the Chamber broke down ignominiously; but the tale was spread far and wide. "Now," it was said, "we know why he opposed our colonial expansion; now we know why he kept us out of Egypt and nearly did us out of Tunis."

He was defeated in his constituency of the Var and quitted its bounds under the taunts and insults of the mob.

Defiant, unconquerable, he faced the infuriated French world alone. Excluded from the Chamber, his voice could no longer be heard. Never mind! He had another weapon. He had a pen. His able biographer says that Clemenceau's journalistic output could not be contained in a hundred substantial volumes. And far and wide what he wrote was read. Thus he survived.

He survived not to recover only, but

to assault and to conquer. The worst of all the scandals had yet to come. Clemenceau became the champion of Dreyfus. Here he had to fight, to him, the most sacred thing in France—the French army. The church, society, high finance, the press—these, as before, were ranged against him. But now, in addition, was that splendid organization upon whose bayonets the liberties of Europe were soon to depend. "Destroy confidence in the army chiefs and you will have imperiled the safety of the country!" exclaimed the generals in chorus.

But, after all, the question at issue was whether Dreyfus was a traitor or not. And he was innocent. The whole nation took sides. Friendships were ruptured and families divided. But the genius of France was not darkened. Truth and Justice marched forward; and along the path which he had helped to clear for them Clemenceau came back into his own. He even became for a space Prime Minister.

Such was the man who, armed with the experience and loaded with the hatreds of half a century, was called to the helm of France in the worst period of the war. All the French generals were discredited and all their plans had failed. Widespread mutinies had been with difficulty suppressed at the front. Profound and tortuous intrigues gripped Paris. Britain had bled herself white at Passchendaele, the Russians had collapsed, the Italians were at the last gasp and the Americans were far away. The giant enemy towered up, brazen and, so far as we could see, invulnerable.

It was at this moment, after every other conceivable combination had been tried, that the fierce old man was summoned to what was in fact the dictatorship of France. He returned to power as Marius had returned to Rome; doubted by many, dreaded by all, but doom-sent, inevitable.

It was at this time that I first began to know him. I had met him several times before, but only in a casual way. My work as Minister of Munitions brought me frequently to Paris and involved me constantly with French ministers. My close association with Mr. Lloyd George afforded additional intimate contacts.

### France's Moment of Peril

I was with Clemenceau for half an hour on the morning when he was forming his ministry. I listened to his opening speech in the Chamber. My friend, colleague and opposite number, Albert Thomas, had only a day or two before lost office in the ministerial earthquake. We had been drawn so closely together in the details of business that I ventured an appeal to the Tiger not to disturb a cross-channel combination that was working smoothly. I thought I had made an impression; but meanwhile Thomas, supported by the Socialists, had declared that Clemenceau as Premier "was a danger to national defense." This of course was mortal. I also heard Clemenceau's reply in the Chamber.

It is very difficult for a foreigner with only a superficial knowledge of the language and only an indirect sensing of the atmosphere to judge such oratorical performances. Certainly Clemenceau reproduced more than any other French parliamentarian I have heard the debating methods of the House of Commons. The essence and foundation of House of Commons debating is formal conversation. The set speech, the harangue addressed to constituents or to the wider public out of doors has never succeeded much in our wisely constricted debating assembly. To do any good you have got to get down to grips with

(Continued on page 64)

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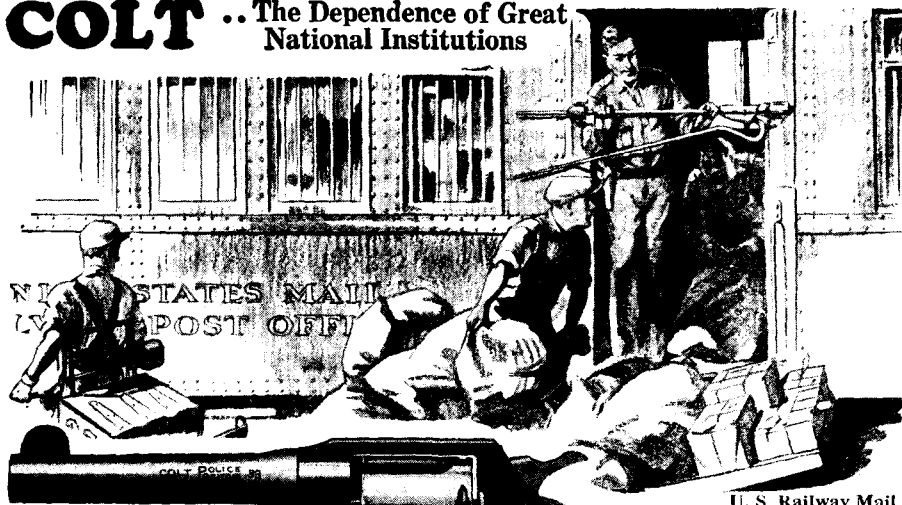
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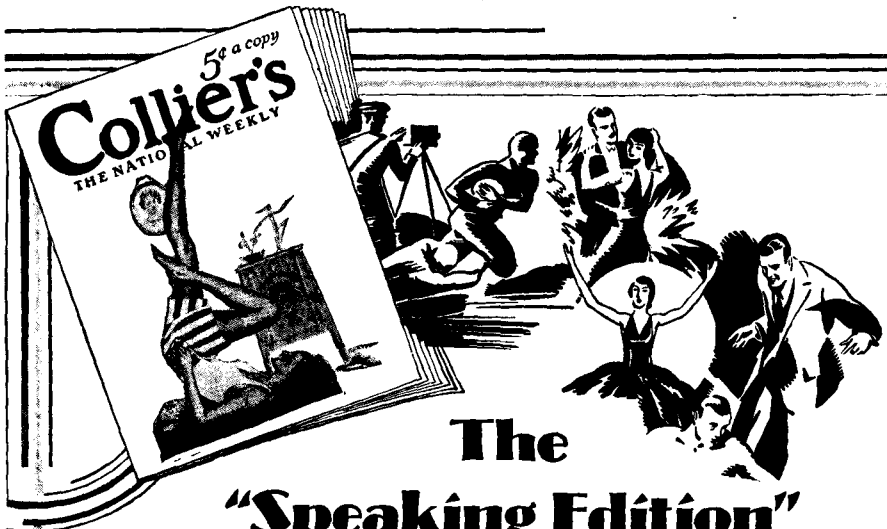
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# Collier's NEW RADIO HOUR

ALL STAR — ALL ACTION —  
ALL AMERICA

(Continued from page 63)

the subject and in human touch with the audience.

Certainly Clemenceau seemed to do this; he ranged from one side of the tribune to the other, without a note or book of reference or scrap of paper, barking out sharp, staccato sentences as the thought broke upon his mind. He looked a wild animal pacing to and fro behind bars, growling and glaring.

Indeed it was not a matter of words or reasoning. The last desperate stake had to be played. France had resolved to unbar the cage and let her Tiger loose upon all foes, beyond the trenches or in her midst. Language, eloquence, arguments were not needed to express the situation. In snarls and growls the ferocious, aged, dauntless beast of prey went into action.

In this fashion did the death grapple with Germany begin. It was to last for a whole year. Cruel aspersions and injuries were inflicted on eminent Frenchmen. The execution of proved traitors was but the symbol of a potential terrorism which would have sent, if the need or the mood had required it, men guilty of no more than intellectual vagaries, men who had held the highest offices in the state, to face a firing party at Vincennes. Clemenceau inspired on all sides a terror; but no one had so much reason to complain of it as the Germans.

As a foreigner he allowed me sometimes to say things to him he would have tolerated from few Frenchmen. "Surely it would be wise to get them all around you now and to forget old quarrels. Distinguished people get into positions which they cannot get out of by themselves. In England we often help them to get down off awkward perches. We make many muddles but we always keep more or less together." His eyes twinkled, he wagged his head, his droll comprehending smile lit up the scarred, Mongol-like visage.

One day he said to me: "I have no political system, and I have abandoned all political principles. I am a man dealing with events as they come in the light of my experience," or it may be it was "according as I have seen things happen." I was reminded of Monsieur de Camors' letter to his son, "All principles are equally true or equally false, according to circumstances." Clemenceau was quite right. The only thing that mattered was to beat the Germans.

### Tyrant and Champion

Presently came the supreme crisis. The Germans were again on the Marne. From the heights of Montmartre the horizon could be seen alive with the flashes of artillery. The Americans were pitchforked in at Château-Thierry.

Until the Germans collapsed, they seemed unconquerable; but so was Clemenceau. He uttered to me, in his room at the Ministry of War, words he afterwards repeated in the Tribune: "I will fight in front of Paris; I will fight in Paris; I will fight behind Paris." Everyone knew this was no idle boast. Paris might have been reduced to ruins of Ypres or Arras. It would not have affected Clemenceau's resolution. He meant to sit on the safety valve till he won or till all his world blew up.

He had no hope beyond the grave; he mocked at death; he was in his seventy-seventh year. Happy the nation which when its fate quivers in the balance can find such a tyrant and such a champion.

When the victory was won, France to foreign eyes seemed ungrateful. She flung him aside and hastened back as quickly as possible to the old huggemugger of party politics. In principle one cannot blame the French; but they might have behaved more politely. The Clemenceau of the Peace was a great

statesman. He was confronted with enormous difficulties. He made for France the best bargain that the Allies, who were also the world, would tolerate. France was disappointed; Foch was disappointed and also offended by personal frictions. Clemenceau, unrepentant to the end, continued to bay at the Church. The presidency passed to an amiable nonentity, who soon tumbled out of a railway carriage.

The Tiger went home, as everyone thought, to die. But he lived for years and years in the fullest possible physical and mental vigor. At any moment he could have grasped the helm and steered the ship. Of course he felt it. Proud as Lucifer, he wrapped himself in his deathless record and formidable prestige. "What are you going to do?" they asked him when he returned from his tour in India. "I shall live until I die," he replied obdurately.

### One with the Immortals

Whenever I visited Paris on public business, whatever the government in power, I made a point of calling on him. "I invite no one here," he said, "but whenever you come, you will be welcome." I have my last picture of him a year before he died. The little house in the Rue François: a small library-sitting-room. It is winter, and the room seems to be unheated. There is a large fireplace; but it is piled full of books. Evidently no fires this year! I wish I had kept on my overcoat. The old man appears, gloved and well wrapped up. None of the beauty of Napoleon, but I expect some of his St. Helena majesty; and far back beyond Napoleon, Roman figures come into view. The fierceness, the pride, the poverty after great office, the grandeur when stripped of power, the unbreakable front offered to this world and to the next—all these belong to the ancients.

"Mr. Churchill, in India I saw some things your people do not see. I used to go to the bazaars and to the fountains. I had a good interpreter and lots of people came to me and talked. Your English officers are rough with the Indians; they do not mingle with them at all; but they defer to their political opinions. That is the wrong way round. Frenchmen would be much more intimate, but we should not allow them to dispute our principles of government."

Or, again:

"Mr. Lloyd George, he is now an enemy of France. He told me himself the English will never be friends with France except when she is weak or in danger. I am angry with him but all the same I am glad he was there while those things were going on."

I mentioned the name of a French statesman. "No, I cannot discuss French politics with a foreigner. You will excuse me, there are some names I do not pronounce. Come whenever you will." At the doorway: "Good-by."

He had taken precautions before his death to chase everyone away from his funeral; but he expressed one wish—to be buried standing upright. However, in this part of La Vendée it seems that the rock comes very near the surface of the ground and it would have been difficult and might have been expensive to quarry a shaft seven or eight feet deep. But where were the high explosives of the famous French artillery, and where were those skillful engineers with their drills who tunneled so well under the trench lines? Surely a hundred batteries and the engineers of two or three army corps, or even a handful of poilus might have turned up to deal with this rock so near the surface of the ground. This was a matter which did not concern the dead, but only the living.

If I were a Frenchman, I would put it right—even now.

## Fetching Furs

Continued from page 25

black sheep in the lead. For the smartest popular coat of the moment is black caracul.

What should one look for in choosing it? A flat effect in the skins, a good distinct pattern, a shine like satin. If we want real wear, don't let us expect too fine a pattern or too suede-like a feel. These are the skins of highest grade and highest price, but common sense tells us that they won't stand banging about. On the other hand, anything woolly or stiff oughtn't to be considered, even if we're assured that it will wear like iron. The trouble is that it looks the same way. These black caracul coats range in price from around \$195 to \$2,250 untrimmed.

### A Three-Purpose Pelt

Just here it might be as well to state that there is no such fur as "galiak." This is merely a Russian word meaning "flat without pattern." There may be galiak caracul, galiak lamb, galiak broadtail, even galiak kid—which, accounts for the wide variation in price encountered when we ask for it as just galiak. The same word, telescoped with the familiar lapin, gives us the new fur known as "galapin," which means very closely sheared bunny-rabbit.

This leads us into the popular-priced sports field in the neighborhood of \$95 and up for long coats. Here, the college girl who still possesses a raccoon keeps it for bitter weather and for school consumption only. If she inclines toward sports clothes for town, she does her week-ending in a lapin coat or one of the sleeker African kid, at its best in maple color. The kid, being a tougher item in reality as well as by reputation, gives longer wear. But those who put flattery first vote for lapin. For people who want something more exotic there are leopard, leopard cat and ocelot, but all of these together don't figure heavily.

Taking this occasional purchaser as our guide, let's get back to town and consider the formal fur coat from the angle of the woman who wants to be different. Perhaps she thinks black unbecoming. Perhaps she imagines that none of the lamb family gives her the opulent look she wants. If so, her first choice is mink, provided she's prepared to pay from \$900 to \$15,000.

The finest mink is the Eastern, by which one doesn't indicate the Far East or the Near East, but the still nearer northern Atlantic seaboard, for Labrador, Nova Scotia, Maine and the Adirondacks grow the finest, darkest, silkiest minks in the world. Next come the Canadian inland minks from Quebec and British Columbia, followed by minks from the Middle West and Southern minks from Georgia and North Carolina. These Southern minks are sometimes put over as Eastern—true, Georgia and North Carolina are in the East, but the minks from this section haven't the stern and rockbound unchangeableness of their cousins from colder climates. Dark to begin with, they have a tendency to fade red. Russian minks, like those from the Southern states, are dark but not necessarily for keeps. Jap minks are the first of the dyed branch of the family—yellowy brown by nature, turned dusky by art. "Blended mink" may come from almost anywhere, but the skins have been touched on top with dye and are bound, sooner or later, to revert.

Making a fur coat of any kind is a complicated process, but making a mink coat is a problem in geometry, since ev-

ery solitary little skin is cut on the bias into a series of half-inch-wide strips or narrower, which are then arranged according to a plan not recognized by Nature, and sewed together again to produce the effect of unbroken stripes.

It takes a skilled operative from a week to ten days to do this part of the making alone—from which it follows that a sizable proportion of the cost of any mink coat lies in the workmanship. A low or medium-priced mink is, therefore, an extravagance, because the saving has been accomplished in the grade of fur. Wise buyers go the limit for such a coat, or switch their affections to another quarter. Perhaps they can save their consciences for the top price by the knowledge that mink is the only smart three-purpose pelt. St. Moritz sponsors it for sport. Every city in the world likes it for town. And even Paris permits it for the evening.

For evening we find ermine still on the throne, generally untrimmed but sometimes given the addition of a silver fox collar. The best ermine, as everybody knows, comes from Asiatic Russia, where this chameleon among fur bearers doesn't change his clothes with the seasons but is always white as Arctic snows. Second choice concerns the American ermine, white in winter as his Soviet cousin, but brownish-beige in the summer to match the shadows against which he moves.

If our fancies or our finances don't run to the queen of the night-fur mode in any shade, we might consider white caracul, often fox-trimmed, or the even newer and admittedly more spectacular citrus caracul.

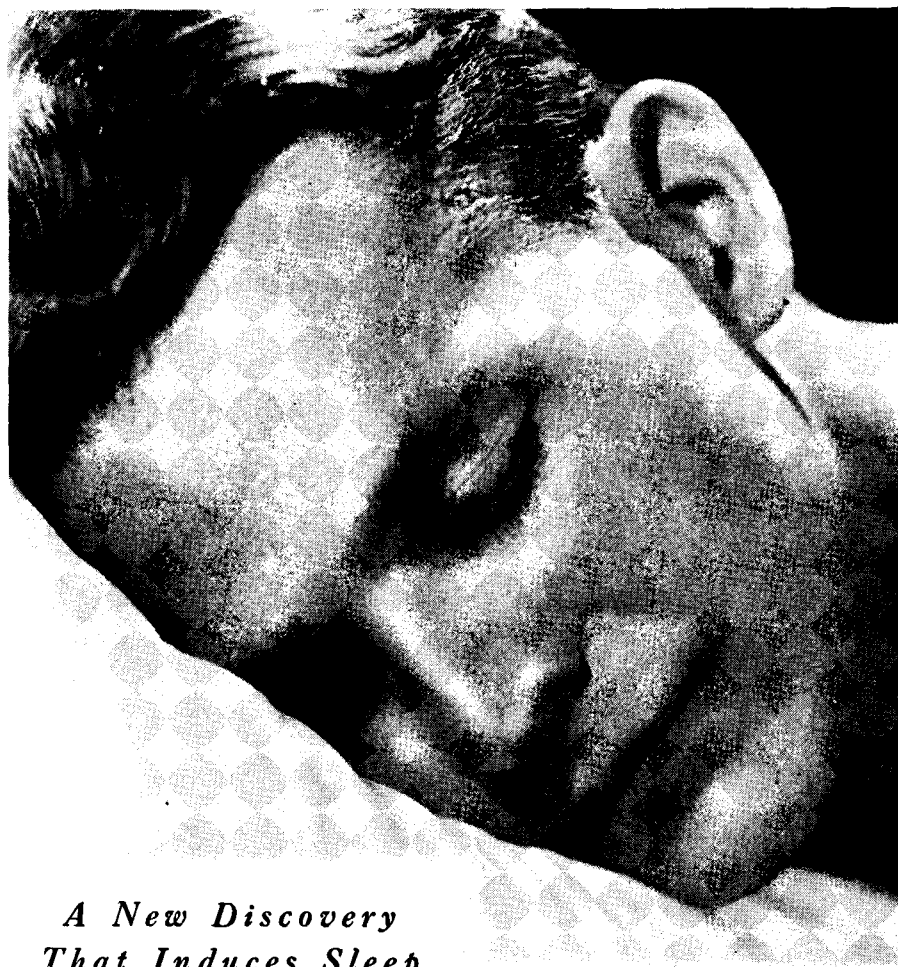
### The Marten Family

Many women have asked us about the furs chosen for this year's neckpieces, so we add a postscript. Sable is undoubtedly the most fashionable, in three-, four-, six-, eight- or nine-skin scarfs. Here, again, we have to go Bolshevik if we're to find the best—and that best may cost as high as two thousand dollars a skin. Such fabulous beasts come from a district in Siberia where very little sunlight ever penetrates, and their fur is the darkest, glossiest and most utterly gorgeous thing to be had. Russian sable, of course, isn't all of this grade.

But most of us, when we say sable, look due north instead of northeast. The top of our ambition is a good Hudson Bay sable, of the marten family. A good but not superlative four-skin scarf may be had for around \$800. Less desirable than the Hudson Bay branch, but distantly related and achieving some glory from the fact, is the lighter baum marten from Germany or Russia, of which the better skins are used as is or blended, the lower grades being dyed. Last of all and still paler is the stone marten, found in Germany, France, Switzerland, Sweden and Turkey.

If you want a silver fox, no matter what the ultra-fashionables say, please realize that the mode's ideas of a smart fox have moved along. The chief demand used to be for one entirely black, and such a skin might have cost around two thousand dollars twenty years ago. Today, if you are lucky, you might get one quite similar for a hundred and fifty, for the next position of the fox-vogue centered about the pelt that was only half black, and the moon has been rising ever since. Today, the silvery skins are the most desirable, especially when used not for scarfs but for collars on broadtail and caracul coats.

# How To Get Restful Sleep at Night—and Energetic Days



## A New Discovery That Induces Sleep Without Drugs

### The Kind of Sleep That Brings All-Day Energy Next Day.

If you have a hard time getting to sleep at night, we urge you to try this discovery of a noted European scientist. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous, sleep-starved people. Not only in the sleep they get, but in their energy and appearance all next day.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. So the sleep it brings is sound, natural sleep. And it does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

### What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get normal refreshing sleep a few minutes after you go to bed.

Then, while you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties resupply your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practi-

# OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

cally EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but actually *build up* your health! So you teem with energy every day.

Do you wonder, then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

### Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous underweight children. Thousands take it during the day to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it*. Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just 'phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine. 765

### IMPORTANT NOTICE

Many people have asked us, "Does Ovaltine contain any drugs?" It is such a wonderful "night-cap" they feel it "simply must" contain something in the nature of a drug. In short, it works so well they sometimes "wonder" about it. So we wish to go on record here in public print, that Ovaltine has never at any time contained any sleep-producing drug of any kind whatsoever. It is made entirely from food and nothing but food. The government would not permit us to make such a statement in public print unless it could be proved beyond a doubt.



THOMAS H. BECK  
Editorial Director

# Collier's

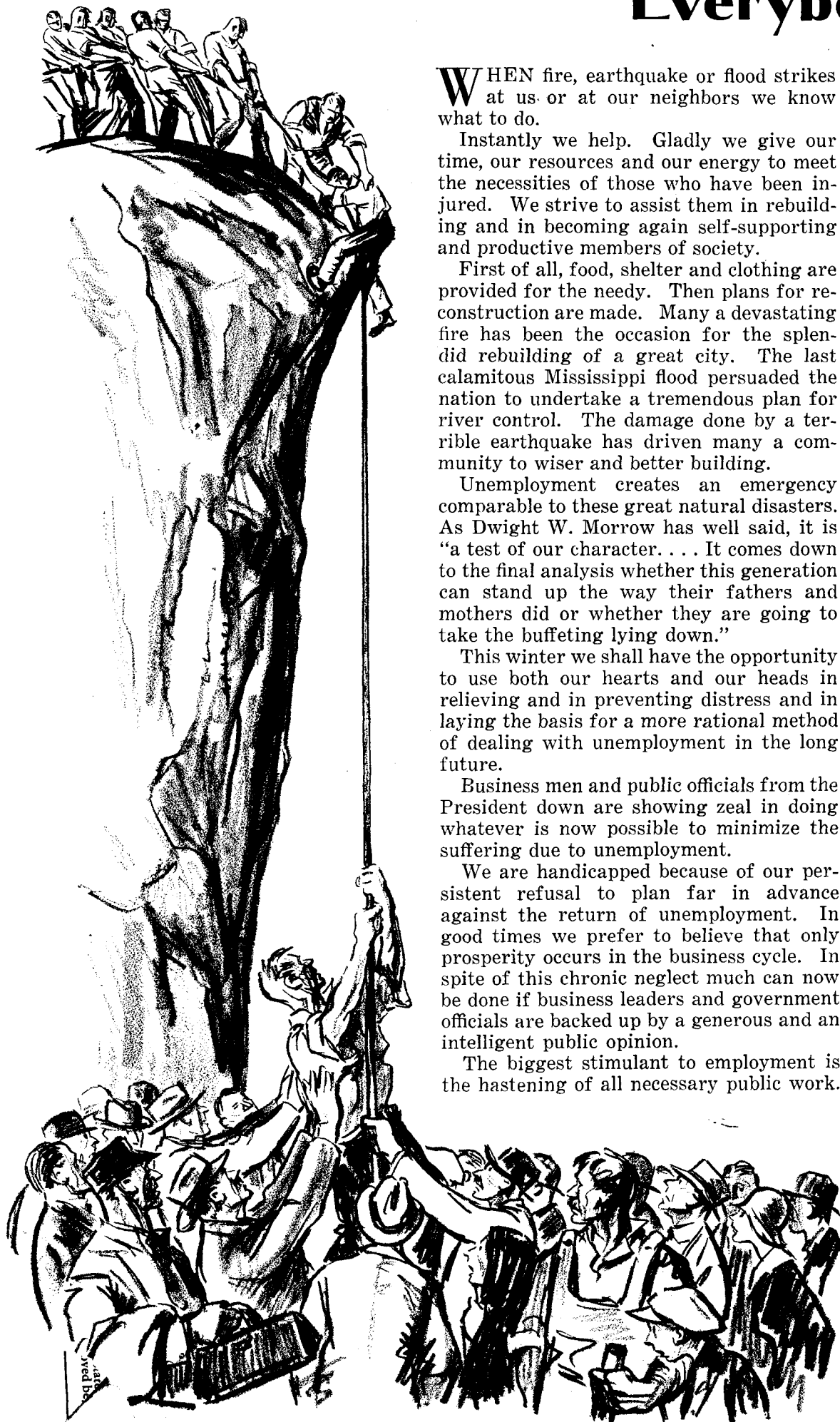
## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor



CHARLES COLEBAUGH  
Managing Editor

## Everybody's Job



**W**HEN fire, earthquake or flood strikes at us or at our neighbors we know what to do.

Instantly we help. Gladly we give our time, our resources and our energy to meet the necessities of those who have been injured. We strive to assist them in rebuilding and in becoming again self-supporting and productive members of society.

First of all, food, shelter and clothing are provided for the needy. Then plans for reconstruction are made. Many a devastating fire has been the occasion for the splendid rebuilding of a great city. The last calamitous Mississippi flood persuaded the nation to undertake a tremendous plan for river control. The damage done by a terrible earthquake has driven many a community to wiser and better building.

Unemployment creates an emergency comparable to these great natural disasters. As Dwight W. Morrow has well said, it is "a test of our character. . . . It comes down to the final analysis whether this generation can stand up the way their fathers and mothers did or whether they are going to take the buffeting lying down."

This winter we shall have the opportunity to use both our hearts and our heads in relieving and in preventing distress and in laying the basis for a more rational method of dealing with unemployment in the long future.

Business men and public officials from the President down are showing zeal in doing whatever is now possible to minimize the suffering due to unemployment.

We are handicapped because of our persistent refusal to plan far in advance against the return of unemployment. In good times we prefer to believe that only prosperity occurs in the business cycle. In spite of this chronic neglect much can now be done if business leaders and government officials are backed up by a generous and an intelligent public opinion.

The biggest stimulant to employment is the hastening of all necessary public work.

Any construction which can be efficiently undertaken by any governmental agency ought to be started just as soon as possible. The general benefits of such work will flow far beyond those directly employed. A little more money put actually to work will be a tonic to the entire nation.

Some individuals can provide work for others. Those who look forward to building next summer, or at some future time, can help themselves and improve the situation by starting now. Not in years has building been so cheap. Dollars invested now will buy more than can be had a few months or years from now.

The wisest leaders of industry have done their utmost to prevent wage cutting or any other effort to lower our high standard of living. This is the soundest policy.

We are ninety per cent of our market. Upon high wages and a good standard of living depends the future prosperity of American business. We cannot produce profitably unless millions are able to enjoy the good things of life. We could never have American prosperity on a low wage scale. Whoever wants to see the ultimate effects of cheap labor has only to look to China.

We shall best get through the existing emergency as we hasten new work, take care of the needy and preserve our high standards of living for the majority productively employed.

But we shall do badly by ourselves if we do not make use of the occasion to lay the beginnings of a more rational national policy toward employment in all its variations.

Every important industrial nation except the United States keeps records of employment and provides insurance against unemployment. Except privately, we do neither.

A live Department of Labor long ago would have worked out a system of employment exchanges, linking together state and national agencies, and providing exact facts at all times.

Finally we must ultimately come to insurance. We arrange to meet most of our other predictable emergencies through insurance and inevitably we must substitute insurance for charity in protecting ourselves against unemployment.

We don't have to imitate anybody else's system of unemployment insurance but we are not making use of all of the useful tools of this modern world until we roll our own.

We have a gorgeous opportunity during these months ahead to prove the courage and the resourcefulness which we have always believed to be characteristically American.